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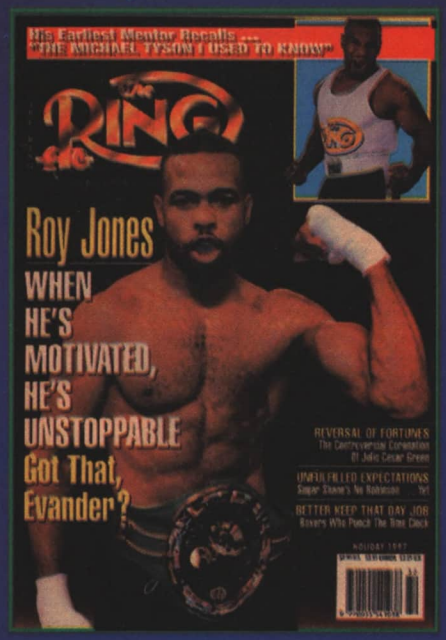

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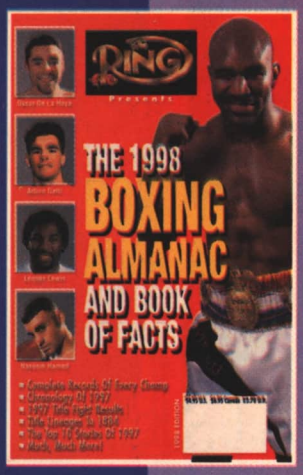

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Oscar De La Hoya courtesy of Top Rank Inc.
Cover Design by Joseph Kalman

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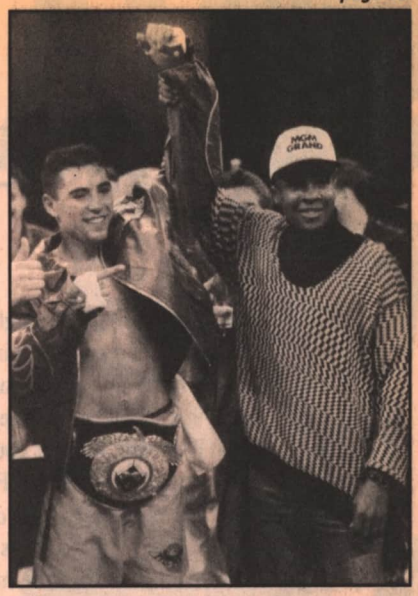

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RINGSIDE

Frequently, it's tough to know whether fighters and their representatives are jockeying for a better negotiating position or actually trying to duck one another. Maybe by the time you read this, Evander Holyfield and Lennox Lewis will have signed to fight. But I'm not counting on it. In early-July, Lewis' promoters offered WBA/IBF champion Holyfield $20-million to fight the WBC titlist. The offer was proffered in a letter that was also released to the press. Team Holyfield countered by accusing Lewis' camp of negotiating through the media, then, a few days later, Commander Vander told an Alabama newspaper that he might be interested for $25-million.

So what's really going on here?

While the situation is complicated by the fact that Lewis and Holyfield are obligated to different promoters and television networks, the only person with enough power to resolve the issue is "The Real Deal." He has to decide how badly he wants the prestige and purse a fight with Lewis would bring. But if Holyfield takes the fight, he'll probably have to give up the two belts he already has. Here's why:

Most people think that Holyfield is only obligated to Don King for one more fight, and that after that he can switch allegiances and take on Lewis. Well, not according to what Holyfield told me when I interviewed him at his home last November. He said that he has to fight for King as long as he's the champion, and that the only way he can get out of the contract is to lose or give up the belts. He also said that he's used the threat of relinquishing the titles as a bargaining chip in the past when he can't get what he wants from King by others means. And as Holyfield has declared a holy mission to reunite the heavyweight title, he's caught in a damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't dilemma.

Holyfield didn't ask my advice, but here, for what it's worth, is a suggestion that I'm sure will appeal to the people who made him the richest boxer in history: the fans.

Evander, forget the WBA and IBF belts; not one less person will pay to see you fight Lewis if they aren't on the line. In fact, forget the WBC belt as well. What you've accomplished in the ring makes you bigger than all the belts in the world. Fight Lewis, and the winner will be universally recognized as the undisputed champion. And if the alphabet organizations try to say otherwise, they will be an even bigger laughingstock than they are already.

An Apology To The Memory Of Red Cochrane

The August 1997 edition of THE RING contained an article based upon a purported January 1997 interview with the former welterweight champion of the world, Freddie "Red" Cochrane, and entitled "Half These Guys Fighting Couldn't Beat Me." Red Cochrane, however, had died in 1993, and the person who was interviewed for the article was an impostor. The article contained numerous misstatements about the life of Red Cochrane and depicted him in a false and unfavorable light. More than just a skilled boxer, Red was a gentleman inside and out of the ring, a devoted family man, and a successful businessman after he retired from boxing. THE RING regrets its error and apologizes to the family and the many friends and fans of Red Cochrane. We are truly sorry.

Nigel Collins
Editor-in-Chief

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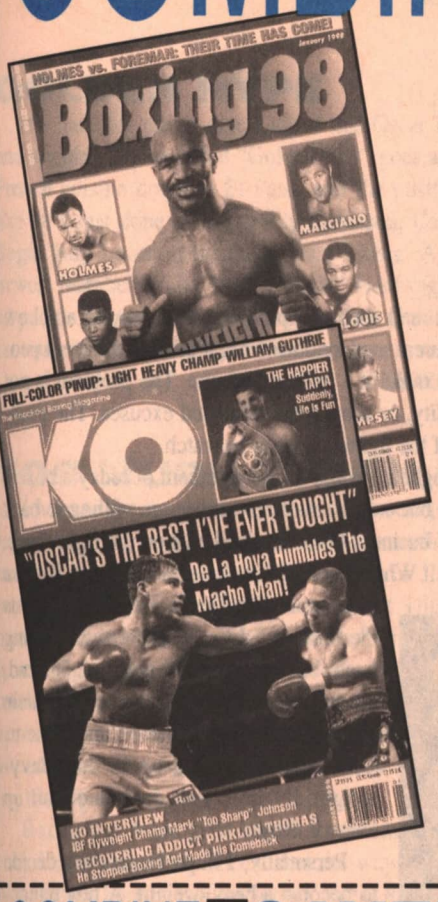

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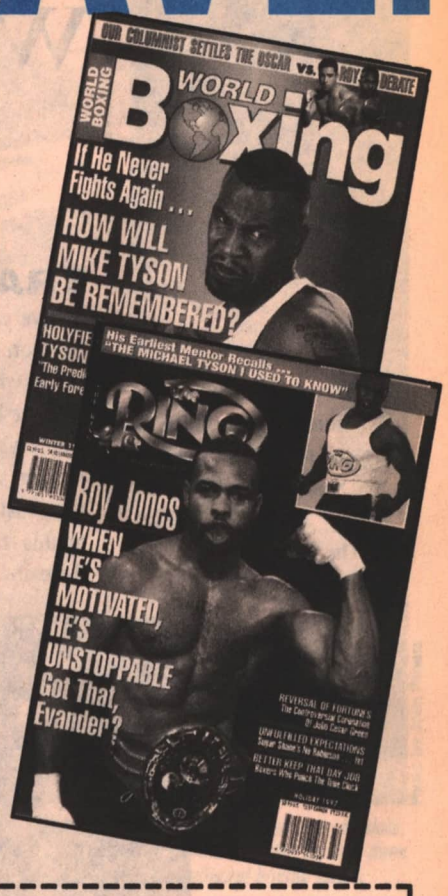

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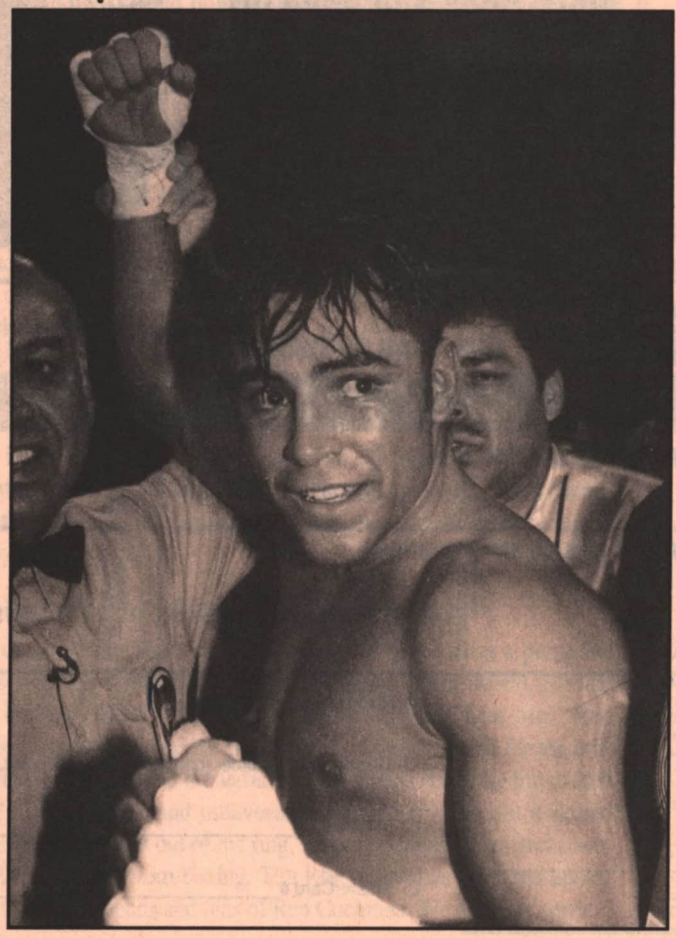
COME OUT WRITING

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 1148, Ft. Washington, PA

TRASH THE TALKING

Every time I pick up a boxing magazine, I always read about the problems with boxing and how the sport has lost its support. There are a million different explanations from a million different people on why the sport is suffering. So, I might as well make it a million and one. The problem is not with the lack of talented fighters or the sport's brutality, or some other educated excuses. The problem is with the character, charisma, and personality of the fighters we pay to watch.

I am so sick of hearing "I'm the best there is, I'll fight anybody." Ninety percent of today's boxers relay that message to the public at every opportunity, but only a small percentage are willing to back up this statement. For every soft-spoken, take-care-of-business Oscar De La Hoya on the fight scene, there are 10 loudmouthed, nobody-can-beat-me Pernell Whitakers and Roy Joneses out there. If there were more like De La Hoya, who fights the best and doesn't waste time talking trash, boxing would be revived. Instead, we are forced to listen to Jones complain about a lack of competition and tease us with talk of moving up to the heavyweight division. Just do it and shut up about it, Roy!



Oscar De La Hoya represents everything that's good about boxing, says reader Tracy Jenkins. De La Hoya goes about his business in the ring and never offers any excuses for subpar performances, unlike the numerous trash-talkers in today's game like Roy Jones and Pernell Whitaker.

Personally, I hope Jones does decide to become a heavyweight. A few punches in the mouth from Evander Holyfield is just what he needs.

TRACY JENKINS
Salyersville, KY

PAY YOUR DUES, LADIES

I have another angle on Willie Grant's letter on female boxing ("For Men Only," August 1998). Every time two women engage in a professional prize fight, it denies two men an opportunity to ply their trade. These men have learned their trade in the proper manner. They have started from square one, the amateur ranks. It is here where a fighter learns the game in a complete and professional manner. Many of these young men have had well over 100 fights before turning pro.

If women want equality, let them start their own amateur programs and come up through the ranks the way the men do.

When I want to see a professional fight, I want to see two opponents who know the game thoroughly. I know the women try hard and have a lot of heart, but it's not the same. Television and pay-per-view should know the best, and they primarily show men. That is what we're paying for.

NORTON ELLIOTT
Aliquippa, PA

GOLDEN HYPE

It's hard for me to digest all of this Oscar De La Hoya hype and hoopla. The so-called "Golden Boy" goes and feasts on some French cuisine down in El Paso, and the postfight reviews read like he's just done in Sugar Ray Robinson, Carmen Basilio, and Sugar Ray Leonard on the same evening. And there was the newest member of the "I love Oscar" bandwagon, Gil Clancy of all people, shoutin' for all to hear that The Golden Boy is the closest thing to the perfect fighter that he's ever seen.

GEORGE J. ELSASSER
Somerville, MD

TOO MUCH TYSON

I want to draw your attention to the coverage Mike Tyson has received of late in THE RING. It is understandable that a lawsuit between Tyson and a boxing figure such as Don King is newsworthy. I find it interesting, however, that THE RING would feature Tyson and his wrestling "buddies." This implies that Tyson is still significant boxing news. Not only is Tyson an ex-boxer turned actor/wrestler, he is an ex-con. He only faced two real opponents in his entire career and lost all three bouts. He is a convicted rapist who, when faced with his last defeat, resorted to biting his opponent.

Boxing has made great strides in the last 35 years. It was legends like Muhammad Ali that led the way for great role models like George Foreman, Ken Norton, Sugar Ray Leonard, Oscar De La Hoya, and, of course, Evander Holyfield. And if there is a time this country needs good role models, it is now. THE RING needs to consider this. Tyson had a chance to become a boxing legend. Instead, he has simply become boxing history. The choice was his. Mike Tyson is gone.

CALEB HUNTER BOOHER
Hampton, TN

A LITTLE MISJUDGED

I just watched Guillermo Jones get shafted again in his rematch with Laurent Boudouani. What in the heck were judges Jerry Roth and Melchoir Taylor looking at? Isn't the object of boxing supposed to be hit and don't get hit? If aggression is all it takes, any human punching bag can go out there and become champ, "as long as he keeps swinging and remains conscious," as Ferdie Pacheco remarked after the decision.

FERNANDO A. TRUJILLO
Pomona, CA

BROWN IN "DREAM"-LAND

I thought I'd just witnessed a death in the ring after watching the slow-motion replay of David Reid's fist striking Simon Brown's head in their fight in June. The bout helped me come to two realizations: 1) Simon Brown, once a great champion, should hang it up before he gets seriously hurt; and 2) David Reid, the ballyhooed Olympic gold medalist, may not be the best among the Class of '96.

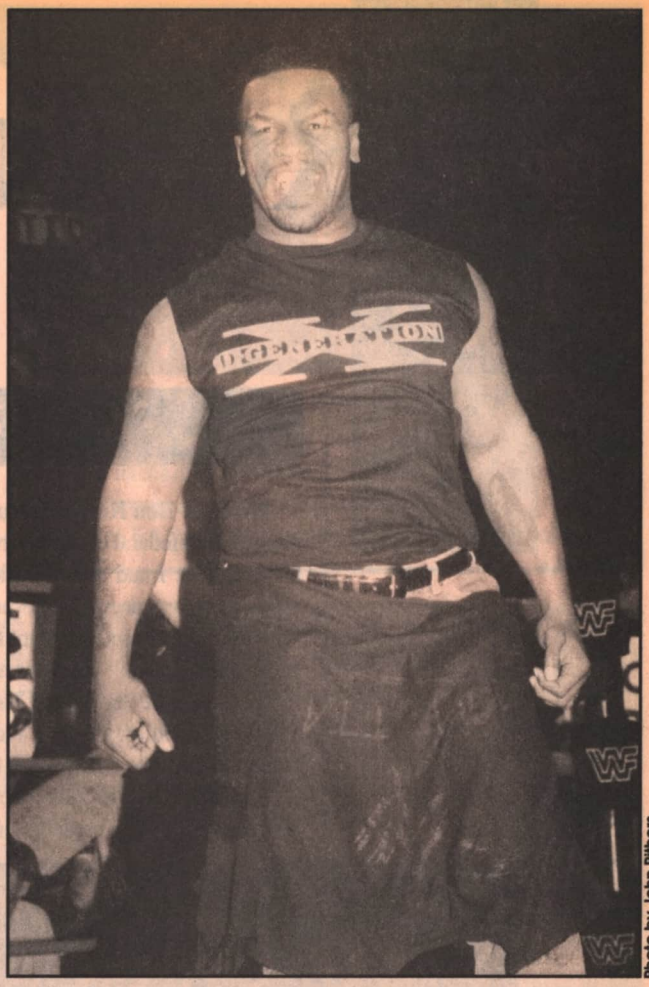


Photo by John Pithers

In an era where the boxing public is in desperate need of role models, along comes the return of Mike Tyson. Reader Caleb Hunter Booher does not consider Tyson's foray into pro wrestling significant boxing news.

The first area I'd like to address is Brown, who is mere fodder for the up-and-coming Reids of today. He's taken way too much punishment in his last two fights, against Bernard Hopkins and now Reid. I just hope Simon finally gets the message after the Reid fight. He appears to be a classy man and it would be a real waste to see him become a vegetable like many other fighters who stayed too long.

As for Reid, I feel he's a good fighter who deserves a title shot in the near future. But the fact that it took him four rounds to finish off Brown, who was ready to go in the second, leaves me skeptical about his chances for greatness. In my opinion, one fighter who may get in his way is Fernando Vargas, Reid's Olympic teammate. I think Vargas has greater skills and speed than Reid. And Vargas may not even be the best of that Atlanta group. For any boxing fan in the know, the man to watch—and the first Olympian who will be wearing a world championship belt—is Floyd Mayweather Jr.

TARIK SHAKUR
Detroit, MI ■

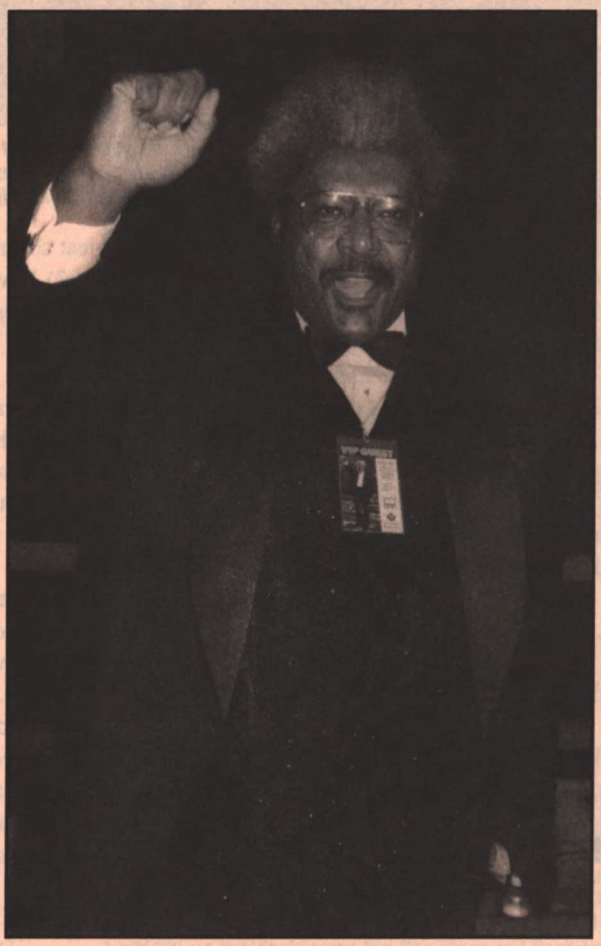
ROUND ONE

A MAGNANIMOUS DECISION

Promoter Don King is frequently referred to by the boxing community as a "crook" or a "con man," but in federal court, where such accusations count most, a jury once again found otherwise. In his insurance fraud retrial, which began on April 20 and concluded on July 9, King beat the rap again, as he was deemed innocent on all counts.

King was accused of submitting a fake contract to Lloyd's of London to qualify for an additional $350,000 in training expenses after a scheduled 1991 bout between Julio Cesar Chavez and Harold Brazier was canceled when Chavez was injured in training. Chavez testified that King paid him just $80,000 to train for the fight and insisted that he had no knowledge of the insurance claim. King was facing a potential penalty of up to 45 years in prison and a $2.2-million fine.

As late as the day before the decision was rendered, the retrial appeared to be headed in the same direction as its 1995 predecessor, which ended in a hung jury. One juror dissented from the other 11, and a note from the jury to Manhattan federal Judge Lawrence McKenna said they were "convinced that we will not reach a decision regarding the guilt or innocence of Don King or Don King Productions." Another note sent 14 minutes later stated that the same juror had read in a newspaper that the penalty for guilt was 45 years in jail, leading King lawyer Peter Fleming Jr. to push for a mistrial. But somehow the problems were quickly resolved and the verdict in King's favor was returned.



King remains a free man

"This was a victory not for blacks, not for whites, but for America," King said. "And I want to thank God and the jury that God blessed with the insight and enlightenment to understand the complexity of this case and be able to rule in a fair and just manner."

[The jury was hung in rendering a decision on the portion of the case against Don King Productions. The federal prosecutors announced shortly thereafter that they would not ask for a re-trial.]

So what does King's acquittal mean for boxing? Considering that during the trial boxing's highest profile promoter ran only a handful of shows—and had his biggest one, Evander Holyfield vs. Henry Akinwande, canceled amidst a cloud of controversy—it could be considered a positive for boxing to see King back in action. But at the same time, several of King's top stars, including Chavez and Felix Trinidad, defected to rival promoters during the trial, paving the way for megafights that likely wouldn't have been made if the fighters had stayed with King. Had King been found guilty and sent to jail, others, like Holyfield and Johnny Tapia, might have followed, moves that may have been in the best interest of boxing fans.

—Eric Raskin

IT'S IN THE GAME

Leonard and De La Hoya prepare for video game war

Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Louis. Rocky Marciano vs. Evander Holyfield. Marvin Hagler vs. Jake LaMotta. Shane Mosley vs. Aaron Pryor. These and hundreds of other fantasy matchups will come as close to reality as possible when EA Sports releases its new video game, *Knockout Kings*, this fall. The game features 38 top stars, from legends like Jack Dempsey to fighters whose lives barely overlapped Dempsey's, like Floyd Mayweather Jr. The user will have the opportunity to play as or against any of the greats.

On May 28, Sugar Ray Leonard and Oscar De La Hoya combined forces to promote the game at a trade show in Atlanta, Georgia. Referee Mills Lane, ring announcer Jimmy Lennon Jr., and fight commentators Al Albert and Sean O'Grady, all of whom appear in the game, were also on hand for the mock superfight, which can now be staged in every boxing fan's home. Leonard and De La Hoya, as well as Mosley, worked with EA Sports to have their movements captured as prototypes for the game, and Leonard's likeness in *Knockout Kings* even throws bolo punches and taunts opponents by extending his chin.

Based on EA Sports' track record, expect this to be a lot of fun.

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

Learning how to box can be an expensive proposition when it comes to time and money. You've got the heavybag, bag gloves, wraps, punch mitts, and jump rope to set you back a few bucks. Then there's the hours of dedication and discipline needed to become good. But if you're really interested in stepping into the ring one day, or even just looking to work on conditioning, it might be a smart idea to start with Doug Werner's *Boxer's Start-up: A Beginner's Guide to Boxing* (160 pages, Tracks Publishing, $12.95 paperback).

Werner's book is a good learning tool for the novice athlete who wants to understand the demands of becoming a boxer. It's an easy read, using more than 200 demonstrative photos that take a detailed look at basic boxing principles.

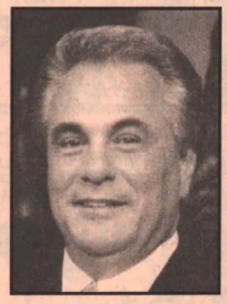
Werner does two things well: First, the voice he uses throughout the book is that of a teacher, explaining the self-confidence one can attain from boxing. He also explains the training differences, stressing safety and use of proper equipment, between the athlete serious about getting into the ring and the middle-aged man with the soft middle just trying to get himself into shape. And second, the techniques are simplified enough for anyone at least 12 years old to comprehend.

You won't turn into Evander Holyfield just by reading this book, but you'll have a better idea of whether or not you want to dole out the dough for that heavybag.

—Joe Santoliquito

HINDS-SIGHT

If you think either Don King or Bob Arum is the hustlingest promoter around, meet Bobby Hinds of Madison, Wisconsin. Hinds was in a juvenile detention center at age 10 when boxing straightened him out in the late-1940s. He became the top heavyweight on the University of Wisconsin's boxing team, and then had a short, successful pro career in the late-'50s before putting his genius to entrepreneurial uses. In 1968, Hinds became a millionaire by putting colored plastic cylinders on jump ropes, demonstrating his invention in *Time* magazine and on *The Tonight Show*. Today, he's CEO of Lifeline International Inc., a Madison company that markets portable gyms used in many boxing training camps. Everywhere he goes, the man who credits boxing with saving his life demonstrates his gym-in-a-bag, and not long ago he was doing it at Sardi's in New York City when a man came up and said, "You could use that in a small room, couldn't you?"



Hinds (left) and Gotti couldn't do business

"I said sure," said Hinds. "He gave me $50 and a name and address in Illinois."

But the man to whom Hinds sent his portable gym couldn't keep it, for reasons he explained in a hand-written letter to Hinds that read: "We aren't allowed any exercise equipment at this prison—in fact, we aren't allowed much of anything! This is a lock-down prison, and so we don't even have a chair in our cells—beds are poured concrete platforms—so I'm sure you can imagine why your Lifeline gym is a no-no. But it was very thoughtful and classy of you to send one—thank you! As for my exercise routine, I do lots of push-ups, step-ups, and running in place, which is easy, as we are in our cells 22 hours every day. I feel great."

The note was signed, "Sincerely, John Gotti."

—Pete Ehrmann

TV FIGHTS OF THE MONTH

DATE	WINNER/LOSER	NETWORK	DIVISION	SIGNIFICANCE	MATCHUP	RESULT
6-12-98	Darroll Wilson KO 5 Anthony Willis	FOXSN	h	C	A	B-
This brings Wilson to the .500-mark against fellow prospects						
6-13-98	**Fred Norwood KO 8 Genaro Rios**	**ABC**	**WBA f**	**B+**	**B-**	**C+**
"Li'l Hagler" does what Wilfredo Vazquez couldn't; Rios pummeled throughout						
6-13-98	**Cesar Bazan W 12 Steve Johnston**	**HBO**	**WBC l**	**A**	**A-**	**B**
About four inches in height really would've come in handy for Johnston						
6-13-98	**Oscar De La Hoya KO 3 Patrick Charpentier**	**HBO**	**WBC w**	**A+**	**F**	**B**
Larry Merchant's fight with the El Paso wind for control of his hair was more competitive						
6-14-98	Lamon Brewster KO 2 Louis Monaco	ESPN2	h	C-	C	C+
Yes, Monaco is a punching bag, but Brewster can do some nice work with the left hand						
6-14-98	Floyd Mayweather W 10 Tony Pep	ESPN2	jl	A	B	B-
This was a good prep for Mayweather's challenge of Genaro Hernandez						
6-16-98	Danell Nicholson KO 4 Everett Martin	USA	h	C	D	C+
We'd almost call this win impressive if it wasn't over the slovenly "Big Foot"						
6-16-98	Angel Manfredy KO 7 Isander Lacen	USA	l	B-	D	C
One-sided beating all the way; Manfredy took more shots from his tattoo artist						
6-19-98	Rafael Ruelas KO 5 Juan Baldwin	FOXSN	jw	B+	C+	B-
Ruelas stays in the running for the vacant WBC super lightweight title						
6-23-98	Fernando Vargas KO 5 Anthony Stephens	USA	jm	B+	A-	A-
Stephens pushes young Vargas to the limit before finding a soft spot on the mat ... again						
6-23-98	Antonio Tarver KO 4 Jose Luis Rivera	USA	lh	B	A	B+
"The Magic Man" passes a good test in tough but raw Rivera						
6-25-98	Lucia Rijker KO 4 Lisa Ested	PPV	jw	C	B	B-
Is there anyone out there who wouldn't make Rijker a 3-1 favorite over Charpentier?						
6-25-98	Israel Cardona KO 8 Richie Kiley	PPV	l	C+	D	C
A mismatch from the start; "Pito" is becoming world class, Kiley is a clubfighter						
6-25-98	Dana Rosenblatt W 10 Arthur Allen	PPV	m	A-	C+	B-
Rosenblatt is nearly kayoed in the 10th; no wonder Pazienza wants a rematch						
6-25-98	Julio Cesar Chavez KO 3 Ken Sigurani	PPV	w	A+	C	B
Was that Bob Arum we saw doing somersaults at ringside?						
6-25-98	Lou Savarese KO 1 Buster Douglas	PPV	h	A-	A	B+
If this surprised you, imagine how Roy Jones feels						
6-27-98	**Shane Mosley KO 5 Wilfrido Ruiz**	**FOXSN**	**IBF l**	**A**	**C**	**A-**
With every win "Sugar Shane" inches up the pound-for-pound ladder; this was spectacular						
6-27-98	David Reid KO 4 Simon Brown	FOXSN	jm	A	C-	A
Reid awesome, but we really wish Brown would find another line of work						
6-30-98	Zulfia Koutdussova W 10 Tracy Byrd	USA	l	C	B+	C+
With less than 10 shows left, why is TNF giving us an all chicks card?						
7-5-98	Enrique Sanchez D 10 Ricardo Medina	ESPN2	jf	A-	C+	B+
This was supposed to be easy; Sanchez in for a very brief reign as WBA champ						
7-7-98	Ben Tackie KO 8 Louie Leija	FOXSN	l	B	B-	B-
Leija gradually worn down in competitive scrap						

Category Explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' futures; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.

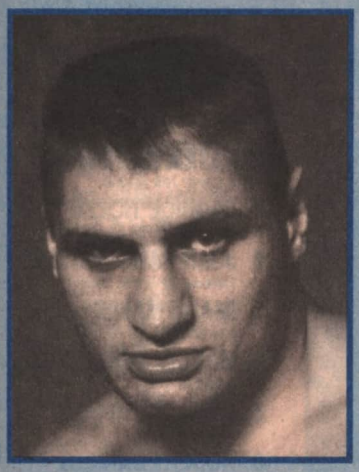
(World title fights in **bold** type)

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight

Network key: PPV—Pay-Per-View; Show—Showtime

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Promoter **Don King** was in the news quite a bit in the early weeks of summer. While his own insurance fraud trial was going on in, he filed a lawsuit on June 16 against **Bob Arum**, **Top Rank Inc.**, and **HBO**, claiming that they had paid **Julio Cesar Chavez** to breach his contracts with King. "Arum's misconduct in taking these contracts from Don King Productions will not be tolerated," said a spokesman for DKP. The lawsuit asked for $100-million in damages and sought to stop Chavez' scheduled fights for Top Rank. In separate King news, he purchased the *Call & Post*, a Cleveland newspaper marketed primarily to African-Americans, for $760,000 in July ... Heavyweight **Andrew Golota** filed a $21-million malpractice suit on June 18 accusing **Dr. Scott Katzman** of defying New Jersey Boxing Commission rules by administering a lidocaine shot one hour before his first-round knockout defeat to **Lennox Lewis** for the WBC title last October. New Jersey rules prohibit fighters from receiving injections within six hours of a fight. Golota's attorney, **Thomas S. DiBiasi**, said the doctor missed the muscle in the Polish contender's knee and hit an artery, making Golota high and accounting for his poor performance against Lewis ... Former IBF junior welterweight champion **Charles Murray** was arrested in early-July for allegedly punching two police officers after a street brawl in Rochester, New York, involving more than 150 people. It was Murray's fourth arrest in four years ... Lightweight **Rudy Zavala**, who held a handful of minor titles and challenged for the IBF junior featherweight title in 1993, was struck by a car and killed in the early morning hours of the Fourth of July in Orange County, California. Zavala's vehicle spun out of control on the San Bernardino Freeway, and when he got out of the car and tried to run across the street, he was hit by another vehicle and killed instantly. The 29-year-old Zavala, 25-8-2 (21), is survived by his wife and three children.



Golota: Suing the sawbones

Zavala: Killed in accident

THE PUNCHLINES

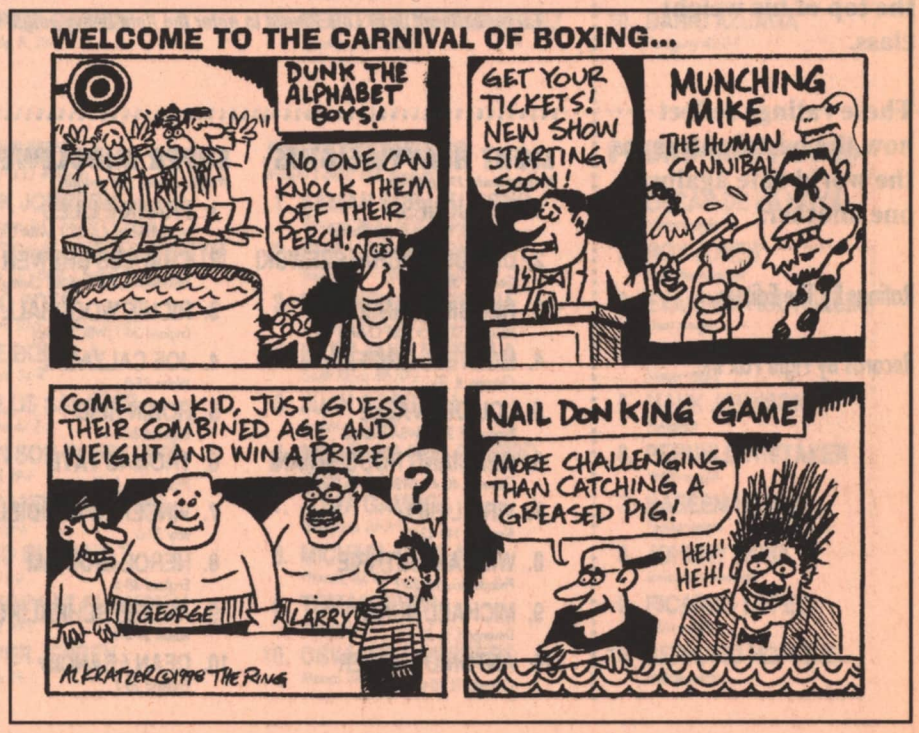
"There was no way he was going to get nailed on insurance fraud, because everyone hates insurance companies anyway."

—Matchmaker and promoter Don Elbaum on the Don King verdict

"I feel like I've fought Robert Allen five times already."

—IBF middleweight champion Bernard Hopkins after training over 3½ months for his repeatedly postponed mandatory against Allen

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended July 15, 1998

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

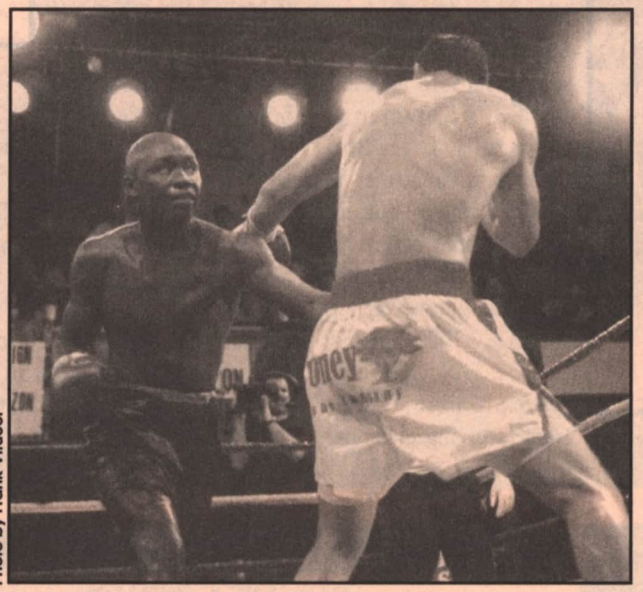


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Tarver battered Jose Luis Rivera to enter the light heavyweight rankings

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Fairburn, GA *35-3 (WBA/IBF Champ)*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS**
   England *33-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **GEORGE FOREMAN**
   Marshall, TX *76-5*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER**
   Detroit, MI *39-2*
5. **MICHAEL GRANT**
   Norristown, PA *28-0*
6. **SHANNON BRIGGS**
   New York, NY *31-2*
7. **CHRIS BYRD**
   Flint, MI *26-0*
8. **IKE IBEABUCHI**
   Dallas, TX *18-0*
9. **DAVID TUA**
   Totowa, NJ *30-1*
10. **RAY MERCER**
    West Orange, NJ *25-4-1*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **FABRICE TIOZZO**
   France *39-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **JUAN CARLOS GOMEZ**
   Germany *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **IMAMU MAYFIELD**
   New Brunswick, NJ *18-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ**
   Argentina *22-2-1*
5. **CARL THOMPSON**
   England *23-4*
6. **ROBERT DANIELS**
   Miami, FL *38-3-1*
7. **NATE MILLER**
   Philadelphia, PA *30-5*
8. **ARTHUR WILLIAMS**
   Las Vegas, NV *28-4-1*
9. **RALF ROCCHIGIANI**
   Germany *40-9-7*
10. **SAUL MONTANA**
    Mexico *31-6*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **ROY JONES**
   Pensacola, FL *36-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI**
   Germany *38-0*
3. **REGGIE JOHNSON**
   Houston, TX *38-5-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN**
   Chicago, IL *30-1*
5. **LOU DEL VALLE**
   Bronx, NY *27-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
   Germany *40-4-1 (WBC Interim Champ)*
7. **VIRGIL HILL**
   Bismarck, ND *43-3*
8. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE**
   Philadelphia, PA *24-1*
9. **MICHAEL NUNN**
   Davenport, IA *52-4*
10. **ANTONIO TARVER**
    Orlando, FL *10-0*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **FRANKIE LILES**
   N. Hollywood, CA *32-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **CHARLES BREWER**
   Philadelphia, PA *31-5 (IBF Champ)*
3. **RICHIE WOODHALL**
   England *24-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **JOE CALZAGHE**
   Wales *25-0*
5. **ROBIN REID**
   England *26-1-1*
6. **THOMAS TATE**
   Houston, TX *34-5*
7. **VINCENZO NARDIELLO**
   Italy *33-6*
8. **HEROL GRAHAM**
   England *48-6*
9. **ANDREI SCHKALIKOV**
   Russia *29-4-1*
10. **DEAN FRANCIS**
    England *20-1*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA *34-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **WILLIAM JOPPY**
   Washington, D.C. *25-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **HASSINE CHERIFI**
   France *25-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **OTIS GRANT**
   Canada *31-1-1*
5. **KEITH HOLMES**
   Washington, D.C. *30-2*
6. **ROBERT McCRACKEN**
   England *31-0*
7. **LONNIE BRADLEY**
   New York, NY *26-0-1*
8. **JULIO CESAR GREEN**
   Brooklyn, NY *22-3*
9. **ANTWUN ECHOLS**
   Davenport, IA *20-2-1*
10. **RYAN RHODES**
    England *16-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *37-2-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **YORY BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *71-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **KEITH MULLINGS**
   Brooklyn, NY *16-4-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *47-7*
5. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *60-3*
6. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *38-1*
7. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *35-2*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *28-1*
9. **TONY MARSHALL**
   Albany, NY *29-7-6*
10. **EMMETT LINTON**
    Tacoma, WA *25-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *28-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *41-2-1*
3. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *33-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *34-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *41-3-2*
6. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *45-2-1*
7. **VERNON FORREST**
   Atlanta, GA *24-0*
8. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *28-3-1*
9. **DIOBELYS HURTADO**
   Miami, FL *25-1*
10. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
    Mexico *100-2-2*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **VINCE PHILLIPS**
   Las Vegas, NV *39-3 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *32-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *43-1-1*
4. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *20-1-1*
5. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Studio City, CA *52-3*
6. **HECTOR LOPEZ**
   Palmdale, CA *39-6-1*
7. **REGGIE GREEN**
   Clinton, MD *28-2*
8. **BOLILLO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *48-3-1*
9. **ZAB JUDAH**
   Brooklyn, NY *17-0*
10. **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
    Takoma Park, MD *42-2*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *51-7-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **CESAR BAZAN**
   Mexico *32-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *24-1*
5. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *26-1*
6. **PHILLIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *32-1*
7. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *29-2*
8. **ISRAEL CARDONA**
   Hartford, CT *29-2*
9. **JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *36-3-2*
10. **ARTUR GRIGORIJAN**
    Uzbekistan *24-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *38-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ANGEL MANFREDY**
   Gary, IN *24-2-1*
3. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *24-2-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
5. **JESUS CHAVEZ**
   Austin, TX *23-1*
6. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *45-4*
7. **GOYO VARGAS**
   Mexico *37-6-1*
8. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
   Kazakhstan *33-3*
9. **JULIEN LORCY**
   France *38-1-2*
10. **ARNULFO CASTILLO**
    Mexico *27-0-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *30-0*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *42-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **FRED NORWOOD**
   St. Louis, MO *31-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *55-10 (IBF Champ)*
5. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *48-2-2*
6. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico *25-1*
7. **ANGEL VAZQUEZ**
   Hartford, CT *15-0*
8. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *50-8-3*
9. **HECTOR LIZARRAGA**
   Fresno, CA *34-9-5*
10. **DERRICK GAINER**
    Pensacola, FL *23-4*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *35-2 (IBF Champ)*
2. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *30-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *33-3-1*
4. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *44-3*
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *45-2*
6. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *22-1*
7. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico *24-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
8. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *22-1*
9. **RAFAEL DEL VALLE**
   Puerto Rico *23-2-1*
10. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ**
    Brooklyn, NY *37-5-3*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **TIM AUSTIN**
   Cincinnati, OH *18-0-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *39-3 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JOICHIRO TATSUYOSHI**
   Japan *16-4-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *38-1*
5. **SIRIMONGKOL SINGMANASSUK**
   Thailand *16-1*
6. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *24-0*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *15-1*
8. **DAORUNG C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand *61-6-3*
9. **ADAN VARGAS**
   Mexico *28-1-1*
10. **DARIO AZUAGA**
    Paraguay *42-0-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *43-0-2 (IBF Champ)*
2. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *39-1-2 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SATOSHI IIDA**
   Japan *24-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand *14-1-1*
5. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *22-2*
6. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia *23-0*
7. **RATANACHAI DUTCHBOY GYM**
   Thailand *25-3*
8. **JULIO GAMBOA**
   Nicaragua *21-2*
9. **JOEL LUNA ZARATE**
   Mexico *32-2-2*
10. **VICTOR GODOY**
    Argentina *27-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *34-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **CHATCHAI DUTCHBOY GYM**
   Thailand *33-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **HUGO SOTO**
   Argentina *50-5-2 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JOSE BONILLA**
   Venezuela *24-4*
5. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina *47-7-3*
6. **SAEN SOR PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *29-1*
7. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *36-3*
8. **DAVID GUERAULT**
   France *12-0*
9. **CHOKVIWAT CHOKCHAI**
   Thailand *30-3*
10. **JESPER JENSEN**
    Denmark *28-1*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *38-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **PHICHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand *19-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **MAURICIO PASTRANA**
   Colombia *18-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *49-10-2*
5. **JUAN CORDOBA**
   Argentina *32-4-3*
6. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *51-5-4*
7. **JOMA GAMBOA**
   Philippines *24-3-1*
8. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *45-4*
9. **TOMAS RIVERA**
   Mexico *14-3-2*
10. **OSVALDO GUERRERO**
    Mexico *24-3*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES**
   Light Heavyweight
3. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Heavyweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Flyweight
6. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
7. **NASEEM HAMED**
   Featherweight
8. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Junior Bantamweight
9. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
10. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
    Middleweight

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Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, And Future. Plus: Hagler-Duran, Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler, Hearns-Sutherland.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: Olympic Special: Mark Breland Leads A Strong Squad. Plus: Leonard-Howard, Davila-Sanchez, Bonecrusher-Bruno, Bramble-Mancini, Hatcher-Bumphus, Garza-Orozco.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Chavez, Tyson, Tubbs, Sullivan, great first rounds.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Truth Williams, Tyrell Biggs, Greg Richardson, Julio Cesar Chavez, Paul-Blake, Witherspoon-Bonecrusher, Berbick-Bey, Pinklon Thomas.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Jeff Fenech, Berbick-Green, John E. Garcia, Dwight Muhammad Qawi, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

March 1986 (Awards Issue): Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Ring's Annual Awards, Evander Holyfield, Williamson-Muhammad, Camacho-Roach, 1985 boxing diary.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook The Boxing World. Rosario-Bramble & Honeyghan-Curry. Plus: Butch Lewis interview, Buster Drayton, Hector Camacho, Jake LaMotta.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-LaPorte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple Crown. Plus: McCallum-Curry, Carlos Monzon interview, triple champions, Orlin & Terry Norris, Ramirez-Alli, Fenech-Richardson, Matthew Hilton.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn-Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Rocky Lockridge & Roger Mayweather, Panama, Tony Burton, Chavez-Rosario, Gervacio-Espinoza, Vaca-Honeyghan.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: Carlos Monzon, Mike Tyson, Leonard-Duran, Daniel Zaragoza, Nunn-Barkley, Whitaker-Ramirez, George Foreman (color).

Feb. 1990: Mike Tyson: Riddick Bowe & Ray Mercer Take Aim. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Chuck Wepner, Antonio Esparragoza, Roman-Laciar.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker: Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Tiger Flowers, Duran-Leonard, Chavez-Taylor preview, Jorge Paez, Ali-Cooper.

May 1990: Big George Talks Tough: "Tyson Won't Be That Difficult!" Plus: Ed Hopson, Russian fighters, grudge wars, Archie Moore, Kid Berg, Marcel Cerdan, Chavez-Cortes.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before," By Evander Holyfield. Plus: James Toney, Buddy McGirt, Glenwood Brown, Aaron Davis, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan, Mark Breland, Ali-Liston II (color).

Aug. 1990: Chavez: His Greatness Confirmed ... Is He The Best Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, John L. Sullivan & Mike Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Cus D'Amato, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler-Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Rocky Graziano—Thanks For The Memories. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Junior Jones, Mike Tyson, Chris Eubank, Wolgast-Nelson, Hall of Fame.

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman. Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Bruce Seldon, best chins, Sullivan-Kilrain (color), Azumah Nelson, LaStarza.

Dec. 1990: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Douglas-Holyfield preview, Julio Cesar Chavez, Joe Grim, Whitaker-Nazario, Rosi-Van Horn, Benny Leonard, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV—Now You'll Pay! Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison in *Rocky V*, Reggie Tuur, Chiquita Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis.

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ, But ... Plus: Dempsey-Firpo, Charles Murray, Khaosai Galaxy, Nunn-Curry, Henry Armstrong, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Tyson-Stewart, James Leija, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, Moore-Bassey.

May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Late, Still The Fight Of The Century (color). Plus: fighting at home, Mark McPherson, George Costner, Rolando Pascua, Tony Canzoneri.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Foreman-Holyfield preview, Norris-Leonard, David Kamau, Freddie Steele, Bennie Briscoe, Leonard's career (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be...But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

Aug. 1991: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill (color). Plus: Making weight, Harry Greb, Kevin Kelley, Louis-Conn I, Simon Brown-Blocker, Chavez-Duplessis, Sugar Ray Robinson.

Oct. 1991: A Hit Again-How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness—Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech, overrated/underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Leonard-Hearns I, heavyweight computer tournament, Ali portrait (color).

Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, rating the 44 world champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).

Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

May 1992: James Toney—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Myung Woo Yuh, Khaosai Galaxy, Rocky Graziano, Billy Soose, Roy Jones, James Warring, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).

June 1992: What Now? Boxing Without Mike Tyson. Plus: Buck Smith, Liston-Foreman, Billy Graham, Holmes-Mercer, Enrique Pinder, Hilario Zapata, Toney-Tiberi, Benny Lynch, Tony DeMarco, Tyson centerfold (color).

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Aug. 1992: Holyfield-Holmes Prefight. Holmes: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Iran Barkley, Herbie Hide, George Foreman, Tex Cobb, Carnival of Champions, Harry Greb, Haugen-Mancini, Oscar De La Hoya, Gene Tunney (color).

Sept. 1992: Chavez: Unbeaten At 80-0, But What If He Had To Face These Guys? Plus: Bobby Czyz, Genaro Hernandez, Norris-Taylor, Tommy Gibbons, Sugar Ray Leonard's career, Sugar Ray Robinson (color).

Oct. 1992: The Supreme Dream: The Heavyweight Hopes Of The Heavyweight Hopefuls. Plus: Kevin Kelley, All-Time Top 10: South Africa, Meldrick Taylor, Sharmba Mitchell, Bob Foster, Eder Jofre, Max Baer (color).

Nov. 1992: Is Riddick Bowe The Next Heavyweight Champion? Plus: Morrison-Hipp, Canizales-Chandler, Chavez-Camacho preview, Australia Best of Nation, Tyson speaks from prison, Corbett-Sullivan (color), Tracy Patterson, Pat Barrett, Knockout Brown.

Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).

March 1993: From Question Man To Answer Man: Riddick Bowe Leaves No Doubts. Plus: Lennox Lewis, Lopez-Gamache, Frank Bruno, Rocky Kansas, Frank Fletcher, Crisanto Espana, Bowe-Lewis (color).

April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, All-Time Top 10: Argentina, Fighters of the Year (color).

May 1993: Oscar De La Hoya's Sprint To The Title: Is He Good Enough *Now?* Plus: Carbajal-Gonzalez preview, Lennox Lewis, THE RING Poll, Freddie Pendleton.

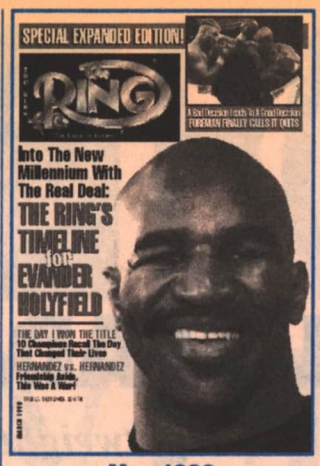
Aug. 1993: A Ring Exclusive: Julio Cesar Chavez Speaks Out. Plus: Bobby Czyz, 10 hardest punchers, Rafael Ruelas, Carmen Basilio, closing of the Fifth Street Gym, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

Oct. 1993: Tommy Morrison: Good Enough To Beat Big George, But Will He Win The Heavyweight Title? Plus: Riddick Bowe, Mike Capriano, Billy Conn-Joe Louis, All-Time Top 10: Puerto Rico, Charles Murray.

April 1994: Michael Carbajal: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Brown-Norris, Kevin Kelley, Ceferino Garcia, Oscar De La Hoya, Tunney Hunsaker, Spinks-Foster.

May 1994 (92-Page Special) Division-By-Division: The Greatest Fighters Of All-Time. Plus: Virgil Hill & Orlando Canizales, Kostya Tszyu, James Toney, What If ... Dempsey vs. Wills.

Aug. 1994: Bowe's Back! Determined To Do It Again. Plus: Eric Griffin, Pernell Whitaker, Ray



May 1993

Mercer, Roger Donoghue, State of the Game (midterm report), All-Time Top 10: The Philippines.

Oct. 1994: Rating The Champs: Whitaker & Toney Lead The Field ... But Roy Jones Is Closing Fast. Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Meldrick Taylor, Rafael Ruelas, Curtis Cokes.

Nov. 1994: With Lewis Fighting Bowe ... Is Michael Moorer's Career Off-Target? Plus: Wayne McCullough, Hall of Fame, Alejandro Lavorante, Rocky Marciano, Paz-Duran, Injuries (part I), What If ... Pedroza vs. Sanchez.

Dec. 1994: Fighting-Mad! James Toney Just Wants To Beat People Up. Plus: Duran & Robinson, Don King, Mike McCallum, Injuries (part II), Tom Molineaux.

Jan. 1995: A Puncher's Dream: Oliver McCall Upsets Boxing's Balance Of Power. Plus: Ruelas brothers, Quincy Taylor, "Unfinished Business," Dave Maier, All-Time Top 10: Canada.

May 1995: The State Of The Game. Plus: Olzubek & Arbachakov, Gonzalez-Kelley, Pazienza-Duran II, All-Time Top 10: France.

June 1995: (92-Page Special): Foreman Frowns Upon The Age Gap: "I Don't Think Tyson Should Fight Anyone But Me." Plus: Least deserving heavyweight challengers, Carlos Monzon, Kostya Tszyu.

July 1995: Pernell Whitaker: *The Ring* Makes "Pound-For-Pound" An Official Title. Plus: Riddick Bowe, Ike Quartey, Benn-McClellan, TV prospects, Hector Acero-Sanchez, Harry Matthews, What If ... Robinson-Burley.

Aug. 1995: Can Tyson Go From Great To All-Time Great? Plus: Antonio Barrera, Collins-Eubanks, Johnny Paychek, McCall-Holmes.

Oct. 1995: (92-Page Special): Mismatch? Don't Tell Peter McNeeley! Plus: Fights we'd like to see, Jo-el Scott, Bronco McKart, when stop fights?

Nov. 1995: A 6-1 Favorite vs. Any Champion: Maybe They Should Just Give Tyson The Title. Plus: Roy Jones, Riddick Bowe, Ancee Gedeon, Hall of Fame, LaMar Clark, All-Time Top 10: Italy, What If ... Saad Muhammad-Scott.

Dec. 1995: McNeeley Goes Too Soon—Mike Tyson: The Beast Is Yet To Come. Plus: Tommy Morrison, Naseem Hamed, Chiquita Gonzalez, Gaspar Ortega, best chins.

Winter 1995 (92-Page Special): Buster Mathis Jr.: "Mike Tyson, You Got A Fight Comin' On." Plus: Holyfield-Bowe III preview, Wayne McCullough, Jesse James Hughes, Norris-Vaden preview, *The Ring* Insiders' Poll, What If ... Moore-Ayala Jr.

Feb. 1996: Bowe's The Man (For Now), But Is He Man Enough For Tyson? Also: Lennox Lewis, Hamed-Barrera, Paul Banke, Vince Phillips, boxing on Madison Ave., What If ... Leonard-Pryor.

April 1996: Oscar De La Hoya—Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Mike Tyson, Gabe Ruelas, 1995 in review, All-Time Top 10: Africa.

May 1996: Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Frankie Randall, Tim Witherspoon, Roy Jones, Bernard Hopkins.

June 1996 (92-Page Special): The Top 50 Fighters Of The Last 50 Years. Plus: Barrera-McKinney, Oscar De La Hoya, internet, Decade To Remember (1940s): Jimmy Bivins.

July 1996: Tyson! The Baddest ... But Is He The Best? Plus: De La Hoya-Chavez preview, Fabrice Tiozzo, Tommy Morrison & HIV, Malinga-Benn, closed-circuit, Chacon-Gomez.

Aug. 1996: A Closer Look At Tyson. Where He's At ... And Where He's Going. Plus: Joe Frazier, Roberto Duran, Buster Douglas, Arturo Gatti, women's boxing.

Sept. 1996: Lennox Lewis: Tough Enough For Tyson? Plus: Lewis-Mercer, Olympic team, Pernell Whitaker, Mark Johnson, Rocky, Scrapiron Johnson, heavyweight hopefuls.

Nov. 1996: Pole-Axed! Low Blows, Sinking Bowe, Ugly Show. Plus: Bowe-Golota I, Blinky Palermo, exciting fighters, Winky Wright, Joe Brown.

Dec. 1996: Our Spin On Roy Jones. Plus: heavyweight division, Olympic recap, Luis Rodriguez, Puerto Rican fighters, Danny Hodge, Saad Muhammad.

Jan. 1997: Riddick Bowe's Promise. "This Time I'm Whipping Golota's Ass!" Plus: David Reid, Whitaker-Rivera II, meaningless records, Dick Tiger, Jess Willard.

March 1997 (92-Page Special): Mike Tyson. Can He Reclaim His Greatness? Plus: 10 greatest controversies, Teddy Atlas & Michael Moorer, Kostya Tszyu, George Chuvalo.

May 1997: De La Hoya-Whitaker: Can "Sweet Pea" Stop Oscar's March To Greatness? Plus: Fitzsimmons-Corbett, Junior Jones, Phillip Holiday, Don King, Zaragoza-McCullough.

June 1997 (Special Collector's Issue): Holyfield-Tyson II: What It Means For Now ... And Forever. Plus: Holyfield-Tyson fight poster, Naseem Hamed, computer unification, Sayers-Heenan, state of the game.

July 1997: Leonard: There Wasn't Even A Ray Of Hope. Plus: Felix Trinidad, David Reid, Willie deWit & Shawn O'Sullivan, THE RING's 75th anniversary, Moore-Durelle I.

Sept. 1997 (92-Page Special): Who's The Best? The Experts Make Their Pound-For-Pound Choice. Plus: Terry Norris, Junior Jones, George Foreman, greatest punchers, Tapia-Romero preview, Mark Tessman, Doc Anderson.

Oct. 1997: Bang! Naseem Hamed Takes Aim At America. Plus: Riddick Bowe, Phillips-Tszyu, Saman Sorjaturong, Bobby Dykes.

Nov. 1997: Mike Tyson: Is He Finished? Plus: Oscar De La Hoya, Ike Ibeabuchi, Hall of Fame weekend, mismatches.

Holiday 1997: Roy Jones: When He's Motivated, He's Unstoppable—Got That, Evander? Plus: Julio Cesar Green, Sugar Shane Mosley, boxers' day jobs, Tyson's mentor, Kid Lavigne.

Jan. 1998: Give This Man His Due! If You Can't Respect Oscar ... You Can't Respect Anyone! Plus: Sanchez-Mayweather, Morales-Zaragoza, Lucia Rijker, Marvin Johnson, characters.

Feb. 1998: Welter-Skelter! The Hottest Division In Boxing. Plus: Lewis-Golota, Olympic update, Art Shires, boxing I.Q.

March 1998 (92-Page Special): Into The Millennium With The Real Deal: THE RING's Timeline For Evander Holyfield. Plus: Hernandez-Hernandez, Briggs-Foreman, 10 champs recall "The Day I Won The Title," Johnny Thompson.

April 1998: Evander Holyfield: THE RING's Fighter Of The Year (Again!). Plus: Yory Boy Campas, Mullings-Norris, Pinkey Mitchell, Holyfield Q & A, Hamed-Kelley, Oscar De La Hoya.

May 1998: Wrestling With His Reinstatement: Is Tyson Biting The Hand That Feeds Him? Plus: Lewis-Briggs preview, Michael Grant, Manfredy-Gatti, Ski Goldstein, Dan Donnelly.

June 1998 (92-Page Special): The State Of The Game. Plus: Tyson-King, David Reid, Bernard Hopkins, Ken Norton.

July 1998: Holyfield ... Tapia ... Hamed ... Jones ... Trinidad ... De La Hoya: Who Will Be The First To Fall? Plus: Magic Johnson, Chavez-Gonzalez & Lopez-Alvarez, underappreciated boxers.

Aug. 1998: Lennox Lewis: No Holyfield, No Glory. Plus: Felix Trinidad, Pat & Mike McMurtry, Chris Byrd, unbreakable records, contenders & pretenders.

Sept. 1998 (92-Page Special): This Man's Not Unbeatable! Five Top Trainers Reveal How To Solve The Hamed Puzzle. Plus: John Tate, Freddie Norwood, Andrew Golota, Roy Jones, 12 greatest finishes.

Oct. 1998: Really Hard Punch ... Really Soft Lips: Oscar Makes Legs Quiver In And Out Of The Ring. Plus: Hector Camacho Jr., Mayweather-Hernandez preview, *Tuesday Night Fights.*

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	☐Nov/85	☐Apr/88	☐Feb/91	**All 6 $25**	☐Nov/96
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NEW FACES

PAUL SPADAFORA

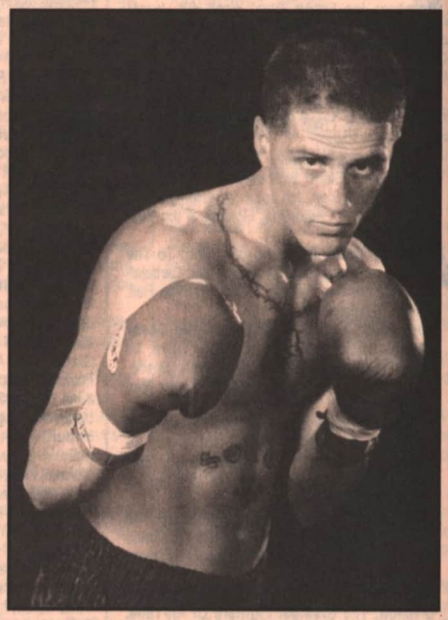
Lightweight

By Jim Trunzo

The Pittsburgh Kid" rips off three rapid jabs, ducks, fires a combination, and dances away. A moment later, weaving as he moves in, the stylish boxer-puncher digs two hard shots to his sparring partner's body, blocks one counter, and slips another. Grinning, The Kid glides to his right, untouched.

Billy Conn? Well, there is a distinct resemblance stylistically; however, Paul Spadafora, the newest Pittsburgh Kid, is a lightweight, not a light heavyweight, Italian not Irish, a southpaw, not an orthodox fighter. And he's not a world champion ... yet.

That he's going to win a title is a foregone conclusion, according to Al McCauley, Spadafora's manager. "He's the best fighter to come out of Pittsburgh since Billy Conn. Paul's going to be a superstar eventually," boasts McCauley, who has been managing fighters for almost 20 years and has worked with the likes of Carl Sullivan, Terrance Alli, Eddie Hall, and Arthur Allen. "He's only 22 years old and already he's 21-0. He's putting in his rounds, and he's learning all the tricks."



Spadafora's father, an amateur boxer, died when Paul was only two years old, and his mother did her best to keep the family together. Raised primarily in McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania, a blue-collar community in the truest sense of the word, Spadafora spent most of his youth on the move from one neighboring town to the next.

"That was the toughest part," explained Spadafora, "moving all the time, going from one school to the next, always having to prove myself. Man, that was bad. It would have been real easy to go the wrong way."

(Continued on page 60)

Spadafora goes on the attack against Troy Fletcher

PRO RECORD

1995		
Oct. 10	Steve Maddux, Station Square, PA	W 4
Nov. 7	Nathaniel Hardy, Chester, WV	KO 2
Nov. 15	Anthony Hardy, Erie, PA	W 4
Dec. 13	Lacebian Crockett, Cleveland	KO 1
1996		
Feb. 20	Michael Lopez, Miami, FL	KO 4
March 31	Julio Ibarra, Monroeville, PA	KO 3
May 7	Erik Joshua, East Liverpool, OH	W 4
June 10	Calvin Faggins, Pittsburgh	KO 2
June 22	Antonio Gonzalez, Atlantic City	W 4
Sept. 27	Jeff Whaley, Chester	KO 2
Nov. 21	Mark Andreske, Erie	KO 5
Dec. 22	Greg McLean, Youngstown, OH	KO 2
1997		
March 1	Joseph LaFontant, Atlantic City	W 6
May 23	Julio Merino, Saint Mary's, PA	KO 5
Aug. 13	Bernard Harris, Chester	W 8
Sept. 13	Kino Rodriguez, Las Vegas	W 6
Oct. 15	Hector Ramirez, Monroeville	KO 2
Dec. 11	Roger Brown, Erie	W 8
1998		
March 28	Troy Fletcher, Monroeville	W 8
May 21	Amado Cabato, Monroeville	KO 6
June 23	Jose Aponte, Chester	W 12

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KOs
21	21	0	0	11

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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

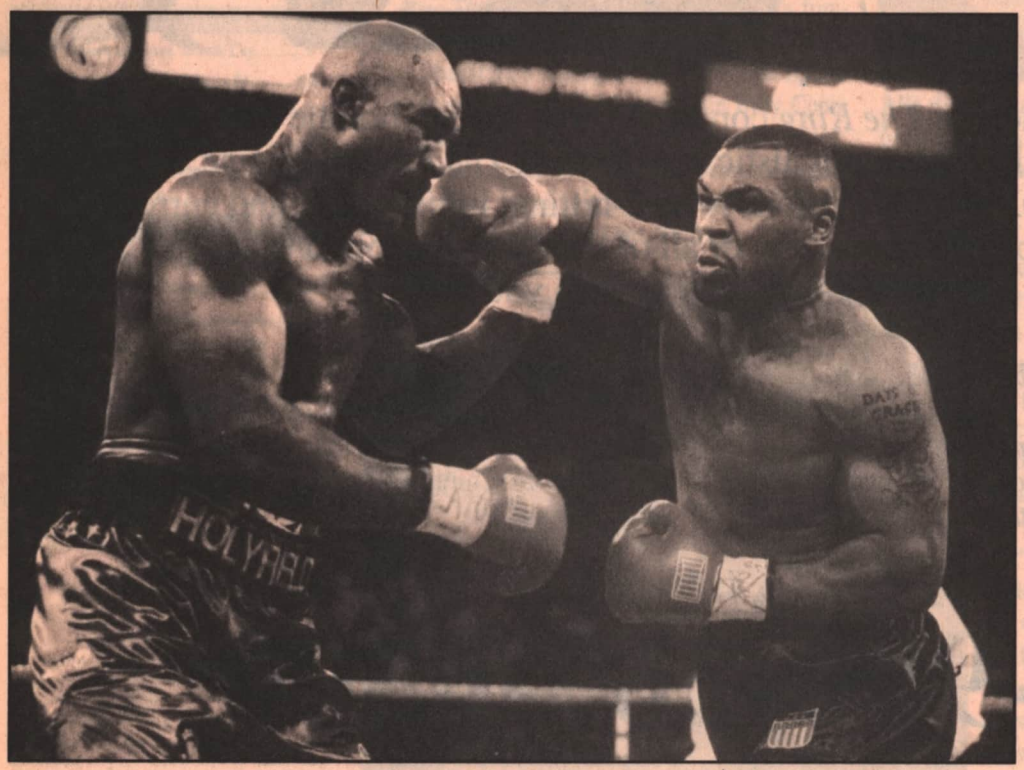
DON'T BUNGLE THIS ONE

Like Monica Lewinsky posing for sexy photos or Bruce Willis and Demi Moore splitting, it was inevitable. As Mike Tyson's reinstatement hearing drew near, media people who pay attention to boxing once every riot/earbite/Christy Martin nosebleed or so were speculating about how "Iron-deficient Mike" would impact his division. If the all-sports journalist is the window to the mainstream's soul, then pugilistic peeping-toms be warned: This is one window you won't want to peer into.

In June, ESPN's *The Sports Reporters*—a quartet whose boxing insight is usually about as enlightening as my take on yachting—babbled on about a possible third Tyson-Evander Holyfield fight. It was the first time a boxer had been talked about on the broadcast since, you guessed it, Tyson's appearance at WrestleMania XIV. That Lennox Lewis wasn't the focal point in a serious discussion about Holyfield's future plans was revealing, and not in a good way.

Two days after the all-sports talking heads proved once again that they can't tell Trinidad from Tobago and that the only Jones they know is the one they've still got for Tyson, WBC champion Lewis signed a six-bout contract extension with Time Warner, owner of HBO and the TVKO pay-per-view network. It's a deal that, at the very least, should make it harder to put together a Lewis-Holyfield clash because there is no escape clause that allows Lewis to face "The Real Deal" on any PPV outlet except TVKO. While WBA/IBF titlist Holyfield is contractually free to fight Lewis on TVKO, he has thus far insisted such a matchup be televised by SET, the PPV arm of Showtime.

Ah, politics. It doesn't always have to involve the Oval Office to be a sorry spectacle. Sometimes, the oblong office of a promoter or TV executive will do just fine.



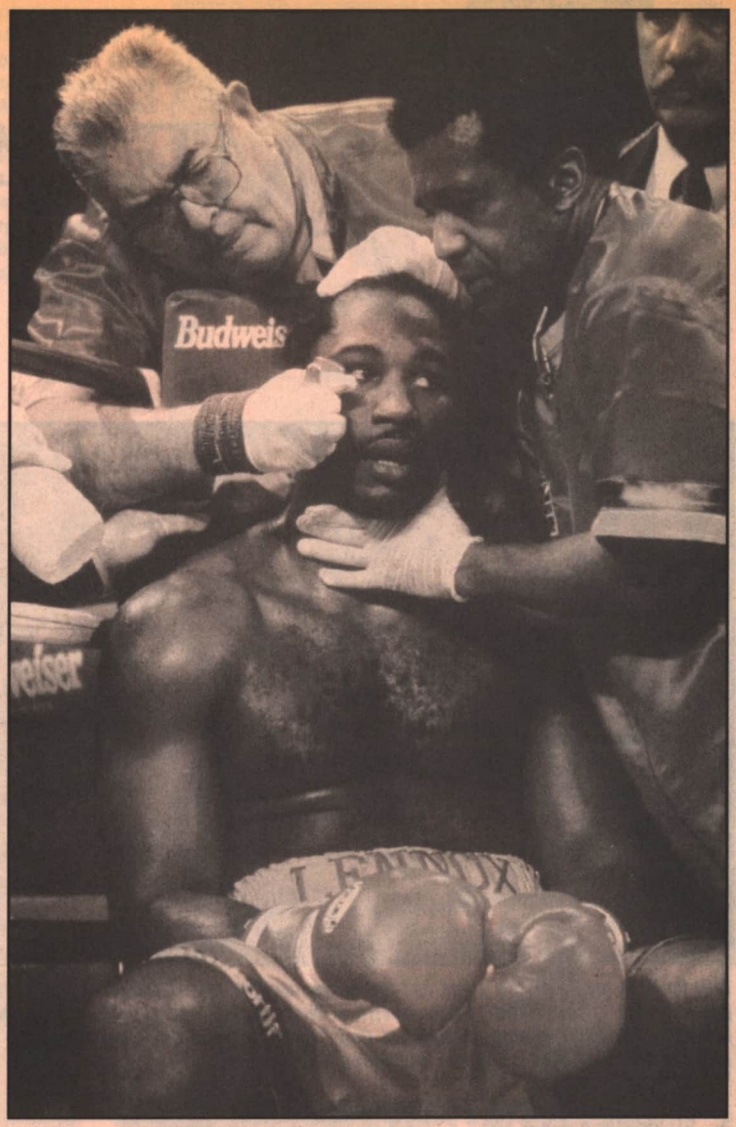
Mainstream sports fans still think Holyfield-Tyson is the premier heavyweight matchup

One way or another, Holyfield-Lewis will probably be made. (Remember how many times Tyson-Michael Spinks was written off before the deal was consummated?) But it's going to take a drastic change of philosophy on someone's part or a lot more money than has been in the pot up to now. And if the matchup doesn't materialize or it takes place past the point when both fighters can be expected to bring their "A" games into the ring (in other words, before the end of '98), then boxing will have outdone itself in the stupidity department, and that's quite an accomplishment.

This is a bout that boxing may not *need*, the way it needed Hagler-Hearns or Holmes-Cooney, but one that it certainly should have. In a game in which titles and achievements have been incredibly devalued, Lewis-Holyfield could provide a rare cut-and-dried plot line. Either Holyfield caps his stellar career by beating the best opponent out there and winning the linear crown for a third time (a feat accomplished only by Muhammad Ali), or Lewis sends an all-time great into retirement and creates his own place in history. A special added bonus for whoever wins: title unification, if only for a moment.

Who wants to see anything else? Lewis' six-fight contract extension is laughable. Set-up City. Are there even three heavyweights in the ratings who could provide him with a serious test? Holyfield, meanwhile, talks of rescheduling the Henry Akinwande bout, and the IBF is pushing The Real Deal to face mandatory contender Vaughn Bean. Excuse me, but has anyone looked at the calendar? Holyfield turns 36 in October. Two or three more of those torturous training camps (he'll train as hard for an Akinwande or Bean as for a Lewis) and he'll be ripe to get knocked off by Johnny Tapia.

Who's to blame that it has taken so long to make a match that's such a natural? Fingers can point in every direction. Start with Holyfield. Here's a guy who, at various times, has been considered "a blown-up light heavyweight," a shot fighter with a heart abnormality, and a batting practice fastball for Tyson. Now, he's on the verge of matching Ali's achievement, a record once thought untouchable, and laying out his critics as though they were Seamus McDonagh. He needs this win to certify his greatness. But he can't see the big picture because he's too worried about which network he fights on and how much money he makes. The richest boxer of all-time turned down an offer of $20-million. Hey, 'Vander, $20-million, $25-million, what's the difference at this point? Isn't landing the *fight* most important?



Lackluster wins by Lewis have helped choke the appeal out of a unification bout

Lewis bears much of the blame, too. The public isn't tying up the phone lines of sportstalk radio stations and demanding this fight, because the Briton is too cool and detached, in the ring and out, to fuel anyone's passions. He was lucky to get a decision against Ray Mercer, couldn't cleanly finish Oliver McCall or Akinwande when they stopped competing against him, and started in a funk against Shannon Briggs. Lewis certainly doesn't have to act like Tyson, but he hasn't shown enough bad intentions during combat to make anyone believe they *must* watch him.

Hang some blame on Holyfield's promoter, Don King, who has always touted himself as the man who delivers the best matchups money can buy. King doesn't want Holyfield to square off with Lewis because that would jeopardize Holyfield-Tyson III, an inferior fight but a more lucrative PPV event.

And while we're at it, let's blame the fight public. Four years ago, when there was a controversy brewing over whether or not Mercer had tried to entice opponent Jesse Ferguson into taking a dive, the overwhelming reaction of the boxing community was a shrug of the shoulders, as though the sport was already so lacking in integrity that it didn't matter whether or not the story was true. Now, we have a chance to finally settle the question of who the best heavyweight is—and have the linear title regained or retained in the process—and too many people shrug their shoulders again. Either they think they already know who the premier big man is, or they've simply stopped caring about it.

Lewis-Holyfield isn't Ali-Frazier, but it is the best fight boxing's marquee weight class can offer. Even all those competing self-interests ought to be smart enough to realize that. Let's get the *real* fight out of the way first, then you guys can move on to the sideshows and circus attractions if you'd like.

Oh, and here's a memo to ESPN's Dick Schaap and his laptop laureates who never heard of Michael Grant and Bernard Hopkins and no doubt think Saul Montana is a mining town in Big Sky Country: If you guys don't know who Lewis is, and can't understand how anyone could suggest that he infringe on Tyson's God-given right to be part of every megabucks heavyweight event, contact me personally and I'll send you some videotapes and photocopied articles free of charge.

The *sports* reporters? Yeah, certain sports. When it comes to others, a serious cram session appears to be in order. ■

CAMERA CLICKS

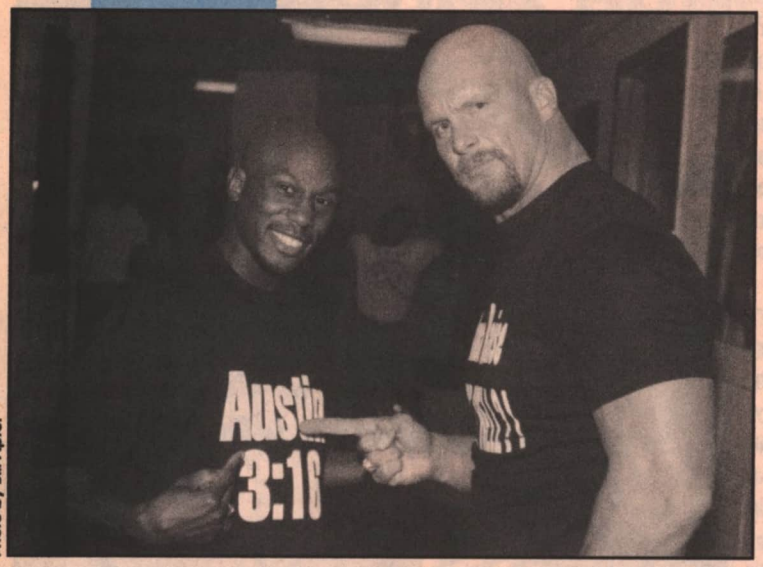


Photo by Bill Apter

Will the real Austin please stand up? IBF bantamweight titlist Tim Austin posed with pro wrestler "Stone Cold" Steve Austin at New York's Madison Square Garden recently. The WWF champ pointed out that "The Cincinnati Kid" had stolen his T-shirt, so Tim shot back that Steve had stolen his hairstyle.

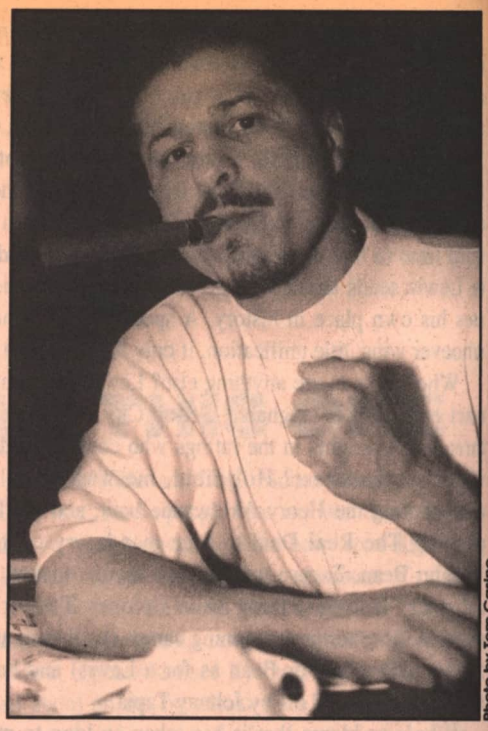


Photo by Tom Casino

Johnny Tapia illustrated his new motto, "Mi Vida Smoka," during a spare moment at the International Boxing Hall of Fame induction proceedings in June. The IBF junior bantam champ is trying out a whole new training regimen centered around smoking cigars, drinking beer, and eating fast food three meals a day.

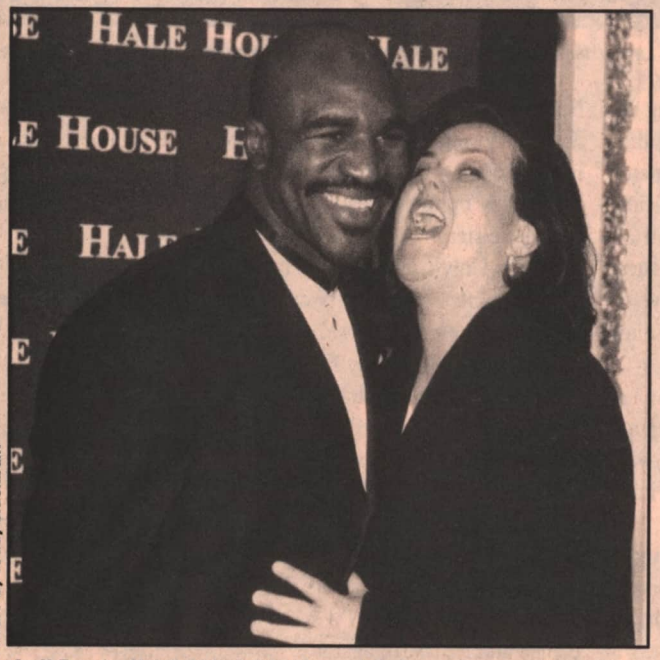


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

As if Evander Holyfield hadn't had enough bad experiences with ear-biting, now he's got a hungry Rosie O'Donnell to contend with. The comedienne/talk show host and "The Real Deal" posed together in New York City in May.

Photo by Frank Vitucci

Faster than a speeding "Bigfoot" Martin. More powerful than a Levi Billups. Able to leap overblown cruiserweights in a single bound. It's a bird. It's a plane. It's Monte Barrett, journeyman-conqueror supreme. The undefeated Barrett hasn't exactly run across Lex Luthor yet, but he is one of America Presents' top heavyweight hopefuls.

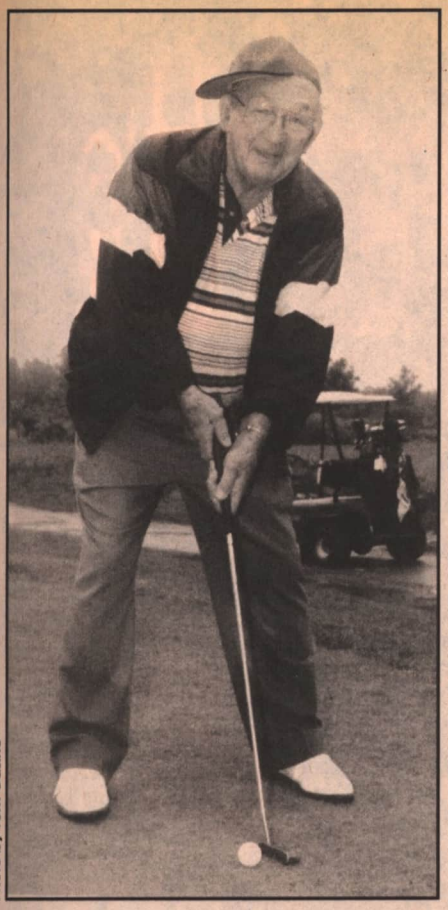


Photo by Tom Casino

Former welterweight and middleweight champion Carmen Basilio seems to have found a sport that's a bit more forgiving than boxing. Basilio's groundbreaking technique of lining up his hat with the hole is one of the keys to his success on the golf course.

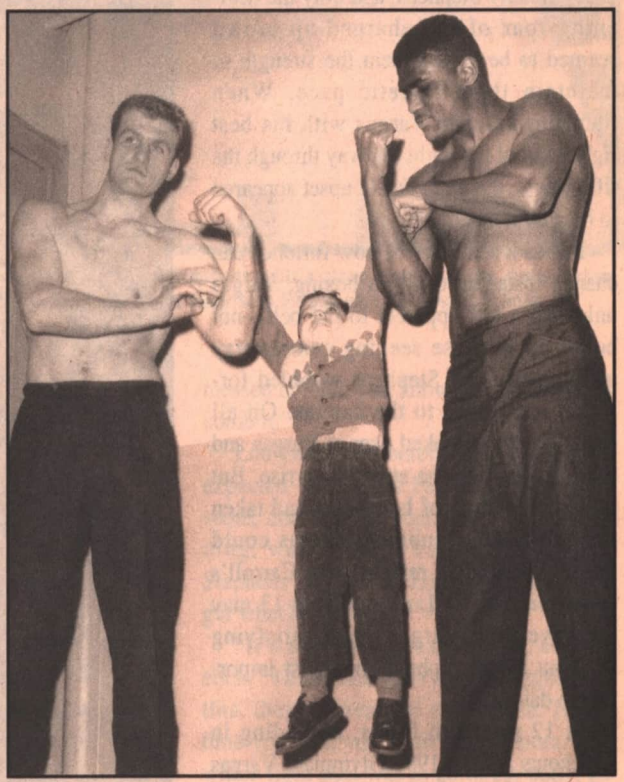
Not too many observers at the Hall of Fame in Canastota, New York, were tough enough to tell Christy Martin she wasn't supposed to be leaning on the glass. Inside are molds of some of the fight game's most famous fists, including, in the center, the right hand of "The Coal Miner's Daughter."

Photo by Tom Casino

NOSTALGIA CORNER

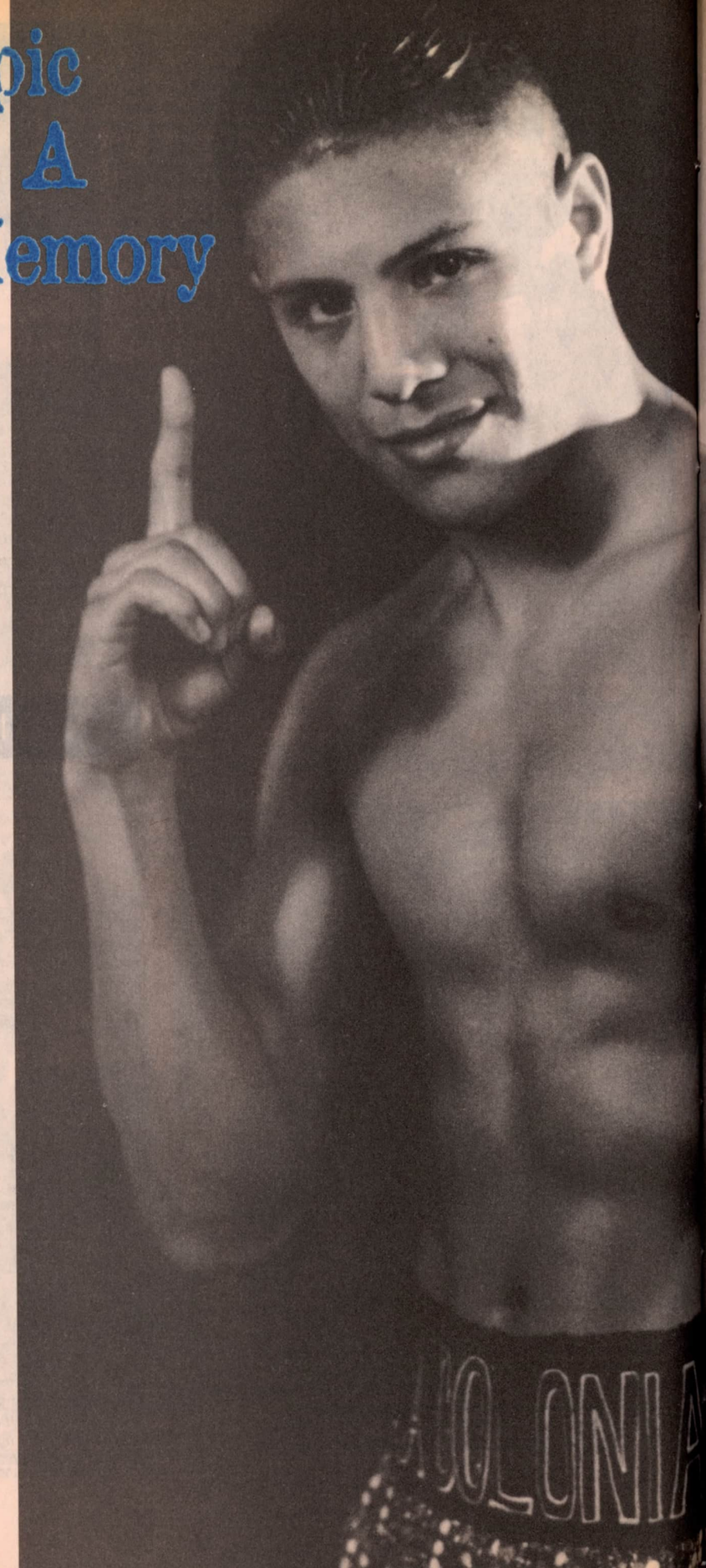
Photo by Christian Chapman

Being "The Golden Boy" has its privileges: Oscar De La Hoya was presented with a bouquet of roses by Miss El Paso 1996 Michelle Rios prior to his WBC welterweight title defense against Patrick Charpentier in June. Rios also gave Charpentier a bouquet, marking the closest the Frenchman came to feeling like a winner all weekend.



Muscle-bound: Four-year-old Nory Hernandez dangles from the biceps of heavyweights Gerhard Zech of Germany and Ernie Terrell of Chicago prior to their 1964 fight. The 6'7" Zech and 6'6" Terrell combined to make for a rather precarious fall if the boy's grip had slipped.

His Olympic Failure Is A Distant Memory



By Eric Raskin

The golden strands of hair that normally stay so perfectly matted to the top of Fernando Vargas' head were hanging in his eyes, soaked in sweat. His co-manager, Shelly Finkel, was becoming slightly disheveled, mumbling observations like "He's getting sloppy" under his breath, and blurting out a "Damn it, Fernando!" every time the 20-year-old mega-prospect would get cleanly hit. The sweltering temperatures inside Philadelphia's Blue Horizon were beginning to affect both Vargas and his opponent, veteran Anthony Stephens, and only the deafening roar of the charged-up crowd seemed to be giving them the strength to maintain their frenetic pace. When Stephens cracked Vargas with his best right hand of the night midway through the fifth round, the unthinkable upset appeared to be within reach.

But as a reminder of how fortunes can change instantaneously in boxing, Vargas unloaded a left uppercut to the belt—not below it, as those seeking controversy maintained—and Stephens wobbled forward, crumpling to the canvas. On all fours, Stephens looked over at Vargas and tried to summon the strength to rise. But the accumulation of bodyshots had taken their toll, and a jubilant Vargas could finally relax when referee John Carroll's count reached 10. Lucky number 13 may not have been Vargas' most satisfying win, but it was probably his most important to date.

In 12 prior pro fights, all ending in knockouts for the 1996 Olympian, Vargas had never faced an opponent as crafty and accomplished as Stephens, who had challenged for world titles twice in the previous 14 months and had lasted 10 rounds

FERNANDO VARGAS IS "FEROCIOUS" AS A PRO

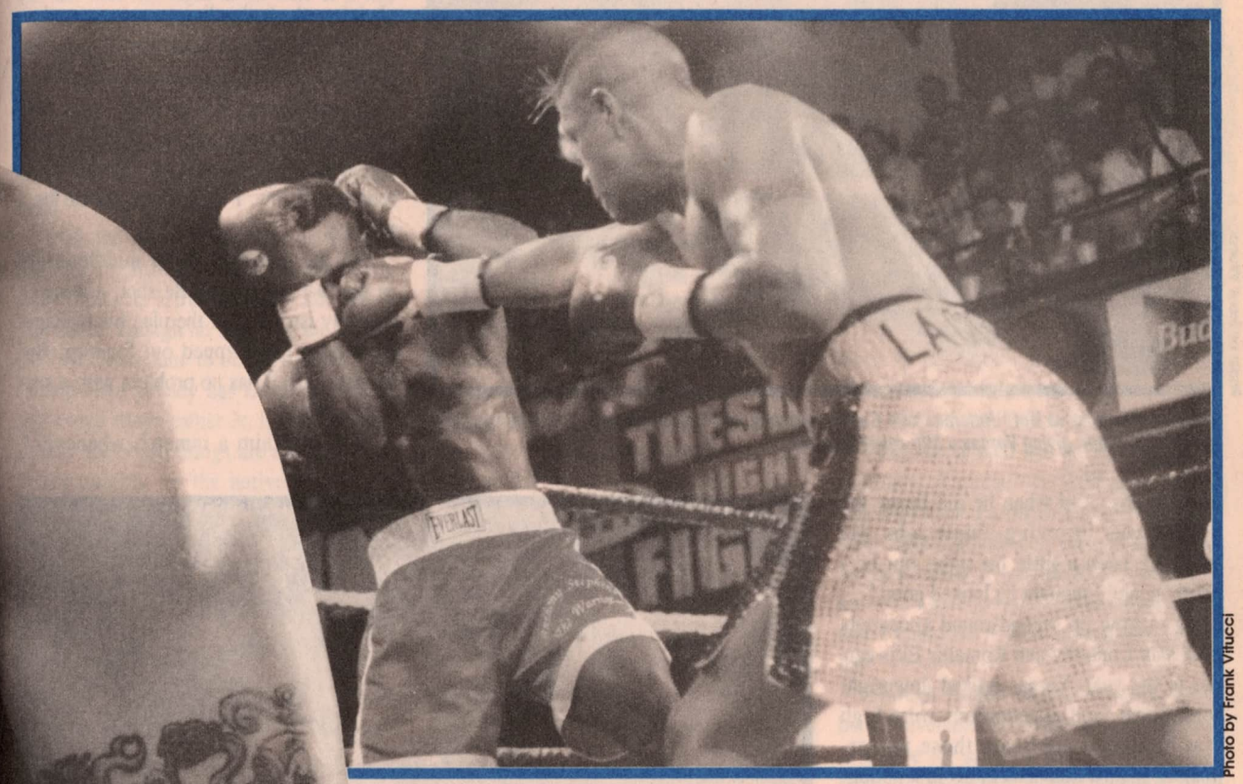


Photo by Frank Vilucci

Vargas appears to be in control as he socks Stephens with a clean right, but the more lasting image in this fight was of the underdog Stephens surprising Vargas with his own right hand.

Photo by Tom Hogan

with Felix Trinidad in '93. Vargas had never before risked his perfect record amid such blistering heat, certainly over 100 degrees underneath the ring lights. In 25 previous rounds, he had never clearly lost one as he did the fourth round against "The Warrior." And, in cruising to number five in the IBF rankings, Vargas had never had to rely on his chin as he did against Stephens.

"I showed I'm not just a fighter that can punch, I can also take a shot," Vargas said. "I'm not just gonna go down from any shot; I know some fighters that are like that. This is boxing, you're gonna get some swells sometimes, you're gonna get a black eye or two. Yeah, my hair got messed up, but, you know, I'll go back and comb it."

Lou Duva said before the fight that he expected "Ferocious Fernando" to get hit some, and that his goal, beyond just winning, was to have Vargas learn from Stephens' style. The Hall of Fame trainer got what he wanted.

"It's experience, experience, experience," Duva said afterward. "Fights like this, they're great for experience. Every time you win, you learn a little more. Our whole fight plan was to go to the body, go to the body. He was trying to hit Stephens with a right hand on the chin and knock him out. I wanted him to go to the body and *then* knock him out. He didn't throw

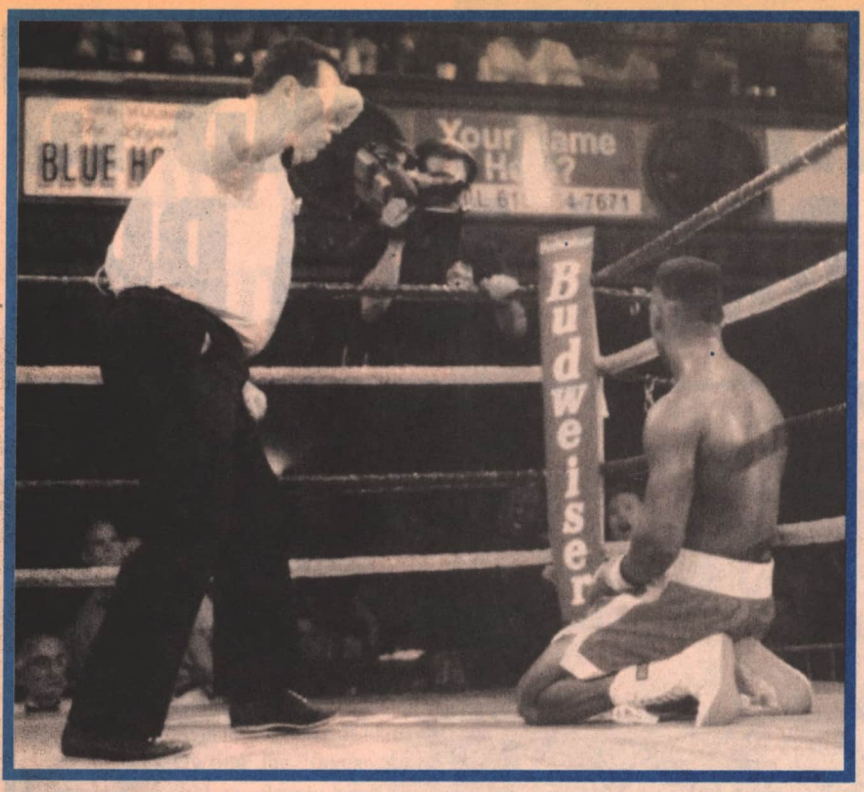


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Was it a low blow or not? Referee John Carroll certainly didn't think so, and Stephens couldn't beat the 10 count, giving Vargas a fifth-round kayo win.

observers by hardly budging, but at the same time, he disappointed with his inability to time Stephens' rushes. The heavy underdog struck Vargas with a left-right combination to open the fifth, then broke through with the best of his right hand shots. The two combatants then slugged back and forth, bringing the sweaty crowd to its feet. But Vargas kept his composure and remembered the basics, using subtle feints to induce openings. And with a single left to the body, disaster was averted.

"The kid takes a good shot," conceded Stephens, who had predicted his experience would carry him to a knockout win. "Fernando caught me with some good bodyshots, but the last one should have been called low. I think there should be a rematch."

For the unbeaten junior middleweight on the fast track to a title shot, a rematch probably isn't part of the plan his management team has mapped out for him. But Vargas himself has no problem with a second go-round.

"I'll give him a rematch whenever,"

enough jabs. And when he did throw the jab, he was throwing single jabs. He might've been a little bit tight, but he's learning, and I thought he looked good."

In racking up second-round knockouts over Dan Connolly and Romallis Ellis earlier in the year, Vargas looked downright sensational, and expectations were high that he would duplicate those performances against Stephens in his first nationally televised main event. Vargas had trouble finding his rhythm in the first, but when a right hand cut Stephens, 29-10-2 (17), over his left eye in the closing seconds of the round, Vargas gained confidence and opened up. Stephens caught Vargas flush with an overhand right to start the second—a sign of things to come—but the unbeaten prospect dominated the rest of the round, scoring with bodyshots and staggering Stephens with a left uppercut. Though Vargas wasn't jabbing as frequently as his corner wanted, Stephens seemed almost ready to throw in the towel when the bell rang to end the round.

After a sloppy, uneventful third round, Stephens seemed fully recovered by the fourth and scored several times with right hands to the jaw. Vargas impressed

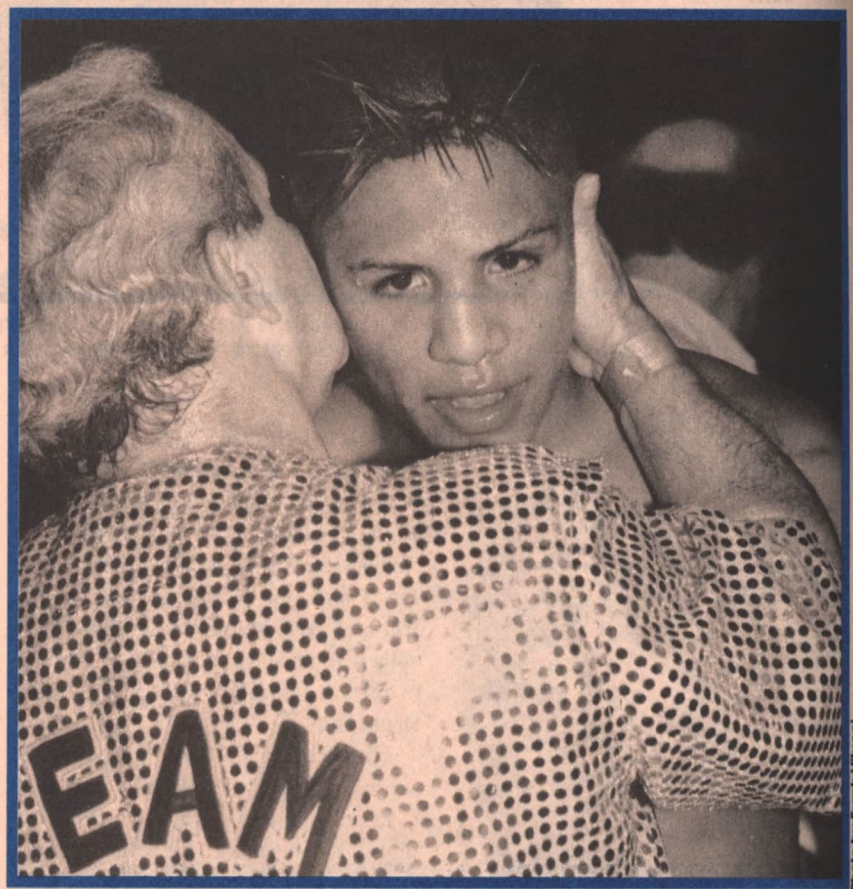


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Vargas, his hair strewn every which way, receives congratulations—and probably some critiques—from assistant trainer Roger Bloodworth after pulling out the toughest win of his young career.

Vargas said, "but I want it to be in an air-conditioned place. I know I'll come out a lot better in a rematch. He didn't want to get down to 154, he wanted to make it 157, give-or-take. If he wants to fight me again, I'll fight him at 154 pounds.

"But no excuses, Anthony Stephens is an experienced fighter. He was a little awkward, but I'm happy with my performance. I watched the tape, and I feel that the last shot was right at the belt. If it was a low blow, he would have been rolling on the ground grabbing himself, but he was just crawling on the ground. I got caught with some shots, of course, but we're just going to have to go back to the drawing table and work on keeping up that left hand."

With the win over Stephens in the bag, the talk regarding Vargas has turned to such topics as HBO contracts and world title shots. Though he won't be the first of the '96 Olympians to achieve either goal (David Reid already has an HBO contract and Floyd Mayweather Jr. is set for a title shot in October), things are moving along pretty quickly for the native of Oxnard, California, a town about 40 miles up the Pacific coast from Los Angeles. After all, just 10 years ago, Vargas hardly knew what boxing was, and certainly didn't know it could play such an important role in his life.

"When I was 10 years old, I was always getting sent home from school and suspended for fighting," Vargas said. "I guess you could call me a roughneck, getting in trouble all the time, and I just didn't care. Then I was flipping through the channels one day and I saw amateur boxing, I saw kids fighting. I was like, 'Man, what the hell is this?' I didn't know there was boxing for kids, that there was a gym or anything at all. I'd heard of names like Mike Tyson or Evander Holyfield, but those were grown men, and I didn't know how they got the chance to start fighting. And I found out where the gym was, and I never let up. Once I put on those gloves, I just wanted to be the best.

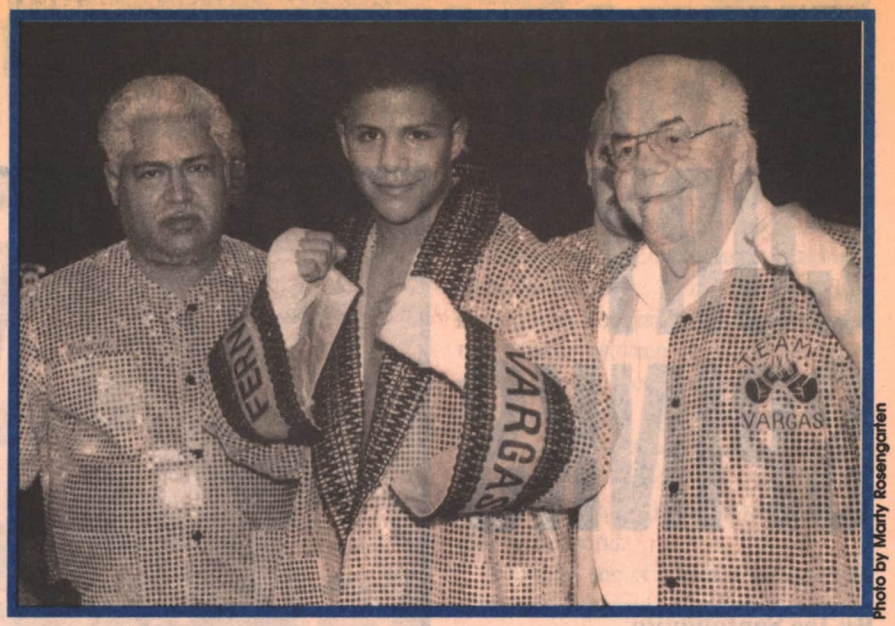


Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Vargas is joined by trainers Eduardo Garcia (the father of IBF 130-pound champ Roberto Garcia) and Lou Duva. Vargas said Duva "loves his fighters and takes care of them like they're his own family."

"I think it really all helped me as a kid be more disciplined and not get caught up in trouble. You can't be fighting as a little kid, and then go on to high school and keep fighting, and then hang around with the bad crowd. It was all gonna escalate, I know it. I love to fight, and here was a way that I could do it without getting in trouble."

Though Vargas' mother was opposed to his involvement in boxing at first, she took to it once she saw how talented he was and how his opponents always seemed to be the ones who came away hurt. At 16, Vargas became the youngest ever U.S. national amateur champion and, at 18, he represented his country as a welterweight at the Olympic Games in Atlanta. Expected to bring home a medal, Vargas lost a disputed 8-7 decision to Marian Simion of Romania in the second round. The Californian was extremely disappointed, but he turned his attention toward beginning a pro career.

Fielding promotional offers from Top Rank and Don King, among others, Vargas elected to go with Main Events, and came under the tutelage of the 75-year-old Duva. With his wealth of experience, Duva, who Vargas thinks of "like a grandpa," has been a perfect fit for the constantly learning pupil. Vargas also benefits from being

(Continued on page 62)

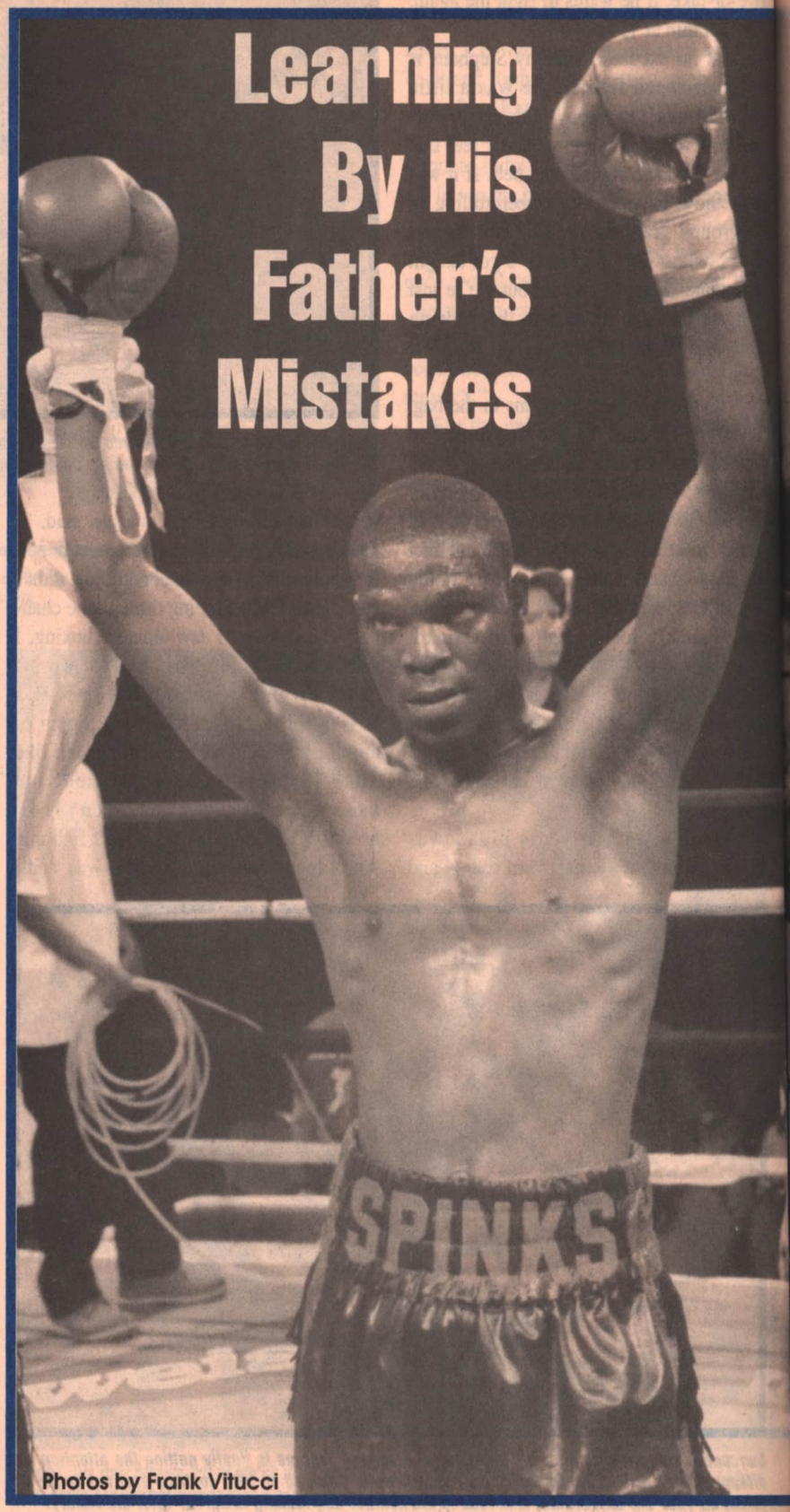
Photo by Frank Vitucci

Surrounded by reporters after his knockout of Stephens, Vargas is finally getting the attention his disappointing finish at the Olympics cost him. A world title and an HBO contract may not be far off for the 20-year-old Californian, who rose to the number-one ranking in the IBF after the victory.

JUNIOR WELTER PROSPECT

CORY SPINKS

Learning By His Father's Mistakes



Photos by Frank Vitucci

By Joe Santoliquito

He knew the knock was coming and dreaded it, like waking up on a Monday morning and having to go to school. It was Kevin Cunningham, persistent as always, at the door, wondering where his troubled trainee had gotten to. The object of his quest had just enough time to tuck a basketball under his arm and slip out the back door, so he could avoid another sweaty workout session in the boxing gym.

This went on for some time, the cat-and-mouse game of the trainer trying to corner the teenager whose last name made boxing unavoidable for him. Born into the chaotic debris of drug lords and street gangs in north St. Louis, Missouri, Cory Spinks, the youngest and most promising of Olympic gold medalist and former heavyweight champion Leon Spinks' sons, needed a break from boxing. A close friend of his, Terrance Rice, had just been murdered, like his older brother, Leon Jr.

I will not be a carbon-copy of Dad, Cory thought. At 17 years old, he didn't need any more challenges in his life. He grew up with a target on his chest, emblazed by the image of a famous gap-toothed smile. He was hearing it from cousins, friends, and family: "Get back in the gym, and start boxing again."

"Then I woke up," Cory said. "I wanted to box, but I felt I needed to take a break from it all. I was really happy when I was boxing, I liked it. But after Terrance got killed, I felt I needed a break. Maybe the

Cory Spinks (opposite left) the son of former heavyweight champion Leon Spinks (above, after defeating Muhammad Ali for the heavyweight title in 1978), calls himself "The Legacy," carrying on a new generation of the Spinks name in the ring.

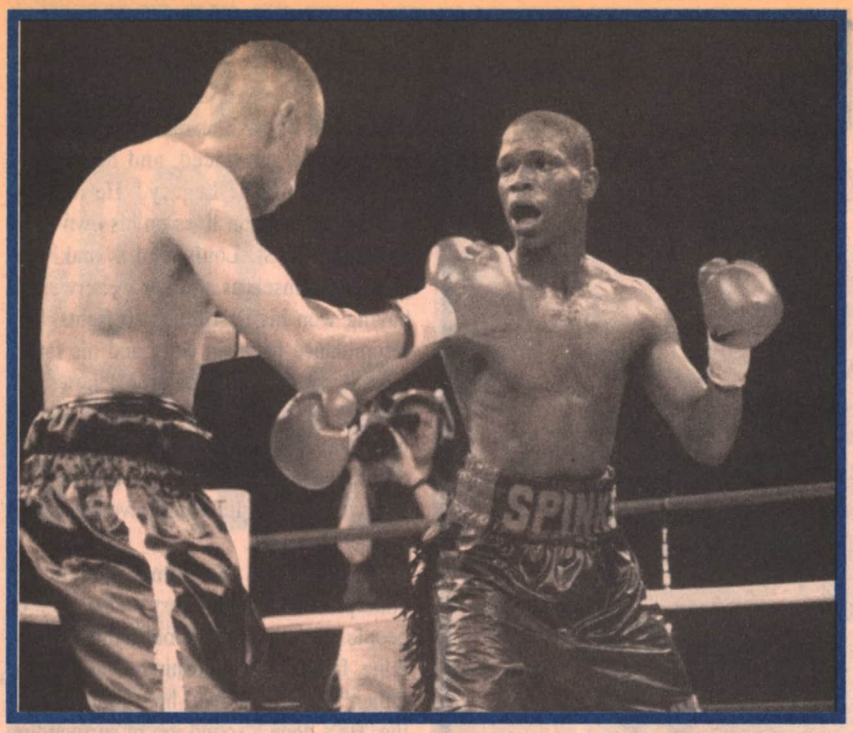
break was a little longer than I should have taken."

Cory, 20, wears a proud look on his face these days. The name he once ran from is now embraced, and he proudly calls himself "The Legacy." He recently bought his first car, lives on his own in an apartment in St. Louis, and is making a name for himself as a junior welterweight, having won his first nine pro fights. The resemblance between Cory and his father is striking. Any comparisons, however, should stop there. Cory physically resembles Dad, but he boxes more like his esteemed uncle, Michael, the former heavyweight and light heavyweight champion of the world.

Being the son of a former heavyweight champion has made Cory very wary of people. He's guarded about almost everything, from the relationship he has with his father, to where he feels he's going in boxing. He's done a sound job of surrounding himself with a handful of people whom he trusts: his mother, Vadie Mae Calvin, who raised Cory and his two older brothers; Cunningham, a former St. Louis police officer who has trained and managed Cory the last five years; and Charlie Hamm, a legendary figure in St. Louis boxing circles who helped train and hone Cory's skills when he was younger, also serving as a surrogate father to Cory and his older brother Darrell, as well as WBA featherweight champion Freddie Norwood.

Presently excluded from Cory's inner circle is his father, whom he felt distant from as a child. But Cory is hoping to change all of that. His mother was pregnant with Cory when Leon won the heavyweight championship by upsetting Muhammad Ali in just his eighth professional fight in 1978. He was too young to go traveling around to his father's fights, like his older brothers Leon Jr. and Darrell, so he clung to his mother, a strong woman who raised her three boys on a limited income, with the help of people like Hamm and her own mother.

"When I was younger, I couldn't stand being away from my mother," Cory said. "It was tough growing up without my dad around. He was traveling around fighting, or doing something. He would stop in from time to time, but it was my mother who raised us. I never really thought about him not being around that much, really. I had



Cory, undefeated in his first nine fights, won a six-round decision over Abe Bruno in Atlantic City in June. After taking two years off from boxing, Cory bounced back quickly to win the national Golden Gloves Tournament and the national Police Athletic League championship before turning pro.

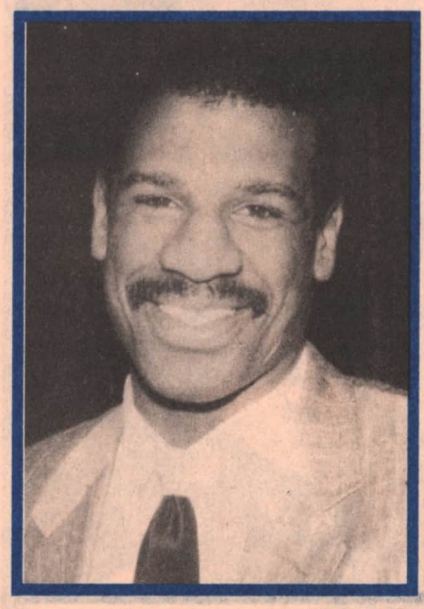
my brothers to teach me to become a man. When I was younger, it didn't matter. He just wasn't around, it was a fact of life. If I needed something, I had my mother and my brothers to turn to. My brothers helped me a lot. We were all close."

Because Leon was not around very often, Cory relied on a three-headed surrogate father—Leon Jr., Cunningham, and Hamm—to guide him in the ways of life. Young Cory would tag along with Leon Jr. to the gym as a 10-year-old. Cunningham and Hamm worked with him and stayed on top of him about his school work. Out on the streets, Cunningham made sure Cory did not mix with a bad crowd.

"They are good kids, Darrell and Cory, but some of the characters and element they were hanging with in their early-teens weren't the kind of kids you want to be around," Cunningham said. "That neighborhood they live in has the highest homicide rate in St. Louis. When you're in that kind of environment, with nothing to do and just hanging out, instead of being in the gym somewhere, you can get in trouble."

It was when Cory was 15 that he decided boxing wasn't in his best interest. He took off two years and started hanging out with a tough crew of characters. Cunningham saw where he was headed. Some of Cory's closest friends were murdered. Cunningham implored him to get back into the gym and use boxing as a way out before the same thing happened to him.

After making countless visits to Cory's home, beeping his car horn, and knocking on the front door only to find that Cory wasn't there, Cunningham had had enough. The next time he saw Spinks, he pulled him aside, and the two had a serious talk about where Cory was headed in life. Following the chat, Cory showed up at the gym every day. Three months later, he was the national Golden Gloves 147-pound champion.



Cory resembles his father but fights more like his uncle, Michael, a Hall of Famer and former world light heavy and heavyweight champion.

"I think he really realized he had to stop running away from the gift he was blessed with," Cunningham said.

To understand what Cory was running away from before Cunningham got him on the right track involves more than just the pressure of being a Spinks and the death of Rice. In 1990, an event altered Cory's life like no other. Leon Jr., a promising light heavyweight with a 2-0 record, was shot in the head while sitting in his car. Cory was just 13 when it happened. The shock of the tragedy stung him hard, forcing his family to start checking his every move.

"My family thought I was going to run away or something because Leon and I were so close," Cory said. "When he was shot, that pushed me on a little bit. That made me work harder. Leon taught me a lot. When he died, that made me appreciate things more, it helped me pay attention to a lot of little things. I noticed how many people really care about me. I really didn't know that before. I think about my brother Leon every day."

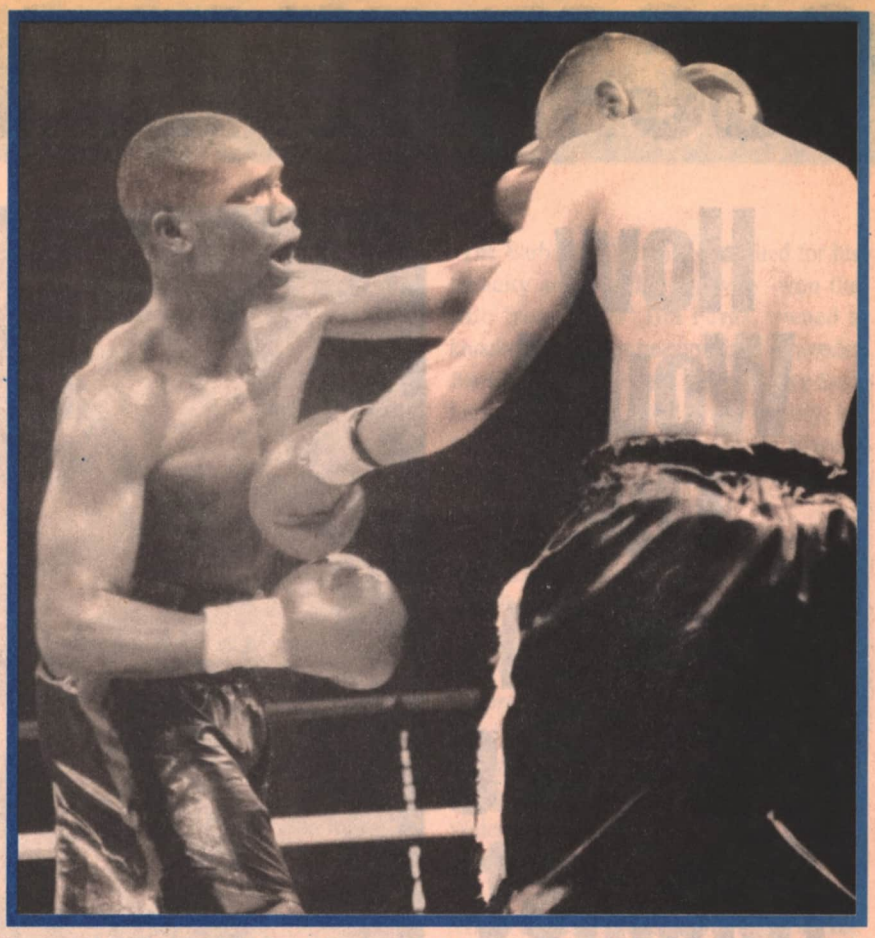
As Cory has gotten older, his relationship with his father has evolved into something positive. Leon Sr. has started to come to Cory's fights, and he lends advice when needed. Cory has learned what not to do from his father's escapades as heavyweight champion, a time in which Leon was viewed as almost a comic figure, someone who provided new material each night for talk show monologues. Leon amassed close to $5-million over his professional career, yet still found himself in bankruptcy court.

"It's still pretty cool being the son of a champion," Cory said. "But there is a lot that I have to look out for. There are people that might think I have this attitude that I'm too good for them, which isn't true. I know I have to work extra hard because I'm Leon Spinks' son, because people expect me to be good. The people that fight me really want to get me; they really go after me. It doesn't bother me now, but it used to bother me. I used to be really nervous before I went into the ring.

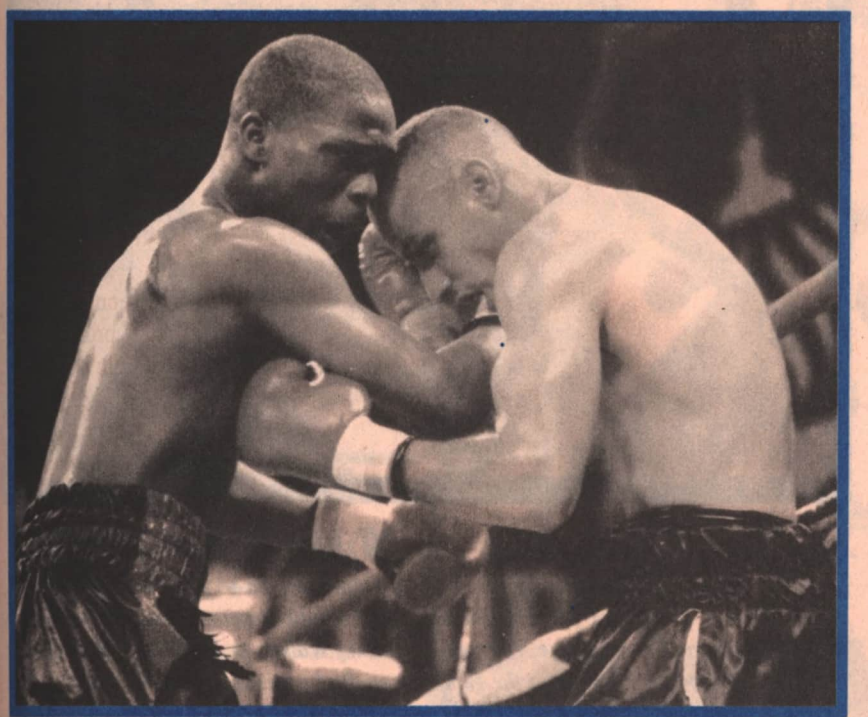
"If I had to say there is one thing I've learned from my father, it's watch your money. My dad and Mr. Hamm both spoke to me about watching who I deal with and watching what I do. There are a lot of snakes in this game, my father told me. You have to watch out who you mess with and who's out there; you have to stay on guard for them."

So people like Hamm, Cunningham, and Calvin watch his back as Cory tries to work his way up boxing's stairs. The genetics are there, along with the vicious cycle that was repeated by his father, who once was told by *his* father, "You'll never be anything." Cory said his father was never abusive to him, just never around. When he was 13, his father told him he was sorry he was not as involved with his life as he should have been.

"Leon was always a good person," Hamm said. "The only problem Leon had was he couldn't let his drinking alone, and he admits that, and anybody who knows him will admit that. Leon's gotten better. He comes around, he's going to help them some, but they're not depending on him like that. They depended more on me as a father figure, I had them so long in the gym. They have the name, and that's it. Leon comes to their fights now, he has



Bruno feels the sting of a left hand from Cory, but the youngest of Leon Spinks' three sons needs to sit down on his punches and improve his power if he plans on moving forward in the junior welterweight division. Cory has just two knockouts in nine pro fights.



Top Rank has big plans for Cory, a smooth boxer who showed against Bruno that he can also mix it up if he has to. The Las Vegas-based promotional company is hoping to push his record to 15-0 by the end of the year, and would like to move Cory to its headquarters.

taken an interest. He takes pictures with them. I guess it's about time, too. I wish he had been there when they were a little bit younger, but I suppose it's better late than never."

For Leon Spinks, the time with both his sons serves as a second chance, a possibility to make up for lost time and heal any wounds from his absence in the past. Leon's proud of his sons and their achievements, and says he's willing to back them up in any way he can.

"I want to get closer to them," admitted Leon, who travels the country doing autograph shows and speaks to children about drug abuse. "Cory is a Spinks and that's it, regardless of who was around when he was growing up. There are some things me and his mother went through, and that's something we're putting past us. We're working on what's important today and trying to make the right choices. I wish I could have been there when Cory was growing up, I should have been there. But it came at a

(Continued on page 63)

OSCAR DE LA HOYA vs. THE ALL-TIME GREATS

How Would The Golden Boy Fare Against The Golden Oldies?

By William Dettloff

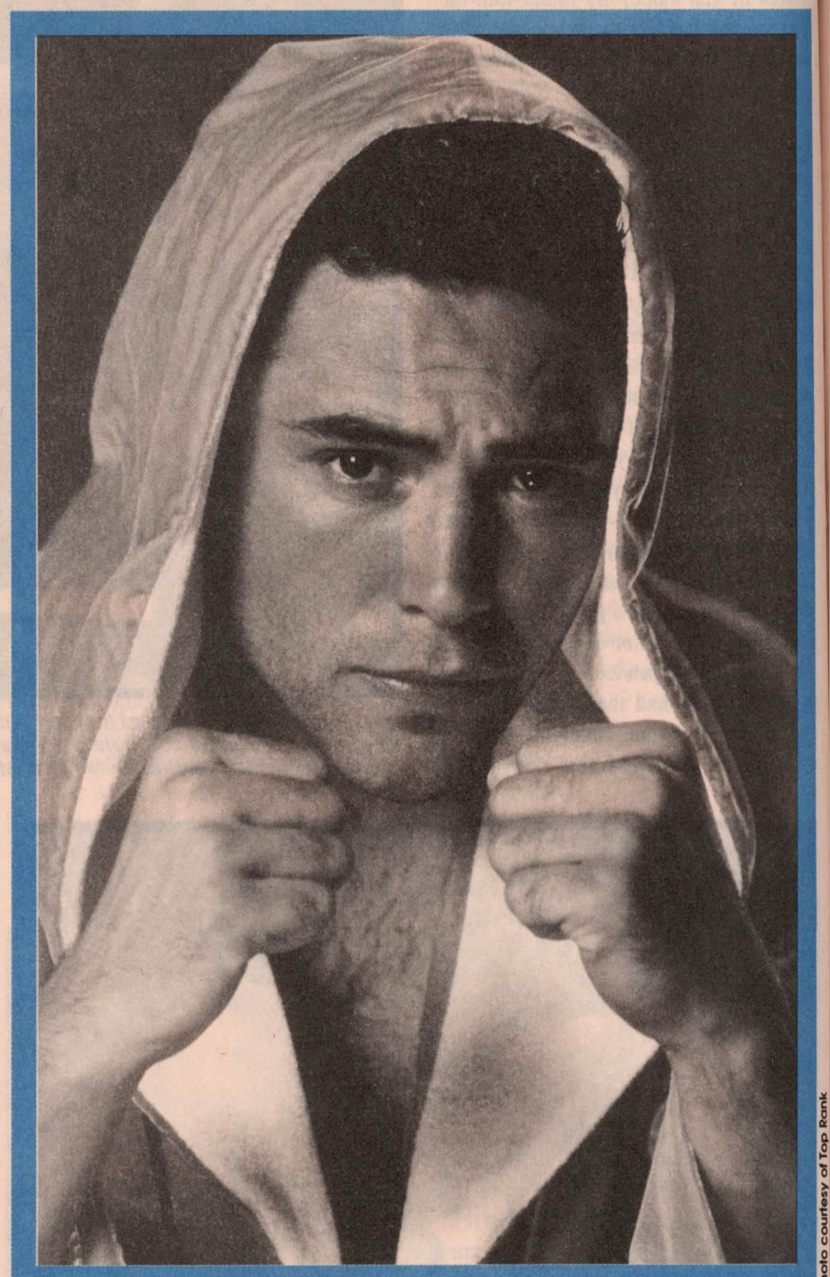
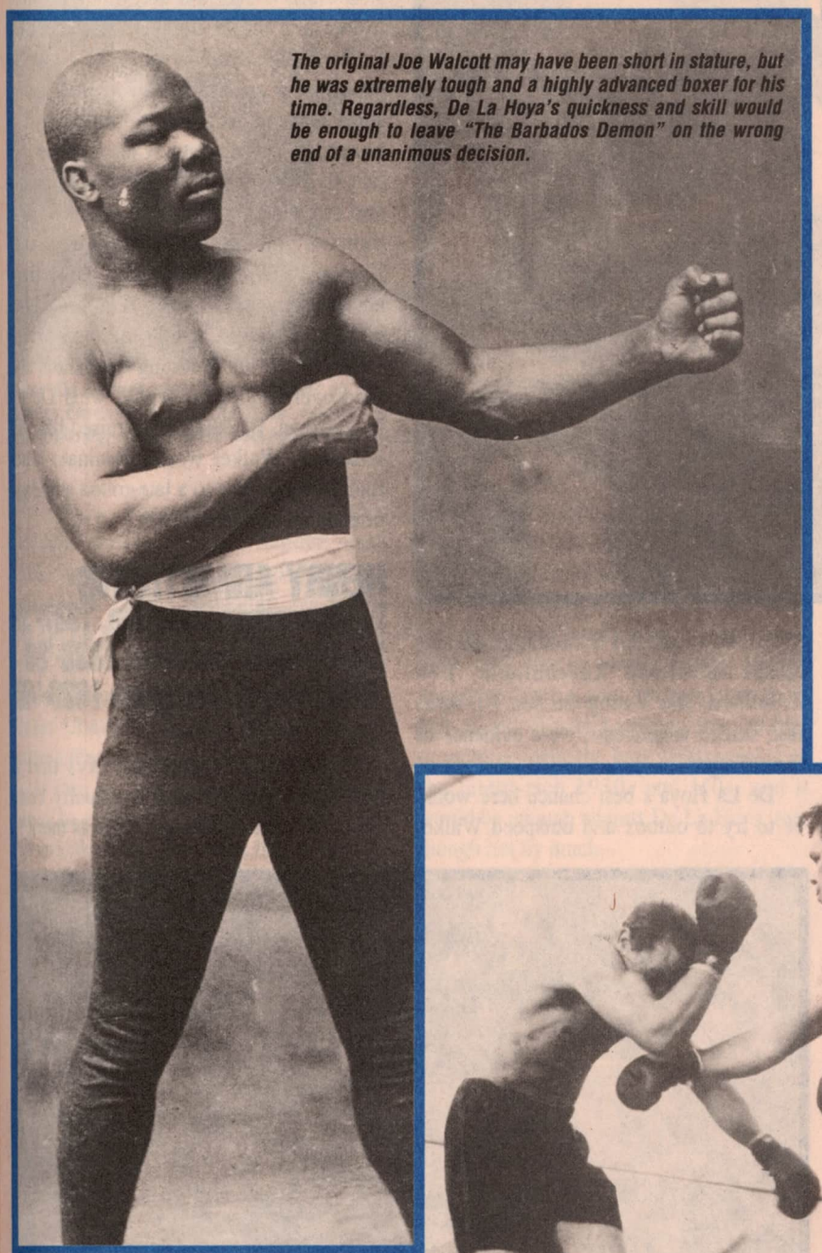


Photo courtesy of Top Rank

Hapless French challenger Patrick Charpentier hadn't even been scraped off the canvas yet following his knockout loss to WBC welterweight king Oscar De La Hoya in June when the critics started yelling about why "The Golden Boy" wasn't taking on Felix Trinidad in his next fight. While we wonder, along with the rest of the boxing world, how De La Hoya will fare if and when he meets Trinidad, Ike Quartey, or any number of other eager and talented 147-pounders, we decided to take it one step further.

In this feature, THE RING matches De La Hoya against 10 hall of famers whose names you are sure to recognize. They represent the very best welterweights the game has ever seen, and present varying styles, experience, and strengths. Note that in this realm, all fights take place at 147 pounds, and all of the opponents are assumed in their prime. Ever wondered how De La Hoya would do against Sugar Ray Leonard, Mickey Walker, or Emile Griffith? Now you can find out. Will it make you any less impatient for De La Hoya-Trinidad? Probably not. But it beats watching replays of Charpentier hitting the canvas.



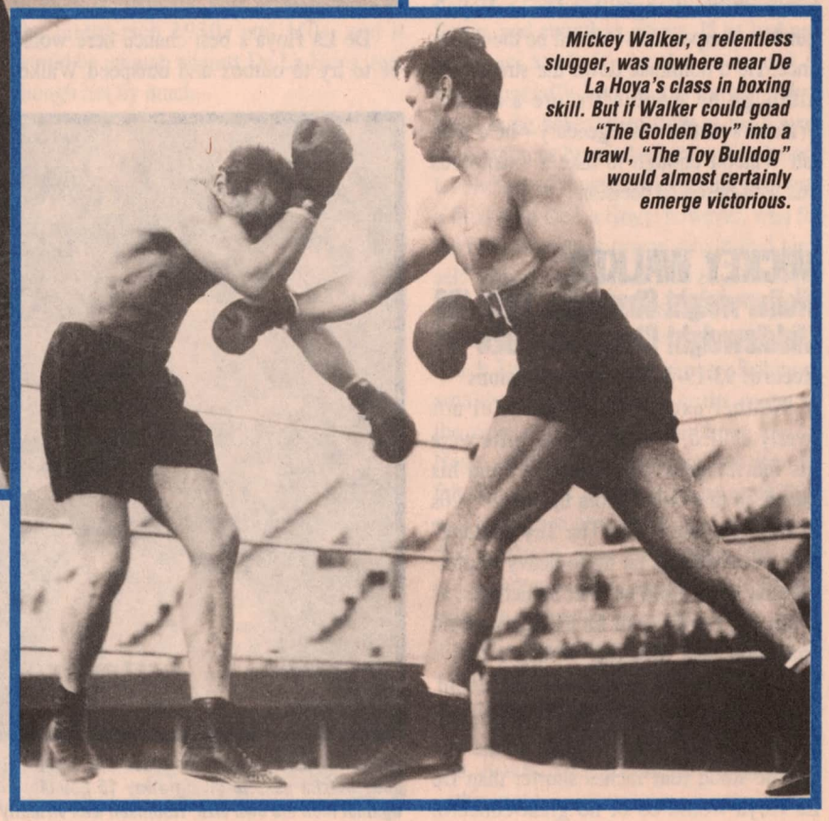
The original Joe Walcott may have been short in stature, but he was extremely tough and a highly advanced boxer for his time. Regardless, De La Hoya's quickness and skill would be enough to leave "The Barbados Demon" on the wrong end of a unanimous decision.

JOE WALCOTT
Welterweight Champion, 1901-'04

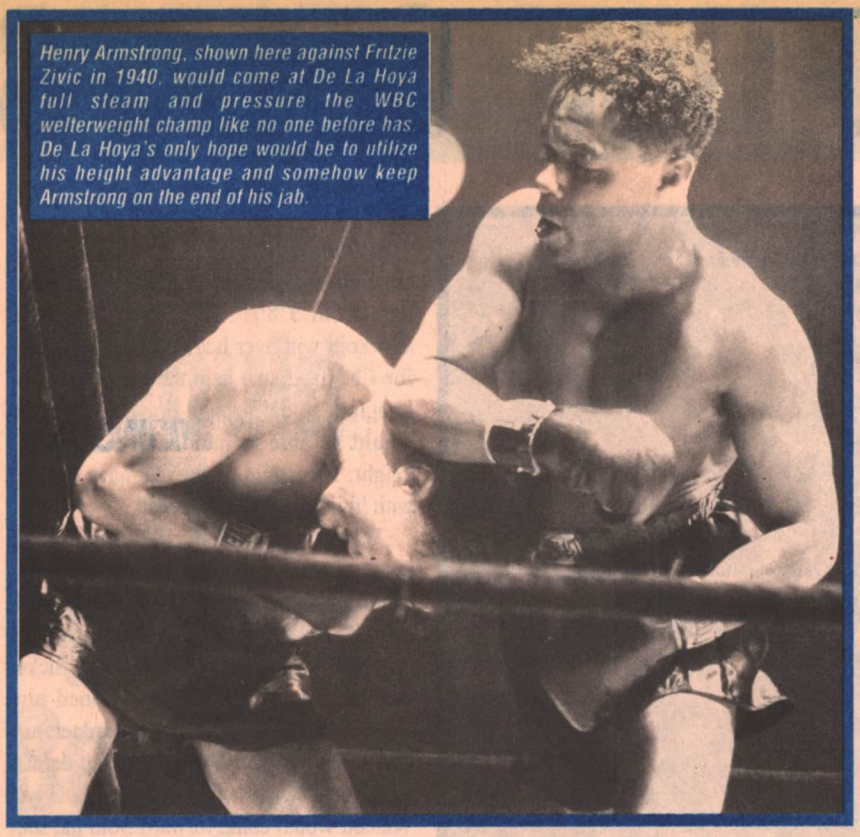
Record: 81-25-30 (48), 14 no-decisions

The most glaring distinction in this matchup would be the size difference. At 5'11", De La Hoya would enjoy a monstrous 10-inch height advantage, but the stat is deceiving. At 5'1", Walcott made a career of chopping down bigger fighters. "The Barbados Demon"—so called for his tenacity and punching power—won the title from 5'8½" Jim Ferns, owned a knockout win over heavyweight contender Joe Choynski, and held the legendary Sam Langford to a 15-round draw. Clearly, he would be able to handle De La Hoya's height. He would, however, have trouble with his skills and hand speed.

Walcott excelled during a time when most fighters were crude and rather unskilled by today's standards. And though he was one of the premier fighters of his day, Walcott had trouble with faster, slicker boxers. Honey Mellody decisioned him twice, and Kid Carter, George Gardner, and Frank Childs beat him, too. Having defeated fighters much larger than De La Hoya, Walcott would come forward from the start and hurl his best power shots. He'd probably land the harder blows, but his lack of refined technique would leave him a sucker for De La Hoya's lightning-quick left



Mickey Walker, a relentless slugger, was nowhere near De La Hoya's class in boxing skill. But if Walker could goad "The Golden Boy" into a brawl, "The Toy Bulldog" would almost certainly emerge victorious.



Henry Armstrong, shown here against Fritzie Zivic in 1940, would come at De La Hoya full steam and pressure the WBC welterweight champ like no one before has. De La Hoya's only hope would be to utilize his height advantage and somehow keep Armstrong on the end of his jab.

hooks. He'd get caught repeatedly on the way in and, midway through the bout, would start to swell. Walcott would bang De La Hoya around on the inside and push him with his strength, but De La Hoya's quicker, sharper blows would be the difference. He'd dominate down the stretch and although he wouldn't score a kayo—Walcott's mettle was legendary—he'd punish Walcott enough to take a unanimous and well-deserved decision.

MICKEY WALKER
Welterweight Champion, 1922-'26
Middleweight Champion, 1926-'31

Record: 93-19-4 (60), 46 no-decisions

Neither exceptionally graceful nor overly skilled, Walker's great gifts were his fearlessness, his durability, and his punch, in that order. From the early-1920s through the late-'30s, "The Toy Bulldog" met welterweights on up to heavyweights, backing down from no one. Sometimes, as in his 1931 draw with future heavyweight champion Jack Sharkey, Walker's forays into the land of the giants were successful. These successes are evidence that, generally, size did not bother Walker, so the fact that he stood four inches shorter than De La Hoya would be of no great concern. Speed, however, did trouble him, and his losses to Maxie Rosenbloom, Lou Brouillard, and Young Corbett III, three fast, skilled technicians, were evidence of that failing.

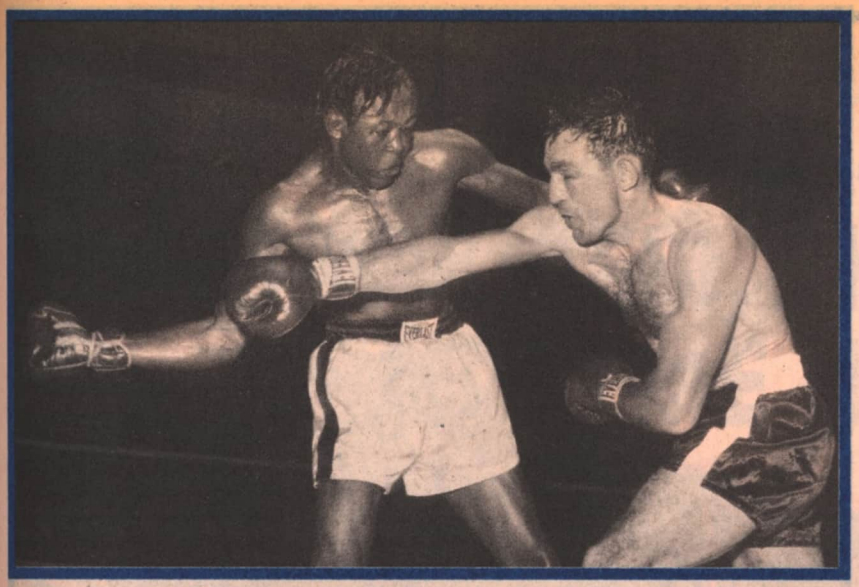
De La Hoya's best chance here would be to try to outbox and outspeed Walker rather than trade with him. Walker was too strong, too tough, and too wily in the ways of the street fight to lose to De La Hoya in a brawl. So could De La Hoya resist the temptation and box patiently from the outside while Walker did everything possible to lure him into a slugfest? It's doubtful. De La Hoya is convinced of the power of his punch as great hitters always are, and at some point, probably within the first five rounds, he'd wade into Walker and let his fists fly. Walker would welcome the battle, and from that point on, the two would pummel one another without pause. Ultimately, Walker, who took blows from naturally bigger, stronger men throughout his career, would handle the punishment better, while his thudding bodyshots and hard overhand rights would wear De La Hoya down. Bleeding and bruised but still tenacious, Walker would dominate latter rounds on his way to a late-round stoppage or unanimous-decision win.

HENRY ARMSTRONG
Featherweight Champion, 1937-'38
Lightweight Champion, 1938-'39
Welterweight champion 1938-'40

Record: 150-21-9 (100)

Conventional thought says that it won't be a slugger who eventually beats De La Hoya, but a boxer. There is merit to

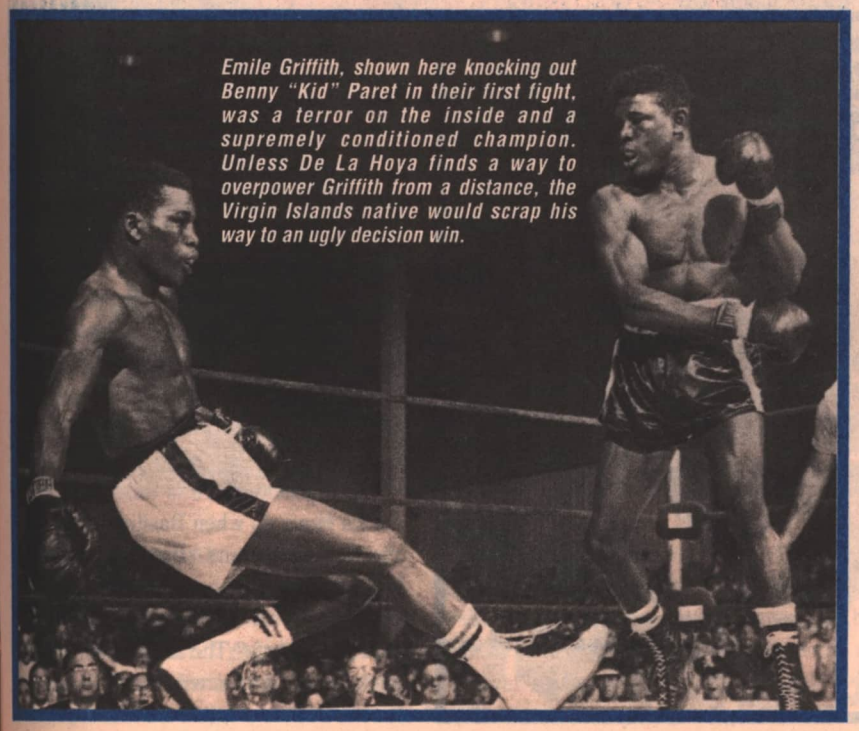
In the only kayo loss of his illustrious career, Ray Robinson dominated light heavyweight champ Joey Maxim despite giving away 15 pounds, only to fade in the later rounds. But in his prime, against men his own size, Robinson was virtually unbeatable.



When Kid Gavilan met Carmen Basilio in 1953, it was a classic clash of styles that resulted in Gavilan capturing a close decision. Against De La Hoya, Gavilan's cleverness would again carry him to victory, while Basilio's technical shortcomings would make The Golden Boy a winner.

the theory. Pernell Whitaker, Jimmi Bredahl, and Genaro Hernandez, each slick, light-hitting boxers, had some success, to one degree or another, out-finessing De La Hoya from a distance. By contrast, most of the sluggers on De La Hoya's resume—Rafael Ruelas, Julio Cesar Chavez, and Wilfredo Rivera, to name a few—were quickly overwhelmed.

If this is true, how could Armstrong hope to prevail? At a stubby 5'5½", "Homicide Hank" would be ill-equipped to box and move from the outside. He'd be forever on the end of De La Hoya's stinging left jab, and from there it's only a short ride to dreamland courtesy of the left hook. No, Armstrong's only chance would be to fight, well, like he always fought: straight ahead, throwing punches non-stop from bell-to-bell. It was a strategy that led him to victories over the best welterweights of the talent-rich 1930s and '40s, and it would be enough against De La Hoya, too, though not by much.



Emile Griffith, shown here knocking out Benny "Kid" Paret in their first fight, was a terror on the inside and a supremely conditioned champion. Unless De La Hoya finds a way to overpower Griffith from a distance, the Virgin Islands native would scrap his way to an ugly decision win.

This bout would feature action from start to finish, with Armstrong coming forward with his customary all-out assault and De La Hoya meeting him there with both hands blazing. Both fighters would probably visit the canvas and both would bleed. In the end, Armstrong's superior work rate and ability to rough up and outwork De La Hoya on the inside—much the way John-John Molina did in spots in 1995—would lead him to a close, split decision win in a fast-paced, thrilling shootout.

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON
Welterweight Champion 1946-'51
Middleweight Champion, 1951, 1951-'52, 1955-'57, 1957, 1958-'60

Record: 175-19-6 (109), 2 no-contests

Robinson is widely regarded to be, pound-for-pound, the best fighter ever. His unique combination of electrifying hand speed, brutal knockout power, and unbending toughness and intelligence led him to a magnificent, 25-year career that featured victory after victory over the best welterweights and middleweights of the 1940s and '50s. He would spell big trouble for De La Hoya for all the same reasons that he did for Jake LaMotta, Kid Gavilan, Fritzie Zivic, Henry Armstrong, Marty Servo, and countless others. If he had any weakness at all, it was that he tended to cut, especially later in his career. Also, because he believed so fully in his power, he sometimes brawled when he didn't need to. Neither of those factors would play into a fight with De La Hoya, however, who for the first time in his career, would find himself without any appreciable edge in either punching power or hand speed.

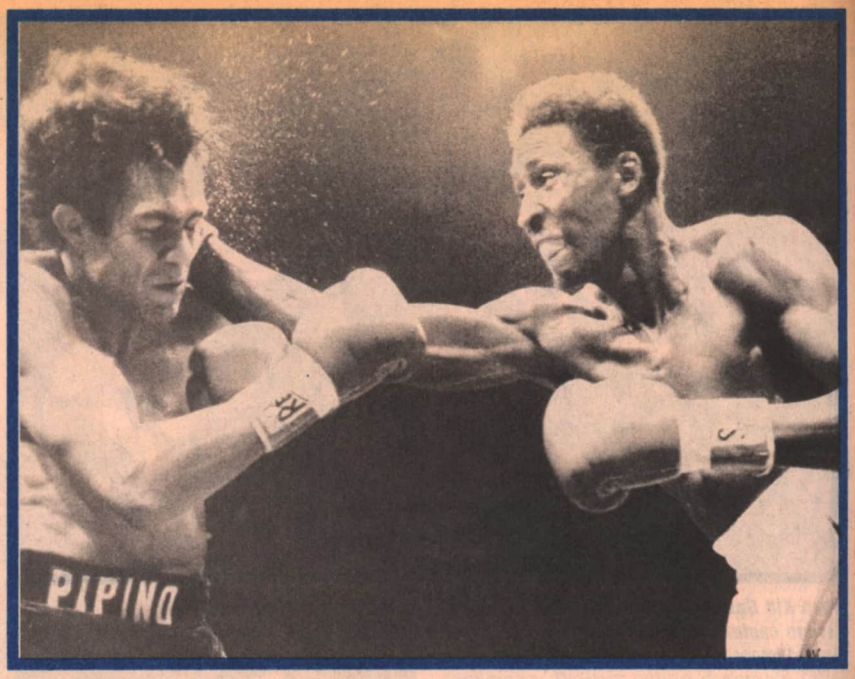
Stronger, more experienced, and able to match De La Hoya's quickness, Robinson would meet De La Hoya in the center of the ring and initiate a punchout. De La Hoya would oblige early on, but once he felt Robinson's power, he'd be more than willing to give ground. He'd also discover that Robinson, who was stopped just once in his career—that in an attempt to lift the light heavyweight title from Joey Maxim—could absorb his best left hooks without wilting. Before long, De La Hoya would be trying to win this going backward, and once Robinson knew he had you, it was over. Robinson by knockout within eight.

KID GAVILAN
Welterweight Champion, 1951-'54
Record: 107-30-6 (28)

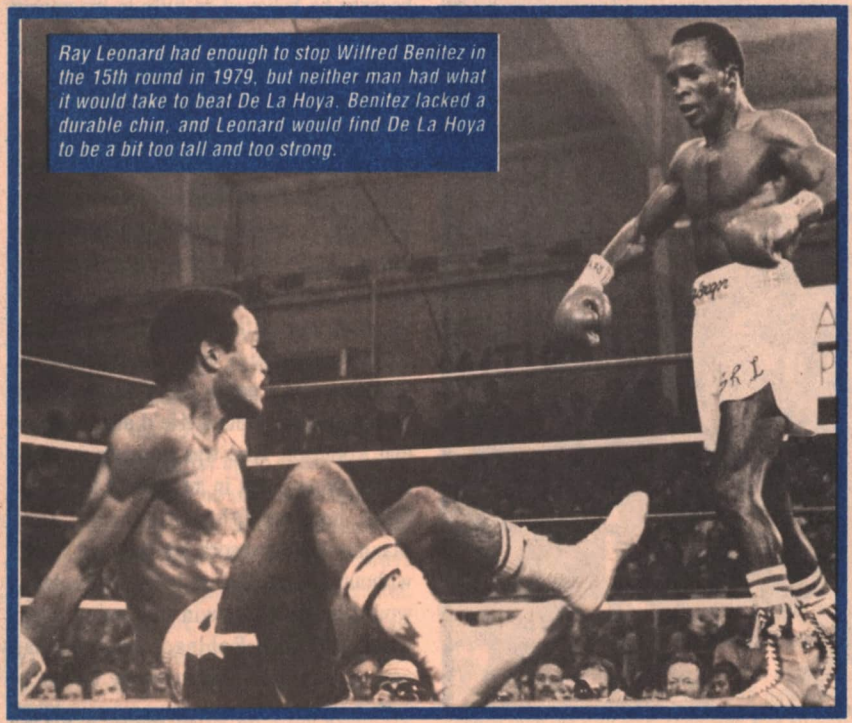
To appreciate how talented, cagey, and dominant Gavilan was in his prime, consider that 15 of his losses—half the number he suffered in his entire career—came in his last 26 bouts, or in the last four years of a career that spanned 16. The wins on his record include such names as Ike Williams, Beau Jack, Carmen Basilio, Billy Graham, Gil Turner, and Johnny Bratton. With the exception of Sugar Ray Robinson, who defeated Gavilan twice, no other welterweight from the 1940s and early-'50s could claim to have beaten so many top 147-pounders.

De La Hoya has never faced an opponent as skilled and experienced as Gavilan. His intelligence, awkwardness, and activity would tie De La Hoya in knots, and his defense would frustrate him. And, at 5'10½", Gavilan would be just a hair shorter than De La Hoya, negating the size advantage De La Hoya enjoys over most of his opponents.

Early on, De La Hoya's quickness would startle Gavilan, but by the fourth round he'd figure De La Hoya out and start finding the range with long blows from the outside. And from that point on he'd take over, befuddling De La Hoya with his herky-jerky movement and bolo punches. He'd be too tricky, too awkward, and, having never been stopped in 143 fights, his chin would be strong enough to handle De La Hoya's best hooks. To make matters worse, the longer a fight went, the better Gavilan got. He'd shine in the championship rounds, fresher, smarter, and always a step ahead. De La Hoya would finish—probably without a mark on him, for "The Keed" was no huge puncher—but drop a lopsided decision.



Thomas Hearns, who kayoed Pipino Cuevas for the WBA welterweight title in 1980, was every bit as devastating a puncher as De La Hoya. "The Hit Man's" chin often let him down, however, and chances are he would lose to De La Hoya by knockout.



Ray Leonard had enough to stop Wilfred Benitez in the 15th round in 1979, but neither man had what it would take to beat De La Hoya. Benitez lacked a durable chin, and Leonard would find De La Hoya to be a bit too tall and too strong.

CARMEN BASILIO
Welterweight Champion, 1955-'56, 1956-'57
Middleweight Champion, 1957-'58
Record: 56-16-7 (27)

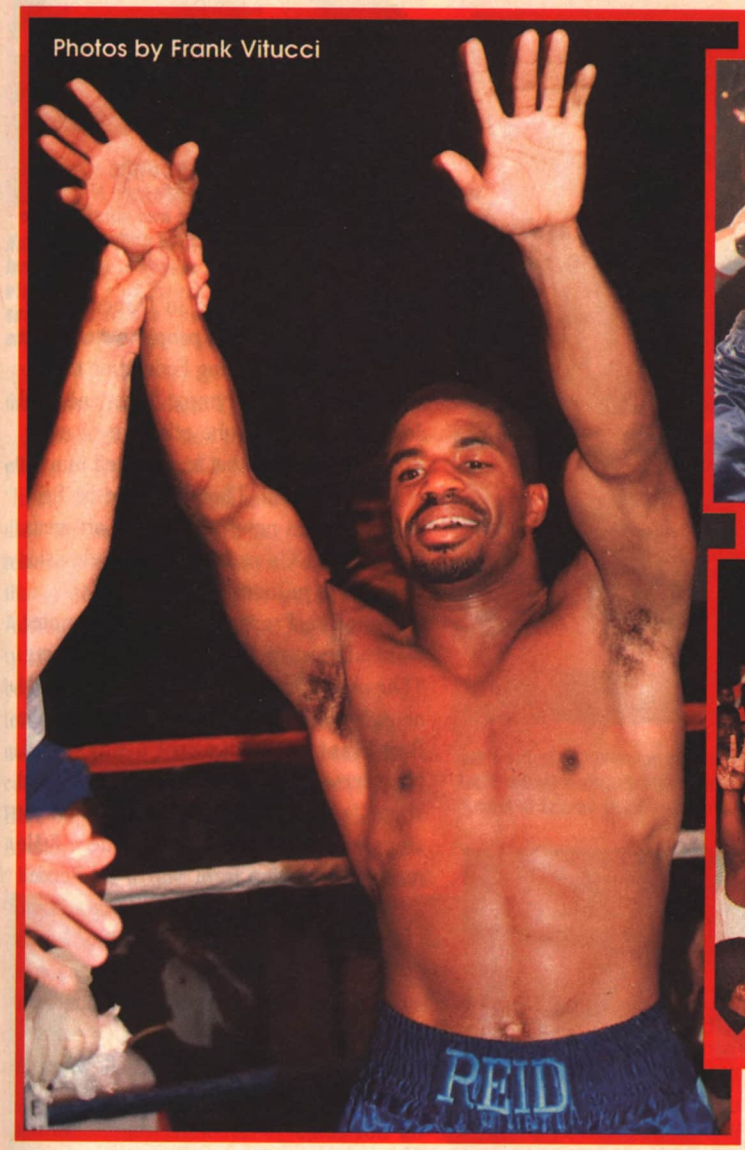
In an era when the welterweight pond was teeming with swans like Sugar Ray Robinson, Kid Gavilan, and Billy Graham, Basilio was an ugly duckling. Short, heavily scarred, lumpy all over, and balding, the son of an upstate New York onion farmer made a career of winning ugly. He wasn't the greatest technician, he caught more blows square than most fighters will throw in a lifetime, and he didn't have one-punch power. But he battled and battled and battled, and wore guys down, even some of the swans. His 1957 win over Robinson for the middleweight title was the archetypical will-over-talent story, and his battles with Tony DeMarco are unforgettable classics. What he lacked in appreciable talent, he compensated for with will, determination, and grit.

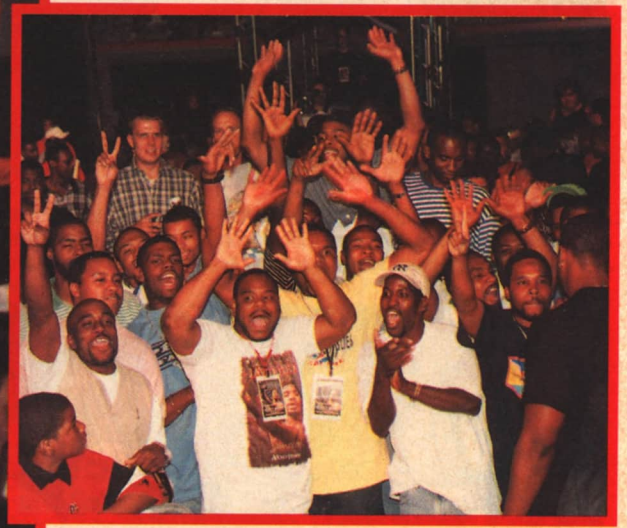
The question here is this: What would De La Hoya do when Basilio ran at him in the first round and started cranking left hooks? And, just as important, what would he do if his own best hooks didn't deter Basilio's charge? The answer? He'd punch back. Hard. And often. Basilio's problem

(Continued on page 63)

Seventh In A Series

FOR DAVID REID, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME





Reid's homecoming was an overwhelming success. "The American Dream" starched Simon Brown in four rounds, leaving a crowd of nearly 5,000 Philadelphians wanting more.

By Nigel Collins

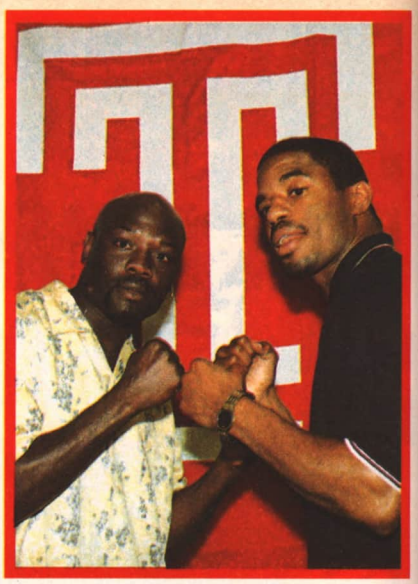
David Reid knew his toughest opponent wasn't going to be Simon Brown. Brown had been stopped by IBF middleweight champ Bernard Hopkins in his last fight, and everybody knew that the brave old warrior was nearing the end of a distinguished career. No, the toughest opponent was going to be Reid's hometown of Philadelphia, a city as infamous for its demanding fans as it is famous for its formidable fighters.

Sure, Reid had been the only member of America's 1996 Olympic boxing team to bring home a gold medal from Atlanta. Sure, he'd signed a multimillion-dollar contract with America Presents, turned pro on HBO, and generally garnered rave reviews in his first nine pro fights. But as Reid astutely noted, "Philadelphia is a very

tough town to please." To be a hit in the 'hood, he not only had to win, he had to win impressively and with style.

Reid was born, raised, and became a boxer about five minutes' drive from the Apollo at Temple, Temple University's new basketball arena and the site of the Brown fight. True, close friends and family have traveled the 60 miles between Philly and Atlantic City (where five of his pro bouts had taken place) to see him fight, but this was the first time the people Reid grew up and went to school with would be there, people who knew Reid when poverty sometimes forced him to go house to house in his North Philadelphia neighborhood asking for food for him and his family. The same people who used to come and watch him box at the 26th and Master Street Recreation Center, where he first pulled on the gloves as a skinny 10-year-old.

The last time Reid had fought in Philadelphia, it had been in a spartan gym



Reid and Brown assume their fighting stances in front of a Temple University banner at the pre-fight press conference. Reid was careful not to underestimate the shopworn but gritty veteran.

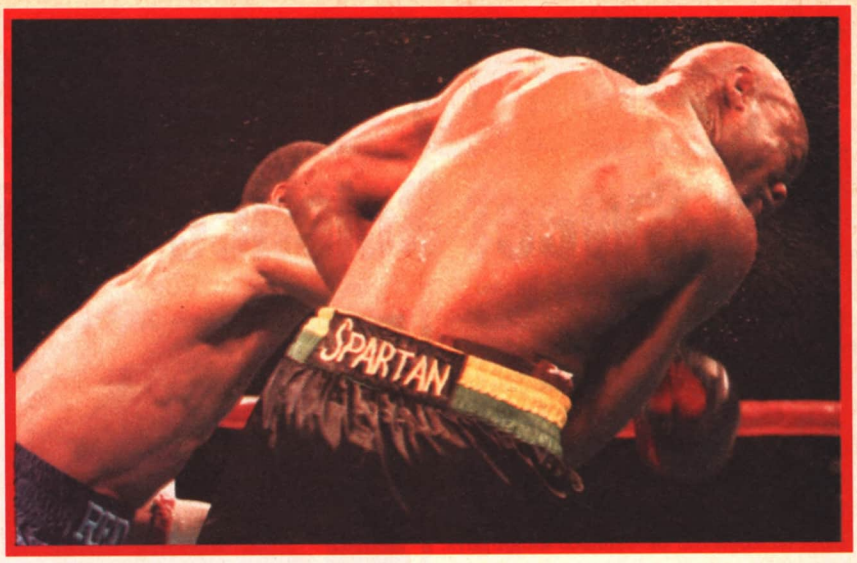
In the days leading up to the fight, Reid made several public appearances in an effort to hype the event. From conducting interviews with the local media to a public workout with assistant trainer Fred Jenkins, "The American Dream" went out of his way to make sure Philadelphia knew he was in town.

in back of a firehouse in Upper Darby, with maybe a hundred people watching. It was an Amateur Boxing Federation tournament, prior to his Olympic fame, and Reid doesn't even recall the other guy's name. But he remembers that he knocked him out in the first round. This time he'd be fighting at a brand new, state-of-the-art arena, in front of fX's cameras and a television audience of millions.

America Presents, Reid's promoter, went all-out to hype his homecoming. "The American Dream" visited his old neighborhood (he now lives just across the Ben Franklin Bridge in Collingswood, New Jersey), pressed the flesh, and joked about "when I used to do flips on the front steps and run around everywhere." He received a citation from Mayor Ed Rendell at City Hall ("He was cool. Him and me got to shadowboxing a little bit."), and conducted an outdoor public sparring session in center city that attracted hundreds of lunchtime fans and curiosity-seekers ("The canvas was as hot as hell. My feet were burning up; it felt like I was boxing on hot coals"). But more than anything else, Reid signed autographs and fielded requests for free tickets—lots of free tickets.

"A whole lot of people asked, but I just couldn't give them *all* tickets," said Reid. "But since I was fighting right in the neighborhood, I had to give some of my friends tickets. The Apollo is right around

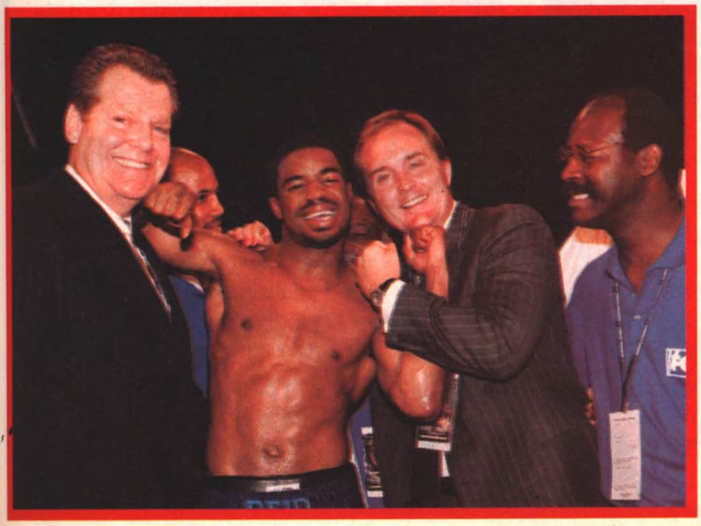
Nobody ever had reason to compare Reid to featherweight Naseem Hamed before, but his elaborate ring walk at the Apollo was somewhat reminiscent of "The Prince's" entrance in his American debut last year.



The right hand that Reid used to finish off Brown convinced many that the Olympic gold medalist has the best one-punch power in the junior middleweight division. Brown was unconscious before he hit the mat, and referee Frank Cappuccino didn't need to finish his count before waving the fight over.

the corner from where I grew up."

Although Reid said that the pressure to please everybody and perform well was "like big-time on my shoulders," he handled the situation with the mixture of relaxed confidence and boyish enthusiasm that is the essence of his personality. Adding to what was already a high-intensity situation was the fact that four days before the Brown fight, Reid's Olympic teammate Fernando Vargas fought the main event on a *Tuesday Night Fights* telecast, "live from the legendary Blue Horizon," just six blocks away from the Apollo.



Promoters Dan Goossen and Mat Tinley and trainer Al Mitchell had to be pleased with Reid's performance, though the hard-to-please Mitchell gave his charge only a grade of B+.

Vargas, like Reid, is now fighting as a junior middleweight. Comparisons were inevitable. Also like Reid, Vargas' opponent that week, Anthony Stephens, was well past his peak, though never the fighter Brown was during his championship days. Still, Stephens, a veteran with three failed title challenges behind him, managed to jolt Vargas a time or two with right hands before going down and out from a left hook to the beltline in the fifth round.

It was another impressive outing for the hard-hitting 20-year-old from Oxnard, California. Even so, one couldn't help but shudder at the thought of what would hap-

(Continued on page 55)

LeROY NEIMAN

The Sweet Science Is His Sweet Art

By Robert Mladinich

While growing up in the Frogtown section of St. Paul, Minnesota, renowned artist LeRoy Neiman never displayed any real propensity to be a tough guy, even though he was living in a neighborhood full of wannabe tough guys. Still, he found himself mesmerized by the street culture that existed there. While there was no drug scourge or run-away crime rate, the underbelly of the area was fueled by the type of street culture indigenous to all poor immigrant neighborhoods. Although Neiman got in his fair share of scraps, he quickly realized that he had no real knack for winning them. When the neighborhood boys took part in a once-a-week boxing program offered by the priests in the basement of a local Catholic school, the thrill of an occasional victory did not offer Neiman any real sense of personal triumph either.

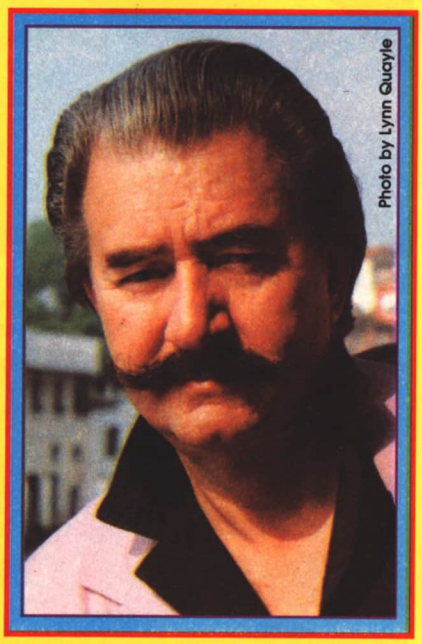
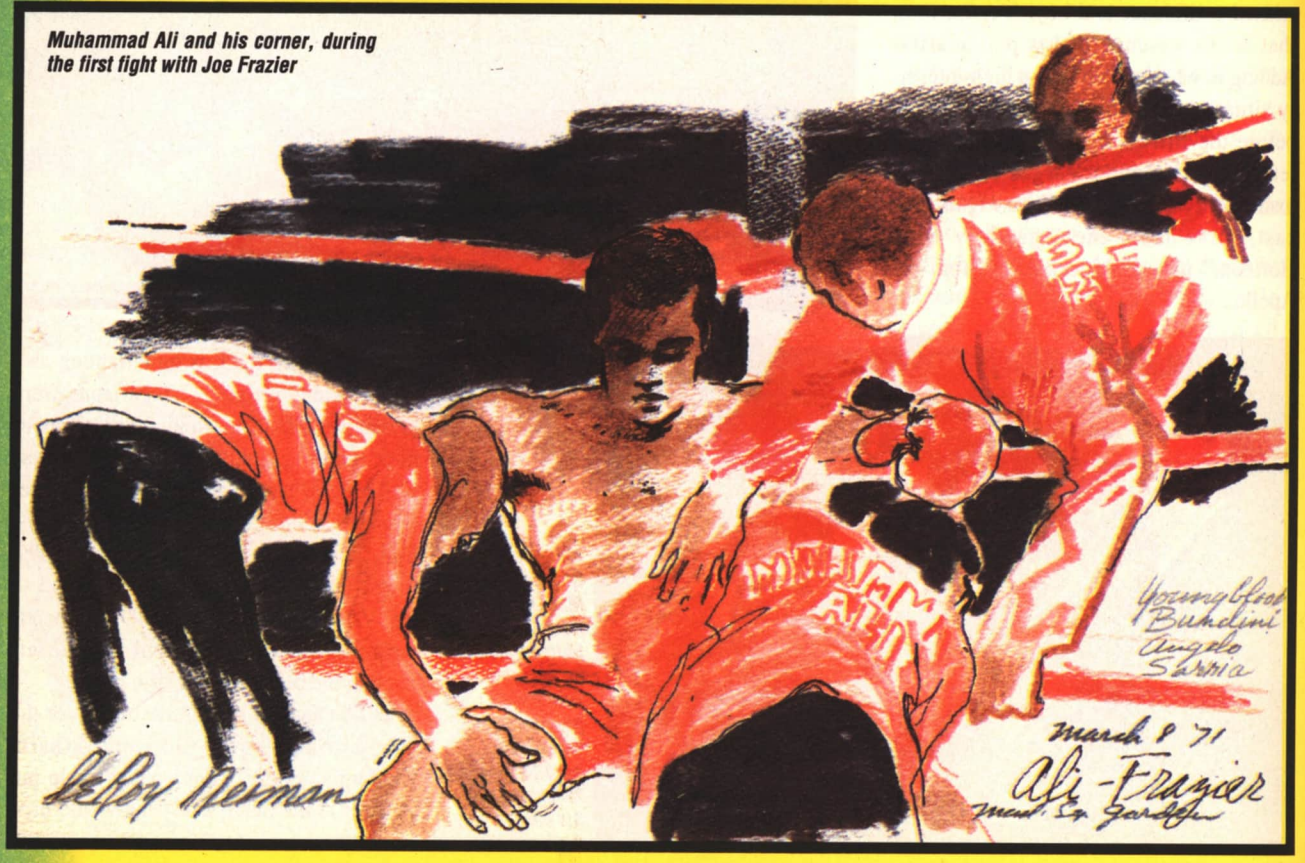


Photo by Lynn Quayle

"Even when I got the better of my opponent, I got no real satisfaction from beating them," Neiman said during an interview at his expansive home and studio less than a block off Central Park West in New York City. "I certainly was not inclined to be a tough guy, even though I came from the streets. That was not why I was put in this world. But I sized up my own character in that basement. It made me a true fan and gave me such a deep appreciation for boxing, which at its best is very much like art. To this day, I see things in fights that a lot of other people don't."

While many of his friends were finding no shortage of trouble, Neiman quickly discovered that he had an affinity for draw-



Muhammad Ali and his corner, during the first fight with Joe Frazier

One of Neiman's first sketch subjects, Sugar Ray Robinson

Ken Norton, training for Ali in 1973

ing and sketching. It came naturally to him and brought him a great deal of personal satisfaction, as well as coveted acceptance from not only his peers, but neighborhood denizens of all ages. During school recess periods, he would inscribe pen-and-ink tattoos on the arms of his classmates, and he regularly earned money by painting images of sale items, as well as portraits of shopkeepers, on the windows of their stores. By high school, Neiman was creating posters for school dances and sporting events.

"I escaped into my art," he said. "It was my dodge. To me, it was like another kid playing sports or doing well in school. I started comparing myself to my art, and realized I could do something that nobody else could. That was a very important message for me to learn."

Now decades removed from his humble beginnings, Neiman is arguably the most popular living painter in America, perhaps the world. For what seems like eons, he has been a fixture at major title fights, as well as the official artist for Madison Square Garden, the Kentucky Derby, and five Olympiads. Besides being the author of nine books, his work is represented in countless museums and private collections throughout the world. He has received four honorary degrees, and is a noted philanthropist who has given millions of dollars in cash and artworks to an array of academic institutions. While most boxing fans recognize him as a ubiquitous ringside presence, few can grasp the depths of devotion he has to the game.

For much of his life, Neiman has lived amid the glitz and glamour of high society, counting such sports and cultural icons as Muhammad Ali, Sugar Ray Robinson, Frank Sinatra, and Hugh Hefner as his closest friends. While he considers the most magical boxing memory of his life the night of the first fight in the Ali-Joe Frazier trilogy at Madison Square Garden in 1971, he has equally fond memories of hobnobbing with second-rate pugs at long-forgotten gyms and in the dank dressing rooms of the many small but flourishing inner-city boxing arenas that have long since become vestiges of a bygone era and reduced to rubble by the wrecking ball. It was in those venues that Neiman got his real start in boxing artistry, and his normally placid, intense, and introspective face broke into an exuberant, youthful grin as he recounted many of those treasured early memories. Although Neiman has enjoyed a virtual view from the top for many years, it is apparent that the view from the bottom has been just as much of an inspiration for his work.

After serving in the Army and attending college on the G.I. Bill, Neiman became a member of the faculty at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1950. But he says he was in dire need of "something else, some other type of creative outlet." Rather than "go out and get drunk to get some spiritual release," he began visiting the Midwest Gym on the city's West Side and Johnny Coulon's Gym in the predominantly black South Side. He occasionally banged the heavybag, but mainly began

(Continued on page 56)

CANONIZED IN CANASTOTA

"Welcome To Boxing Heaven"

In the clearing
stands a boxer,
and a fighter by
his trade,
and he carries
the reminders,
of every glove that
laid him out,
or cut him 'til he
cried out
in his anger and
his shame,
'I am leaving,
I am leaving,'
but the fighter still
remains.

—"The Boxer"
by Paul Simon

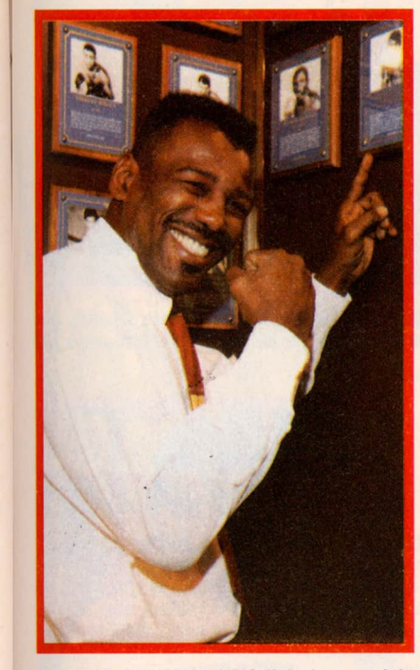
Photos by Pat Orr

International Boxing Hall of Fame Executive Director Ed Brophy and parade grand marshal Danny Aiello pose with the 1998 inductees in attendance, Miguel Canto, Lou Duva, and Matthew Saad Muhammad. Antonio Cervantes was unable to attend.

Former welterweight and middleweight champion Carmen Basilio, posing with Christy Martin, is a fixture at the induction weekend in his hometown of Canastota, New York. Basilio's face shows the scars of his classic ring wars, scars that are celebrated at this annual gathering.

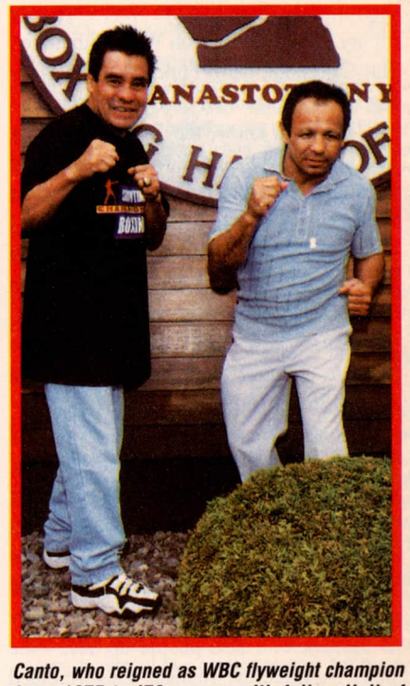
By Bernard Fernandez

For four days every June since 1990, the clearing in front of the International Boxing Hall of Fame building in Canastota, New York, is filled with boxers whose faces carry the reminders of all those gloves and all those cuts, even the occasional lay-out. But Hall of Famers gave far better than they got, or else they wouldn't be Hall of Famers, and the facial nicks and scars that identify them as fighters by their trade do not indicate anger or shame. They are beauty marks to be remembered, to be discussed, to be *celebrated*.



Saad Muhammad, the WBC light heavyweight champion from 1979 to '81 and one of the most exciting fighters ever to step in the ring, poses alongside his newly raised plaque.

Legendary trainer, manager, and promoter Duva, the patriarch of the family that founded the Main Events promotional company, was inducted in the non-participant category.



Canto, who reigned as WBC flyweight champion from 1975 to '79, poses with fellow Hall of Famer and Mexican countryman Ruben Olivares, a former bantamweight champ.

To the thousands of boxing fans who annually flock to Canastota—well, at least those whose favorite fighter isn't pretty-boy Oscar De La Hoya—an unscarred face has no character, no soul. It does not hint of pain-filled rites of passage in which true champions reach deep within themselves to find that quality that transcends physical talent. To a pilgrim who has come to Canastota from a place like, say, Manchester, Iowa, an unscarred face is like the blank page an artist ponders before he begins work on his masterpiece. A completed masterpiece, now, is the sort of face belonging to Carmen Basilio, whose career canvas was liberally splotched with blood and sweat. It is a face with a nose that runs like a slalom course, with scars around both eyes, with ears that more resemble cauliflowers than the onions Basilio grew when he wasn't preparing to do battle with Sugar Ray Robinson or Gene Fullmer.

And Basilio's hometown was and is Canastota, which means that he appears at every Hall of Fame induction. The former welterweight and middleweight champion and his nephew, onetime welterweight champ Billy Backus, also a Canastota resident, more or less are the host celebrities for what rapidly is becoming the fight game's equivalent of a Muslim's holy trek to Mecca.

Joyce Millard and Alan Seibert, who came from the Iowa farming community of Manchester, wanted to gaze upon Basilio's face, which represents so much boxing history. That great, craggy visage symbolically would launch them into the life's adventure known as marriage.

"Neither of us wanted a big wedding," the thirtysomething Millard explained. "A few months ago, we said we would just get married while we're in Canastota. We have been dating for 14 years."

In picking up a marriage license on Thursday and asking Judge Edward Pokorny to marry them on Friday, Millard and Seibert mentioned that they wanted to get married in Canastota because Basilio is their hero and they hoped to see him at the Hall of Fame induction on Sunday.

Imagine their surprise when they arrived at the judge's chambers and found a roomful of guests that included Basilio and his family. Basilio took the couple's hands and wished them luck in the years to come. "They're happy and they love each other and will have a beautiful life from here on in," said the smiling legend of the ring with the Sugar Ray-altered features.

Noted stage and film actor Danny Aiello understood how the new Mr. and Mrs. Seibert felt. Aiello had consented to be the grand marshal for Sunday's Parade of Champions, one of the highlights of the four-day Hall of Fame festivities, because he, too, considered Basilio a hero of almost mythic proportions.

"Since I was maybe eight years old, I've heard of Canastota, New York," Aiello, 64, said before the 1998 class of inductees, which included living honorees Lou Duva, Matthew Saad Muhammad, Miguel Canto (who all were present), and Antonio "Kid Pambele" Cervantes (who was, uh, unavoidably detained) received their awards. "I've lived in New York City all my life. I was born on West 68th Street. But Canastota, New York, has been burning in my mind for all of those years.

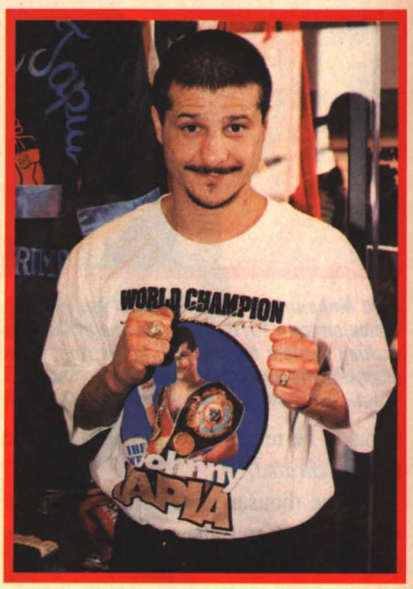
"I always knew, the first opportunity that I had to get here, I would come. And the reason for that is one of the greatest fighters who ever lived, Carmen Basilio. I was a kid who loved boxing. I swept the floors at the Tremont Athletic Club when Marcel Cerdan was training there. Canastota, New York, never meant anything to me until I saw some of the great fights [Basilio] had.

"I was a frustrated amateur fighter. I always wanted to fight. But I must tell you, to get into the ring opposite an opponent who can tear your head off is a difficult thing to do. Every champ that I see here on this stage has given me such pleasure at some time in my life. The span of 50 years is right here. These people up here—the older ones and the younger ones—molded my life. I always wanted to have the heart to be able to do what it is they do. They're special gladiators.

"Unfortunately, I didn't have the ability to do that, so I became an actor and I portray those kinds of people. And I don't have to get hit doing it, either. My son, Danny Jr., stunt-doubles for me. If anybody has to get hit, they yell, 'Cut!' My son comes in and he takes the shot."

Induction weekend always brings out boxing's biggest stars, past and present. Felix Trinidad, Jose Torres, Jim Martin, Christy Martin, and Marvelous Marvin Hagler all gathered at this year's Title Town Run to catch up on their morning roadwork.

It is the kind of aura that can transfix honeymooners from Iowa and celebrities like Aiello alike that fed the vision of Ed Brophy, who has been the IBHOF's executive director since its inception. The Baseball Hall of Fame, in nearby Cooperstown, had been that sport's shrine since it was opened in 1939, with induction weekends that frequently drew crowds of 25,000-plus. Didn't the Sugar Ray Robinsons and Muhammad Alis and Joe Louises and Rocky Marcianos, Brophy reasoned, deserve the same place of honor as the Babe Ruths and Ty Cobbs and Stan Musials? A line from another Paul Simon song asks, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" To immortality in a quaint hamlet in central New York is the correct answer. Didn't boxing's best deserve a similar glorification in a similarly picturesque village?



IBF junior bantamweight champion Johnny Tapia poses in front of an exhibit at the Hall of Fame displaying assorted articles of fighting gear he's worn throughout a career that may one day earn him a plaque at Canastota.

Former middleweight champ Hagler can still work the body. One autograph-hungry fan asked "The Marvelous One" to sign his shirt, and Hagler was glad to oblige.

How Brophy came to be the keeper of

(Continued on page 57)

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Host Curt Gowdy highlights the careers of the sport's finest boxers. Beginning with Jim Corbett, you'll see challengers throughout history battle in some of the most striking film coverage ever seen. Jack Johnson displays exquisite defensive skills, Floyd Patterson shows off his peek-a-boo style, Gene Tunney demonstrates the scientific approach to boxing, Muhammad Ali exhibits the skills that made him "The Greatest," plus Walcott, Charles, and Louis. 57 minutes. **$19.95**

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This provocative video traces the origins and evolution of boxing over 600 years from the ancient Mediterranean to bare-knuckle boxing in 17th- and 18th-century England, and finally 20th-century boxing in the U.S. Includes probing interviews with Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Jake LaMotta, Ingemar Johansson. 60 minutes. **$14.95**

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ARMAND EMANUEL, ESQ.

Impressing Judges Was Not His Strong Suit

By Pete Ehrmann

Nowadays, a good lawyer is as necessary to a heavyweight contender as the other kind of mouthpiece. During his fighting career about three-quarters of a century ago, if Armand Emanuel needed to consult one all he needed to do was look in the mirror.

They called Emanuel "The Boxing Barrister," but otherwise the fact that a member of the bar was also a contender for the heavyweight championship of the world was not considered so remarkable. For one thing, it was the era of the intellectual heavyweight. Champion Gene Tunney chummed around with writer-philosopher George Bernard Shaw and playwright Thornton Wilder, and lectured on Shakespeare at Yale University. Another notable heavyweight of that time, Monte Munn, was a former member of the Nebraska state legislature. Everyone did his best to at least look smart. Appearing in a semifinal at Madison Square Garden in 1928, an ordinary heavyweight called Tiger Payne walked into the ring wearing a cap and gown with a volume of Shakespeare under his arm.

Emanuel was not just a boxer novelty. Whatever his ability in the courtroom, in the ring he was a veritable F. Lee Bailey, a slick, brainy practitioner whose superior boxing skills prompted some to hail him as the best Jewish heavyweight since Joe Choynski.

Unfortunately, to paraphrase the old joke, The Boxing Barrister should've sued his punch for non-support. His manager didn't do him any favors, either, but suing him would have been unseemly since Emanuel was piloted by his father. Those two factors more than anything were responsible for relegating Emanuel to mere oddity status in heavyweight history.

Born October 22, 1906, in Montreal, Canada, but raised in San Francisco, Emanuel picked up the rudiments of boxing watching Benny Leonard, Jack Britton, and other stars of his youth train at the Reno Hotel, and then honed his skills as a member of the famed Olympic Club. It was San Francisco's premier amateur sports organization, from which, coincidentally, in the early 1890s local bank clerk James J. Corbett had emerged to take the heavyweight title from John L. Sullivan.

Young Emanuel was a prodigy. After just two amateur bouts, he won the Pacific Coast heavyweight title, and in early-'25, in only his eighth fight, Emanuel became the amateur heavyweight champion of the United States.

Emanuel was the only child of Charles Emanuel, owner of a successful auto agency and realtor. "Pop" Emanuel gave that up to manage his son's ring career, and what he lacked in knowledge of the ring he more than made up for in demeanor. "He's one fight manager who can talk for hours without resorting to a single word of profanity," wrote the *Cleveland Plain Dealer's* boxing reporter approvingly.

The hell of it was that if Pop had listened a little more than he talked, Emanuel might've had his route to the title greased by no less than a former champion Jack Dempsey and Tex Richard, the greatest promoter of the Roaring '20s. When Dempsey was training for his comeback after dropping the title to Tunney, he sparred with Emanuel and was impressed enough to take an active interest in his career.

"He's a fine young feller. I like him, and if it's a case of helping a nice feller along, you can count me in. He's a comer," said Dempsey, later reported to have offered the senior Emanuel $50,000 for a piece of Emanuel's contract.

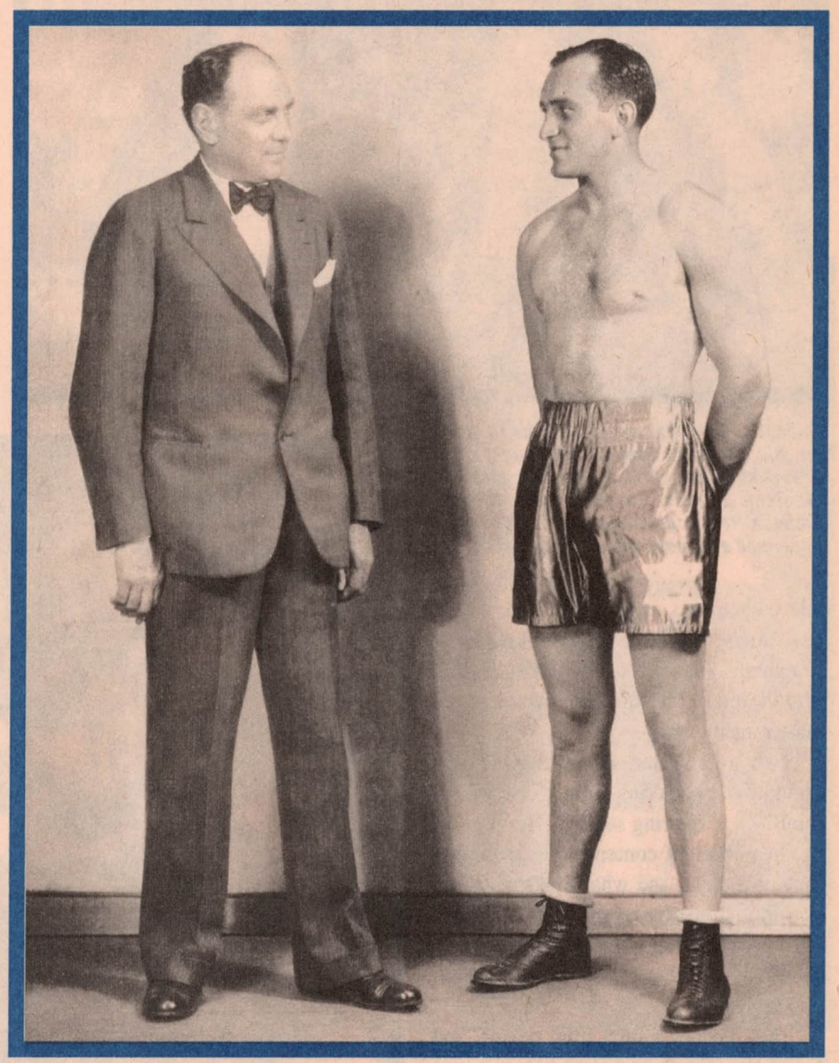
By late-1927, the quiet, intellectual Emanuel had not only logged a string of impressive pro victories, but had also earned his degree from Golden Gate Law School. Then, while racking up wins in the ring, he did the same thing in court, successfully handling several criminal and divorce cases. But as columnist Bob Edgren pointed out, "You can count the good heavyweights on the fingers of the one hand, but the country is full of smart lawyers," and eventually Emanuel set his *Blackstone* aside to go after bigger lucre with his fists.

Emanuel was 27-0 when his April 23, 1928, bout in San Francisco against former light heavyweight champion Mike McTigue was ruled a draw. Later, Pop would say that his polite son could have stopped the former champion "had he forgotten his respect for old age." When the 40-year-old McTigue and Emanuel were rematched in the latter's ballyhooed debut at Madison Square Garden on June 7, Emanuel forgot to get out of the way of one of the old man's swings and suffered a first-round knockdown before easily outboxing McTigue the rest of the way to take a 10-round decision.

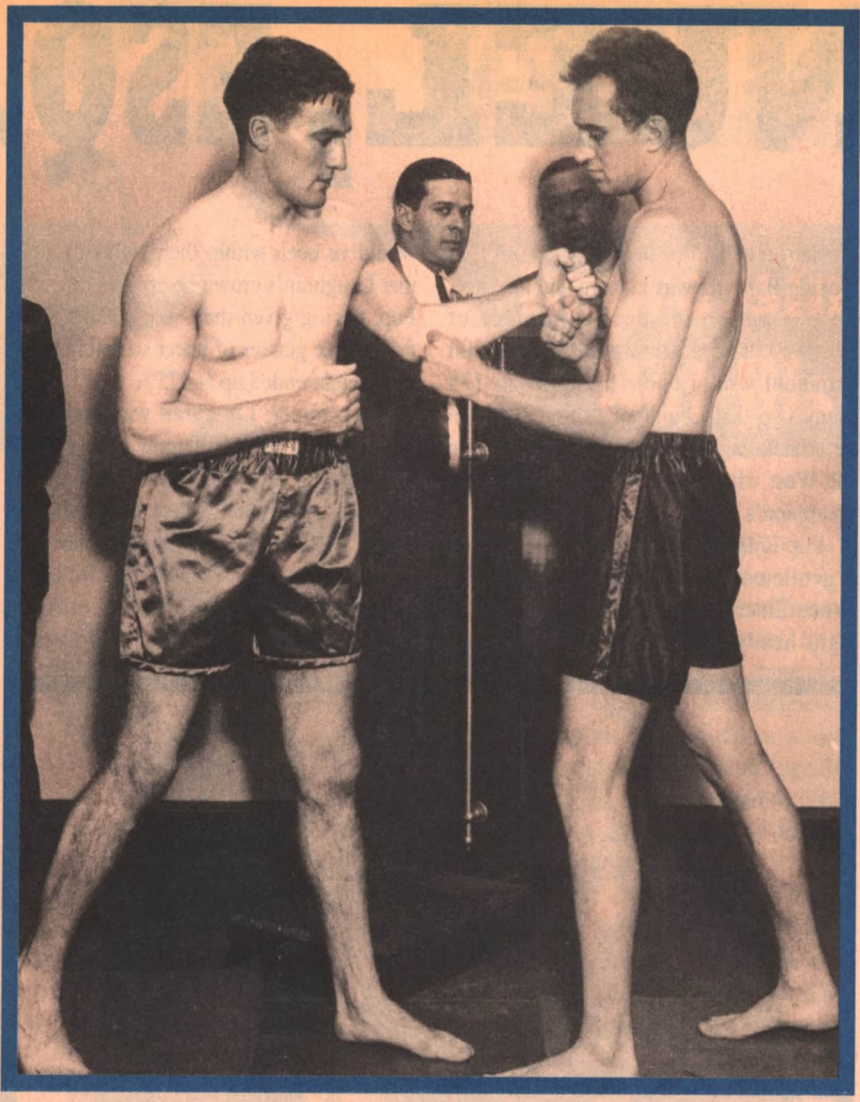
His next fight made Emanuel the most raved about heavyweight in the country. Light heavyweight champion Tommy Loughran, who'd won the title from McTigue the year before, was supposed to make his third defense on June 28 against Jimmy Slattery, but a week before that the challenger broke his hand. As long as The Boxing Barrister was in town and in shape, he was put on the docket in place of Slattery. The understanding was that Emanuel would come higher than 175 pounds so that Loughran's title would not be at stake against the 7-1 underdog from the West who'd had only 28 fights to the champion's 109.

Pop Emanuel not only talked the talk of a gentleman, but walked the walk, too. When Emanuel weighed in at exactly the light heavyweight limit, the Emanuels would've been within their rights to insist that Loughran's crown be up for grabs. But Pop, having given their word, had his son drink three glasses of water so that his official weight ended up at 175¼.

As a boxer, Loughran was second to none, except maybe Tunney himself, and at Madison Square Garden that night, Emanuel joined their select company. "As pretty an exhibition of boxing as has been seen in many moons," raved THE RING editor Nat Fleischer of Emanuel's effort in losing a decision to Loughran that raised as



Emanuel was managed by his father, Charles "Pop" Emanuel, and like many boxing fathers, the elder Emanuel did not always make the correct decision as far as his son's career was concerned.



Emanuel's big break came when he filled in for injured Jimmy Slattery and fought light heavyweight champion Tommy Loughran at Madison Square Garden. Even though Emanuel lost a questionable decision, he impressed everybody with his boxing skill.

many eyebrows as Emanuel's skill. "In several of the rounds it looked as if Loughran, a master of scientific boxing, was the pupil and his opponent was the master instructor."

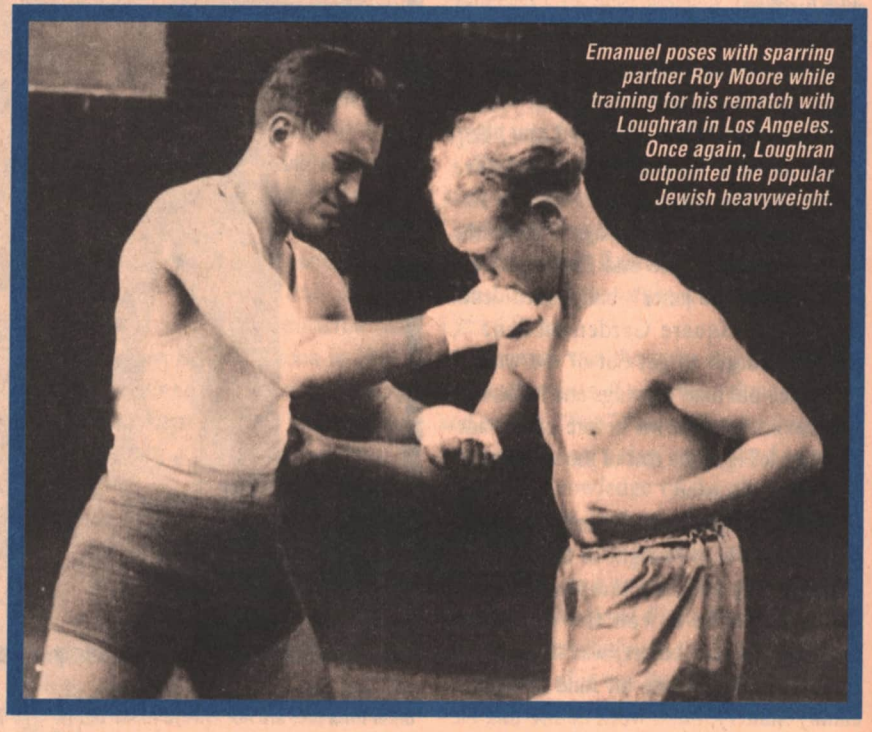
Two weeks later, Emanuel gilded his reputation by making Tom Heeney look foolish in a sparring session. Heeney, the top heavyweight contender, was training for a title fight, and what Emanuel did to him in just one round presaged Heeney's fate against champion Tunney in their July 26, 1928, bout that the defending champion won easily.

Then Tunney retired from boxing, and Loughran gave up his light heavy belt to go after the vacant heavyweight throne. In a lavish cover story in the September, 1928, issue of THE RING, Emanuel was all but anointed Loughran's successor. Rickard and Dempsey advised him to live off his press notices until that fall, when the campaign would begin in earnest.

But they were overruled by a higher court. Earlier that year there had been an effort to match Emanuel with former welterweight and reigning middleweight champion Mickey Walker, and Pop had left it up to Dempsey to decide whether to take the fight. "Personally, I would like the shot," said the elder Emanuel. "I am satisfied Armand can outbox Walker. But we will not accept the fight unless Dempsey gives it the stamp of his approval. Jack told us some time ago that he did not consider it a good match. If he had changed his mind and will say so, we will accept. But you must have the written word from Dempsey."

When Dempsey said no, Jack Kearns, his acrimonious ex-manager and the pilot of Walker, called Dempsey "a big bum," and wondered why, "If Emanuel can't beat middleweights, what's he want to fight heavyweights for?"

Dempsey hadn't changed his mind about a Walker match, but Pop had changed his about leaving it up to Jack. Emanuel signed to fight Walker at Recreation Park in San Francisco on August 27. It was a whooping blunder. Both Emanuels were in over their heads, Pop against the wily Kearns, who



Emanuel poses with sparring partner Roy Moore while training for his rematch with Loughran in Los Angeles. Once again, Loughran outpointed the popular Jewish heavyweight.

When Loughran relinquished the 175-pound title to campaign as a heavyweight, THE RING ran a cover story touting Emanuel as his successor. But it wasn't to be.

could talk for hours using nothing but profanities, and who made sure that the ring at Recreation Park was padded like a wrestling mat to slow down the speedy Emanuel. Walker, 164, kayoed the 176 pound barrister in seven rounds of a match so one-sided that the *San Francisco Examiner's* Smith wrote that "Emanuel might as well go back to lawyering and stick to it."

While he probably would have preferred that himself, Emanuel was no quitter, and he was even more loathe to let down his father. The fighter shipped out to Portland, Oregon, to put himself in the hands of yet another punching tutor, "Denver" Ed Martin. Martin was a top heavyweight of the Jack Johnson era, and when Emanuel returned to California in November, he was a full-fledged (for that time) heavyweight at 190 pounds. To show he meant business, Emanuel had his picture taken for the newspaper wearing a football uniform in a three-point stance.

Apparently, Pop had been eating his Wheaties, too. "[Mickey] Walker could no more beat Emanuel in a regulation ring than he could fly to Hawaii on a broomstick," he told reporters. "We'll take Walker out in the street or on a regulation ring floor and ruin Walker. Try and get Kearns to let them fight that way."

They didn't get Walker again, but Tommy Loughran and Emanuel sold out the Olympic Auditorium in L.A. for their rematch on February 5, 1929.

"Undoubtedly, he has the edge in experience, but I believe my speed will offset this advantage. I hope to win, and I expect to win," said Emanuel. He and a lot of other people thought he had done just that after 10 fast rounds, but referee Abe Roth, the sole official, gave the decision to Loughran in spite of a flash knockdown in the seventh. Loughran—another brainiac of the ring—lauded his virtual mirror image.

"Armand has a lancing left, the thrust of a snapping rattler, speedy footwork and, being a college graduate, has a keen intellect, above that of the average fighter," said Loughran. "He thinks quickly and acts on the spur of a mental decision."

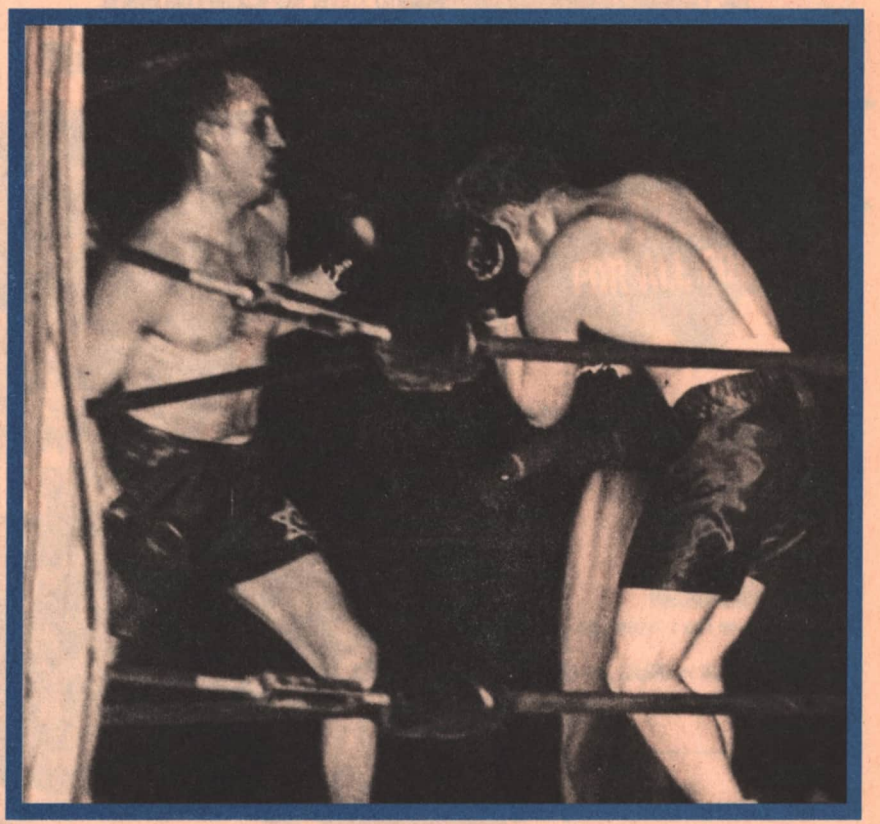
The question is, what spur of a mental decision was it that caused the Emanuels to take a fight with Ace Hudkins on April 15, 1929. After what happened against Walker, you'd think that another middleweight terror would be the last thing in their plans. And Hudkins, who had lost a controversial decision to Walker in a 160-pound title bout, more than lived up to his nickname, "The Nebraska Wildcat." He was a vicious puncher with no fear, especially where his degreed opponent was concerned. "I've got a clear case that no lawyer can handle," he declared ominously.

Emanuel went off to train in the mountains, stopped shaving, rode bucking broncos, and received more instruction on how to punch hard, this time from 1890s welterweight and middleweight champ Tommy Ryan. Come fight time, however, the barrister might as well have been throwing motions, or posies, at Hudkins. Almost four inches shorter and outweighed 166 to 175 (the California commission would not allow the bout if Ace came in at less than 166, or Emanuel at more than 178), Hudkins took nine of the 10 rounds at Wrigley Field.

A heavyweight who can't beat middleweights has no future in the ring, but The Boxing Barrister plugged away for two more years. "He wants enough money to make his early years of law practice easy ones," reported the *Los Angeles Times'* Paul Lowry. "And he wants to repay his father for the time and money the latter has spent in making a fistic success of him."

It was a hard road. In his first fight after

(Continued on page 65)



Despite his success against light heavys and heavyweights, Emanuel had problems with smaller men such as vicious middleweight Ace Hudkins. "The Nebraska Wildcat" (right) won nine out of 10 rounds and the decision in their April 15, 1929, encounter.

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Lou Savarese KO 1 Buster Douglas
Chris Byrd W 10 Ross Puritty
Ike Ibeabuchi KO 1 Tim Ray
Hasim Rahman KO 3 Garing Lane
Jeff Wooden W 10 Derrick Banks
Oleg Maskaev KO 9 Courage Tshabalala
Monte Barrett KO 8 Derek Amos
Vitali Klitschko KO 2 Jose Ribalta
Joe Bugner KO 1 Bonecrusher Smith
Razor Ruddock KO 2 Tony Bradham
Nicolay Valouev W 6 James Gaines

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Juan Carlos Gomez KO 6 Guy Waters
(Retains WBC Title)
Arthur Saribekian W 10 John Rainwater

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Derrick Harmon KO 2 Kenny Bowman
Antonio Tarver KO 4 Jose Luis Rivera
Darrell Spinks W 10 Charles Oliver
Glen Robinson W 6 Greg Wright

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
David Starie KO 1 Danny Juma
Aaron Mitchell KO 2 Fidel Hernandez
Giovanni Pretorius W 8 Willy Quinn

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Dana Rosenblatt W 10 Arthur Allen
Carl Daniels KO 5 Steve Fisher
Silvio Branco W 12 Vincenzo Cacciatore

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Julio Cesar Chavez KO 3 Ken Sigurani
David Reid KO 4 Simon Brown
Fernando Vargas KO 5 Anthony Stephens
Carl Daniels W 12 Purcell Miller
Javier Castillejo KO 12 Ahmet Dottuev
Rodney Jones KO 8 Javier Altamirano
James Coker W 12 Robert West
Dwain Williams KO 4 Julian Samaha
Marcos Badillo W 10 Carlos Hernandez
Roman Karmazin W 8 Robert Frazier

WELTERWEIGHTS
Frankie Randall KO 5 Danny Sanchez
Toshiharu Kayama KO 8 Makoto Nakahara
Maxim Nesterenko W 8 Jaime Lerma

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Miguel Angel Gonzalez KO 5 Alexis Perez
Rafael Ruelas KO 5 Juan Baldwin
Zab Judah KO 2 Otillio Villareal

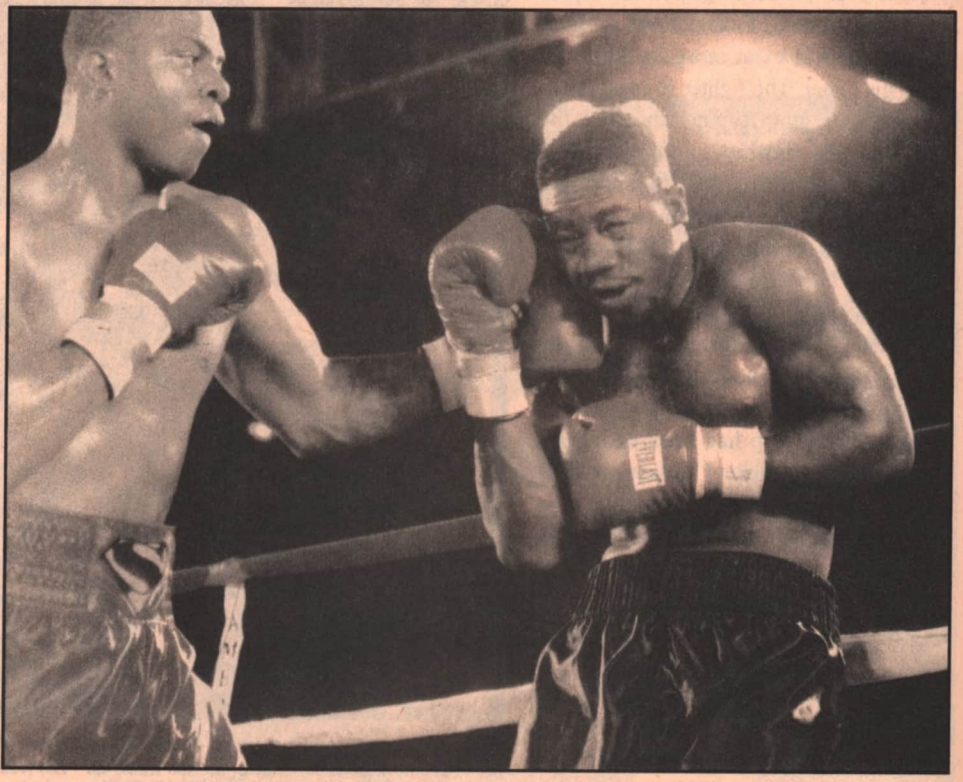


Photo by Frank Vitucci

Monte Barrett catches Derek Amos with a left on his way to an eighth-round stoppage

Antonio Diaz KO 2 Patrick Thorns
Justin Rowsell KO 3 Arnel Abastas
Hector Camacho Jr. W 6 Troy Crain
Lucia Rijker KO 4 Lisa Ested

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Shane Mosley KO 5 Wilfrido Ruiz
(Retains IBF Title)
James Leija W 12 Azumah Nelson
Gabriel Ruelas KO 6 Troy Dorsey
Israel Cardona KO 8 Richard Kiley
Ben Tackie KO 8 Louie Leija
Lovemore N'Dou W 10 David Armstrong
Rick Yoshimura KO 7 Andrei Bunta
Zulfia Koutdussova W 10 Tracy Byrd

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Goyo Vargas KO 6 Tracy Patterson
Jesus Chavez KO 1 Juan Antonio Mendez
Pablo Chacon KO 3 Nestor Farias
Ryuhei Sugita KO 8 Go Kaneuchi
Diego Corrales Tech. Win 7
Benito Rodriguez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Freddie Norwood W 12 Luis Mendoza
(Retains WBA Title)
Juan Manuel Marquez KO 4 Juan Cabrera
Guty Espadas Tech. Win 8 Jesse Magana

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Enrique Sanchez D 10 Ricardo Medina
(Non-Title Bout)
Carlos Navarro KO 7 Ruben Diaz
Manabu Fukushima KO 8 Arman Molina

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Adan Vargas W 8 Angel Rosario

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Ysaias Zamudio W 10 Leonardo Gutierrez
Takato Toguchi W 10 Rolando Pascua
Pedro Pena KO 3 Orlando Malone

FLYWEIGHTS
Atsushi Sai Tech. Draw 4 Randy Mangubat

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Baby Jake Matlala W 10 Ric Magramo
Hawk Makepula KO 4 Benjie Concepcion
Joma Gamboa KO 6 Ramel Gevero
Wolf Tokimitsu W 10 Kid Payes

STRAWWEIGHTS
Zolani Petelo KO 7 Carmelo Caceres
(Retains IBF Title)
Hiroshi Nakajima W 10 Roy Clave

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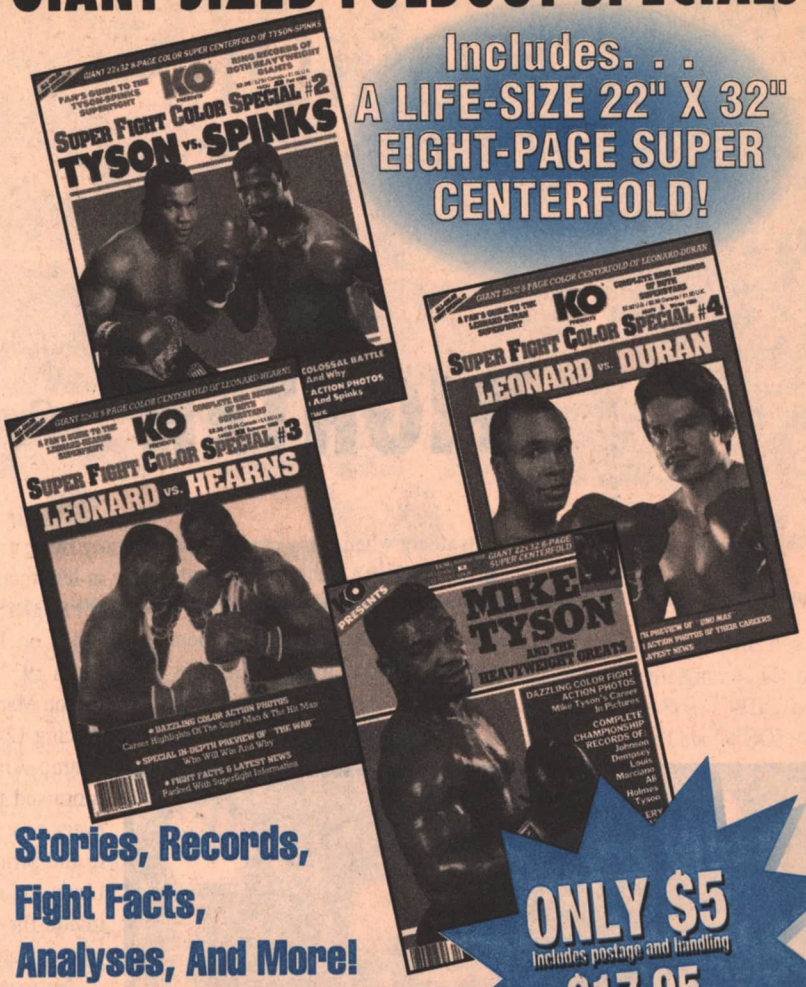

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

In an era when many champions fight only twice a year, Norwood distinguished himself by defending the WBA featherweight title twice in less than a *month*. Like a throwback to the bygone days of Henry Armstrong and Harry Greb, "Li'l Hagler" tallied successful defenses against Genaro Rios (KO 8) on June 13 and Luis Mendoza (W 12) on July 10. The last time the 126-pound title was defended twice in less than 30 days was back in 1933, when Freddie Miller stopped Baby Arizmendi on February 28, and then TKO'd Speedy Dado on March 21.

When he won the vacant belt with a convincing 12-round decision over former WBA junior feather champ Antonio Cermeno on April 3, 1998, Norwood promised that he'd be a fighting champion. Practically every new titlist says the same thing, but few have lived up to the promise as literally as the 5'5" dynamo from St. Louis. At a time when trash talk is often a substitute for inside-the-ring action, Norwood is setting the kind of example other champions would be wise to emulate.

Norwood has also said he wants to follow in the footsteps of his namesake, former undisputed middleweight champion Marvelous Marvin Hagler, by unifying the featherweight title. Naseem Hamed, Luisito Espinosa, and Manuel Medina should take heed. So far, the undefeated Norwood has done everything he said he would.

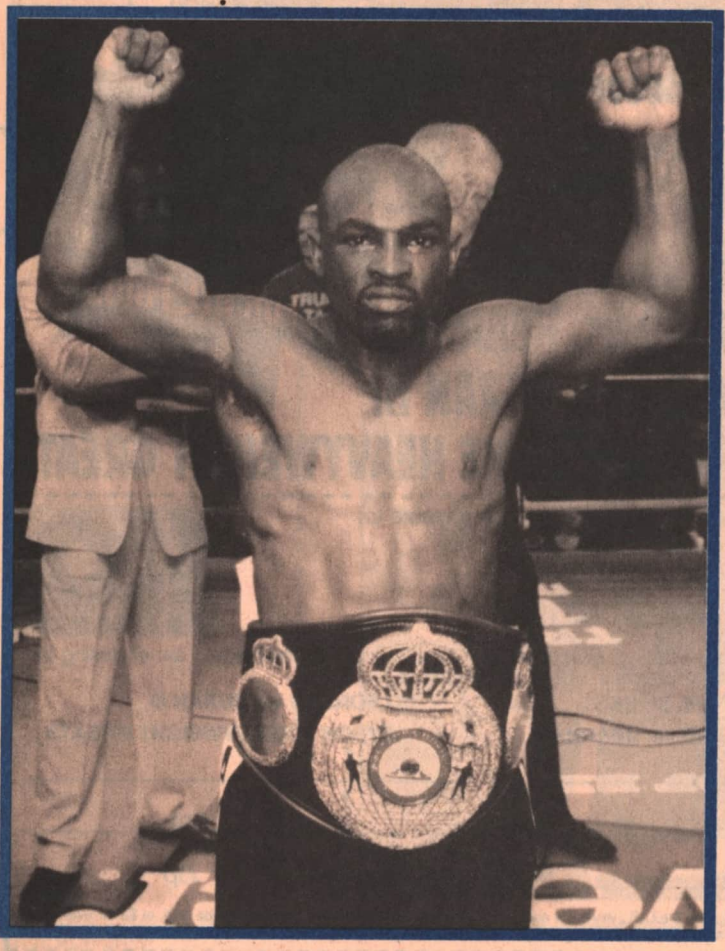
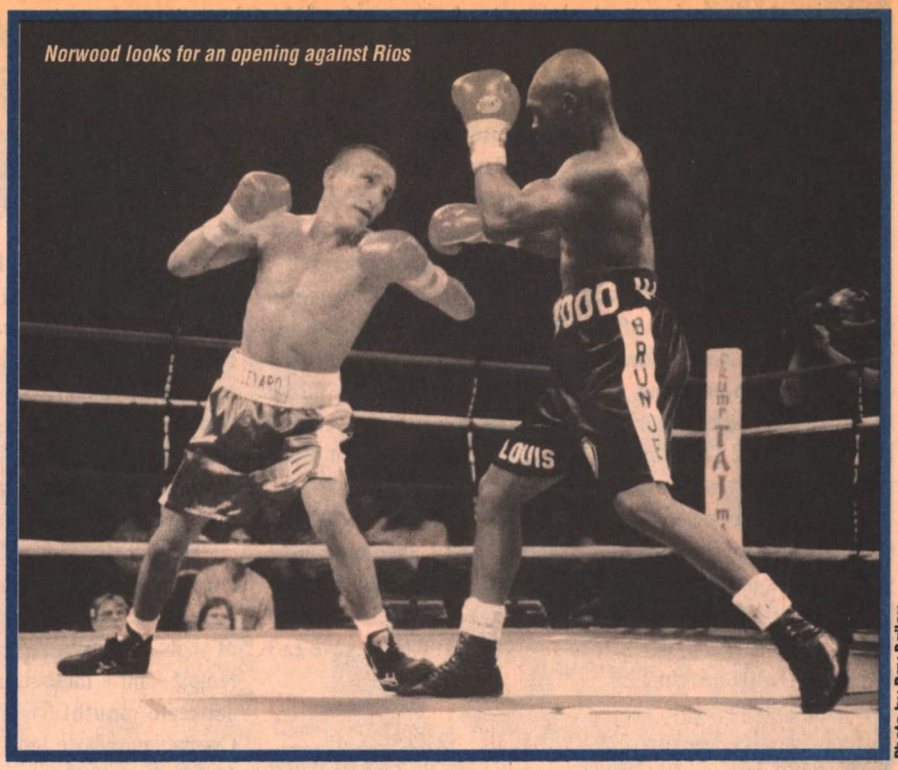


Photo by Ray Bailey

• • • •

Freddie Norwood

Freddie Norwood KO 8 Genaro Rios



Norwood looks for an opening against Rios

Photo by Ray Bailey

Atlantic City, New Jersey: In his first shot at the WBA featherweight title, Rios walked away without the belt because the judges awarded then-champion Wilfredo Vazquez perhaps the worst decision of 1997. This time around, the Nicaraguan challenger walked away without the title because Norwood's left hand did damage every time it landed. When the overmatched Rios, 18-5 (8), suffered his third official knockdown at the 1:05 mark of the eighth round, courtesy of a straight left from the champion, referee Joe Cortez (USA) made an immediate and exceptionally alert stoppage, putting the stamp on a dominant first defense for Norwood.

Norwood, 126, St. Louis, Missouri, is not the most creative fighter, but his aggressive, pressuring style and potent left were more than Rios, 125, could handle on this afternoon at the Trump Taj Mahal. The first round was uneventful, but Norwood set the tone for the attack to follow by repeatedly digging hard rights to the body as Cortez attempted to break clinches. "Li'l Hagler" stunned Rios with a straight left to the chin in the second that rocked the challenger onto the seat of his pants. Up quickly, Rios was greeted by two more lefts, accounting for the second knockdown of the round. Rios went down again as the bell rang, but Cortez correctly ruled that his fall was the result of a body bump and not the left hand that preceded it.

It looked to be only a matter of time when the bell sounded to begin round three, but Rios slowly regained his confidence over the next three rounds. The mobile Nicaraguan stood his ground as Norwood continued to land the left to the head and body, and Rios even began to find a home for his own right hand. Rios won the sixth round on every scorecard by repeatedly scoring with his lead right over top of Norwood's guard, but strangely stopped throwing the right in the seventh. The reason may have been the onset of fatigue, as Rios' knees buckled at one point without him even being hit.

The champion finally finished the job in the eighth when the weary Rios walked face-first into a compact left. The challenger's right hand touched the canvas, and Cortez restrained Norwood from throwing another punch and waved the fight over. The stoppage seemed a bit hasty at first, but Rios, who never protested, proved to be out on his feet as his handlers tried to help him to his stool. Through seven rounds, judge Hector Hernandez (Mexico) had Norwood up 67-64, while Marciel Vargas (Venezuela) and John Stewart (USA) both favored the champion by 69-62.

"The ref stopped it right on time," said Norwood, 30-0-1 (19). "It was a good short left, and I could've really hurt him."

Norwood didn't dwell on the Rios fight for very long afterward, though, as the main topic on his mind was an eventual showdown with "Prince" Naseem Hamed.

"I want to fight 'The Princess' so bad I can taste him," Norwood said. "I hope he gets past Kennedy McKinney, for my financial sake. The only titles that I want are the WBA, WBC, and IBF, so after I beat The Princess, I'm gonna hand his [WBO] title back to him the same night."

Television: ABC

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(6-13-98)

Eric Raskin

Freddie Norwood W 12 Luis Mendoza

Miami, Florida: Norwood's second defense of the WBA featherweight title against tough veteran Mendoza wasn't exactly pretty, but it was exciting and convincing. Dirty tactics abounded, with the fiery Norwood being the primary culprit, but it was "Li'l Hagler's" sharp punching and skillful boxing that secured him a wide unanimous decision at the Miccosukee Indian Gaming and Events Center.

Defending the title for the second time in just 27 days, the undefeated Norwood put on a performance that reaffirmed his claim as a top threat to Naseem Hamed's standing as the world's top 126-pounder—and also illustrated that his own temper may be his toughest opponent. Norwood, 125½, knocked Mendoza, 126, halfway out of the ring with a right hand early in the second, then proceeded to blast the Colombian with a flush left to the face as Mendoza sat prone between the ropes. Referee Brian Garry (USA), who did an excellent job preventing the intense contest from getting out of hand, immediately took a point from the champion. But Norwood had already built a considerable lead, getting credit for a knockdown before he threw the illegal punch and allowing Mendoza to land only four punches in the first two rounds combined.

In the third, Norwood, St. Louis, Missouri, was warned for holding Mendoza's head down and punching after the bell, but in

between fouls he landed a left cross that staggered the challenger. Li'l Hagler continued to cruise until a right to the body by Mendoza in the fifth caused Norwood to pitch forward, his gloves touching the canvas. Norwood, showing his persuasive powers are almost as strong as his left hand, told Garry it was a slip—and Garry, who seemed prepared to rule a knockdown, gave in to him.

As Norwood, 28, grew sloppy in the seventh, forgetting to jab, and instead just winging with his left, Mendoza, a former WBA junior feather champ, scored with a double left hook that wobbled the defending champion. After that, Norwood finally started listening to trainer Kenny Adams, dominating with his boxing skills and combination punching, with the occasional low blow mixed in. In the 12th, several strong combinations drove the 33-year-old Mendoza, 37-7-2 (20), into the ropes, and he finally went down for an eight-count with just a few seconds left on the clock.

The scores reflected the manner in which Norwood, 31-0-1 (19), was able to dominate Mendoza thoroughly, even on a night when he was uncharacteristically sloppy. Mark Streisand (USA) had it 117-108, Luis Rodriguez (Venezuela) scored 118-108, and Hubert Earle (Canada) saw it 117-109, while THE RING gave Li'l Hagler a 118-107 margin.

Television: ESPN

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(7-10-98)

Shane Mosley KO 5 Wilfrido Ruiz

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Mosley told the media before his fourth defense of the IBF lightweight title against Ruiz at the Apollo of Temple that he didn't mind getting second-billing behind junior middleweight prospect David Reid on "The American Dream's" homecoming. But that didn't mean "Sugar Shane" wasn't interested in stealing the show.

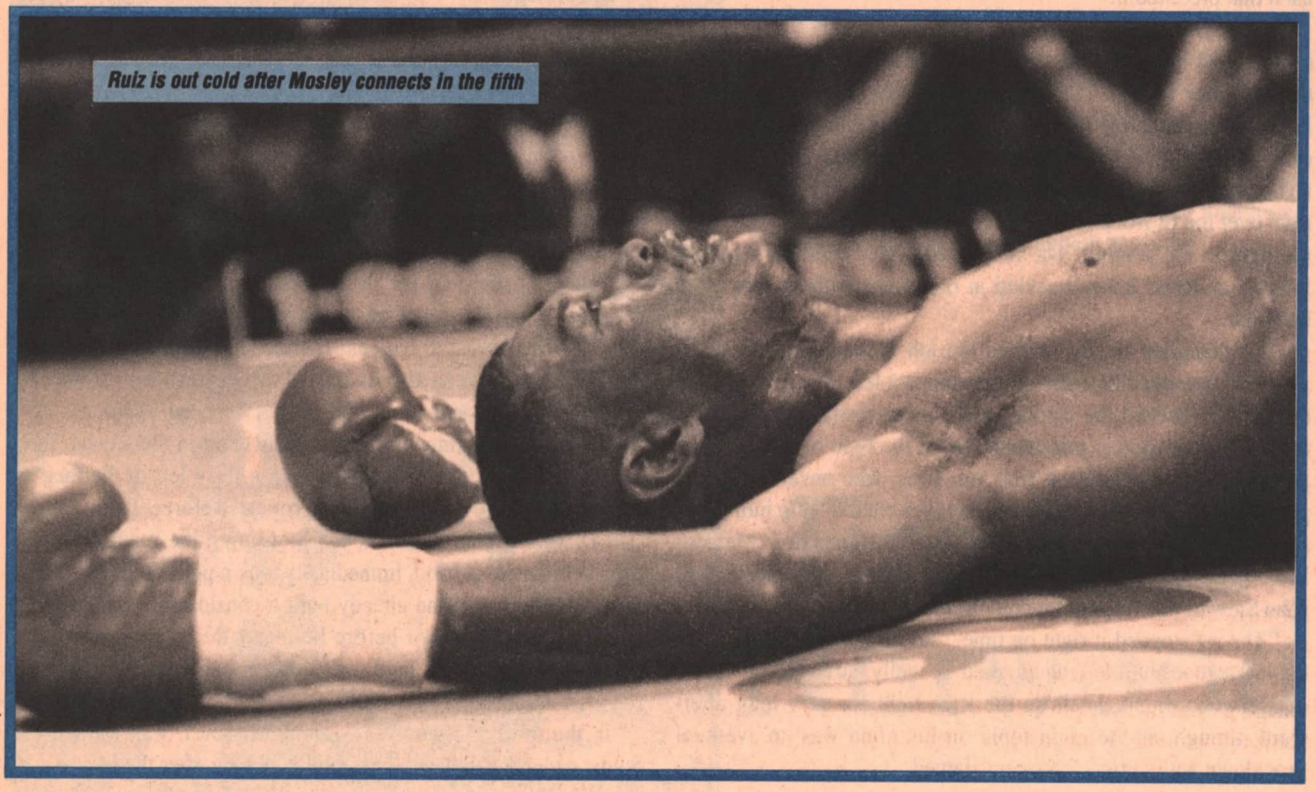
The 26-year-old Mosley whipped the crowd of 4,832 into a frenzy with his dazzling and brutal showing against the 27-year-old challenger from Monteria, Colombia, battering the brave Ruiz in every round before taking him out in the fifth. Mosley possesses every weapon a fighter could want, with the possible exception of one-punch knockout power, and it was all on display on this night.

Ruiz, 134½, showed he could take a punch when Mosley bombarded him with a seven-punch combination to the head in the first round that barely budged the challenger. A huge right cross followed by a short right hand caused Ruiz to stagger in the second, but he came back to land a few decent left hooks before the round was over. After Ruiz held his ground for the first two minutes of the third, Mosley, 134¾, Los Angeles, California, unloaded with several sensational combinations to the chin that had a wobbly Ruiz looking for shelter at the bell.

Though the rugged action was pleasing the crowd, Mosley knew he had to change things up to get the game Ruiz out of there, so he started to attack the body in the fourth. A succession of shots to the ribs softened Ruiz up for a thunderous right to the temple, and a three-punch combination at the bell caused three separate mouthfuls of blood to spray from the lips of the Colombian, whose last loss was a fifth-round knockout to Angel Manfredy in 1997.

Finally, Mosley found the sweet spot in the fifth with a four-punch combination that included a left hook, two bodyshots, and a straight right that sent Ruiz down hard. Referee Rudy Battle (USA) didn't need to complete the count before realizing that Ruiz was out, and he waved the fight over at the 2:32 mark. The throng of fans applauded the effort of Ruiz, 25-4 (19), and gave Mosley a fantastic ovation that indicated they were convinced.

"I figured if I can't get him early, I'll get him later," Mosley,



Ruiz is out cold after Mosley connects in the fifth

Photo by Frank Vitucci

28-0 (26), said of the tough challenger. "He was trying to weather the storm and catch me in the later rounds when I'd get tired, but I knew pretty soon I'd catch him. I started going to the body, then went back upstairs with the right hand. I caught him right between the eyes, and that's what flattened him."

With Stevie Johnston and Orzubek Nazarov recently removed from their lightweight thrones, Mosley acknowledged that the only big fights for him at 135 are against Arturo Gatti (who would be wise to avoid Sugar Shane) and Angel Manfredy (who insists 130 is his ideal weight). The lack of top competition, combined with Mosley's increasing difficulty making weight, makes it likely that we'll see Mosley at junior welter by the end of the year, perhaps against IBF 140-pound champion "Cool" Vince Phillips. If Philadelphia loved Mosley against the unknown Ruiz, imagine the crowd that would turn up at the Apollo for a fight like that.

Douglas crumbles at Savarese's feet

Photo by Marty Rosengarten

Television: fX
Promoter: America Presents/Cedric Kushner Promotions
(6-27-98)
Eric Raskin

Lou Savarese KO 1 Buster Douglas

Mashantucket, Connecticut: The bout was billed as "Now Or Never," and both contestants were well-aware that a victory would place them squarely in the middle of the muddled heavyweight picture, while the loser would find himself one step closer to oblivion. In a mild upset at the Foxwoods Casino, Savarese sent Douglas to the canvas three times with blistering right hands and ended matters at 2:34 of the first round. For Savarese, the victory represented a measure of redemption after suffering high-profile losses to George Foreman and David Izon. For Douglas, the victory represented what was probably the last stop of his well-chronicled comeback, not only from his humiliating loss to Evander Holyfield after having beaten the mighty Mike Tyson, but from the diabetic coma he found himself in after ballooning to over 400 pounds.

The 38-year-old Douglas, 242, Columbus, Ohio, was a slight favorite to jab Savarese, 234½, Greenwood Lake, New York, silly and probably score a one-sided decision. At no time in his career would Douglas have won a body-beautiful contest, but even though he was in close proximity to his desired weight, he looked flabbier than usual. It was obvious that he had lost a lot of weight in a hurry. Meanwhile, the lean, taut, well-conditioned Savarese, 32, had employed the use of famed conditioner Tim Hallmark at his Houston, Texas, training camp and entered the ring with the intense look of a man on a mission. Prior to the fight, he said his biggest fear was being relegated to the role of a journeyman, and he was determined to jumpstart what he perceived to be his last shot at ring glory.

The 6'4" Douglas dominated the first half of the opening round with his vaunted jab and overall boxing ability, but fell victim to a perfectly timed right hand counter that deposited him on the canvas in a heap. He got up quickly, but was sent back down just as quickly with two more sizzling right hands. After a third knockdown, again brought about by a right, the 6'5" Savarese began to rejoice, but the three-knockdown rule was not in effect. Only after Douglas got up and fell down again did referee Steve Smoger (USA) officially call a halt to the slaughter.

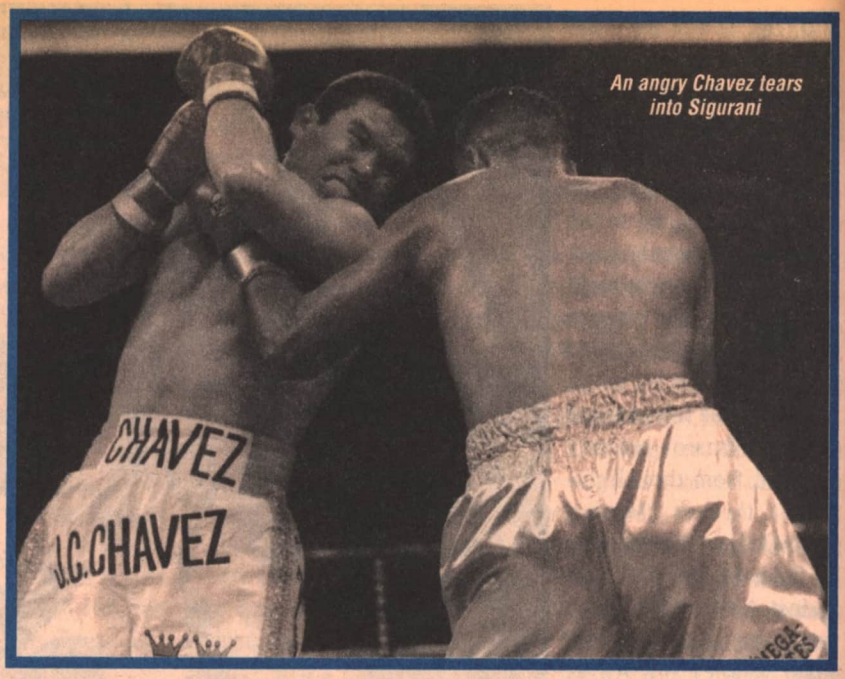
Savarese, who hopes to parlay this victory into a lucrative fight with either the presumed soon-to-be comebacking Tyson or WBC champion Lennox Lewis, improved his record to 37-2 (31). Douglas, who quite likely fought the last bout of his rollercoaster career, left the ring with a record of 36-6-1 (23).

"This was for my [late] father [Charley]," said Savarese, who fell to the canvas and sobbed uncontrollably after the stoppage. "This fight meant everything to me. I never trained so hard in my life."

Said John Russell, the loser's longtime trainer and architect of the much-ballyhooed victory over Tyson more than eight years ago, "[Douglas] got popped good. Maybe it's time for us to just go fishing."

Television: TVKO
Promoter: Top Rank
(6-25-98)
Robert Mladinich

Julio Cesar Chavez KO 3 Ken Sigurani



An angry Chavez tears into Sigurani

Mashantucket, Connecticut: The light-punching Sigurani was not supposed to pose much of a challenge to Chavez, who viewed him as nothing more than an easy tuneup for his lucrative rematch with Oscar De La Hoya on September 18. But the pesky 25-year-old Sigurani, 147, made more of a nuisance of himself than anybody could have imagined when he accidentally bumped heads with Chavez in the second round, and opened a small but dangerous cut over his right eye. Originally whining to referee Arthur Mercante (USA), Chavez, 150¾, quickly turned his complaining into anger. In a furious display of his faded skills, he stopped the woefully overmatched but very gallant Sigurani at 2:09 of the third round at the Foxwoods Casino. Chavez was determined to not let the cut become more of a problem than it already was.

Prior to the fight, promoter Bob Arum offered the 35-year-old Chavez, 100-2-2 (83), Culiacan, Mexico, a $250,000 bonus if he knocked out Sigurani, 22-2 (8), Youngstown, Ohio. The reward was a wise investment in the future. Arum hoped that an impressive knockout by the aging warhorse would give many of his maniacal fans the impression that he would fare better against De La Hoya the second time around. That, of course, would translate into much increased pay-per-view revenue for a fight that most people have already pre-ordained as being non-competitive.

Chavez did uphold his part of the bargain. Once he got past his initial whining, he attacked Sigurani with a vicious two-fisted assault. With the damage to his right eye threatening to get worse in the third round, Chavez landed a big right that had Sigurani out on his feet. Mercante let it continue a few seconds longer before wisely saving Sigurani from further punishment. Chavez did not stick around for a postfight interview, instead opting to be whisked off to a local hospital to have his eye stitched up.

"We had to get it stitched in a hurry so it will be all right in one week," said cutman Miguel Diaz. "If we waited until tomorrow, it would have taken a month to heal. Julio will be ready for De La Hoya in September, and it will be a different fight next time."

The throngs of diehard Chavez loyalists will buy into that assessment, although it seems apparent that his luck is running out. While he did escape serious injury in this fight, he was fined $5,000 for not taking a postfight urine test and then arrested upon his return to Mexico for non-payment of income taxes. One can't help but think that this run of bad luck is only a portent of things to come, and will only get worse when "The Golden Boy" is standing in the opposite corner from him come September.

Television: TVKO
Promoter: Top Rank
(6-25-98)
Robert Mladinich

Reggie Johnson W 12 Ole Klemetsen

Pesaro, Italy: For the ringside bungling that increasingly threatens to relegate boxing to the farcical, the combined efforts of the WBA and WBC are not always required. Sometimes, a cocktail of the IBF and the Italian Federation is sufficient.

Just three hours before the scheduled start of Johnson's first defense of the IBF light heavyweight title at the Bpa Palas, the two administrating bodies finally agreed on the appointment of officials for the fight. Until that point, neither Johnson, 173, Houston, Texas, nor Norwegian challenger Klemetsen, 174¾, the IBF's fifth-ranked contender, could be sure that they would actually make it to the ring. Had the Three Stooges been responsible for ensuring the smooth running of events, they would surely not have caused any more chaos.

"I tried to focus purely on the fight, but it was difficult to block out the possibility that there might not even be one," Johnson, 38-5-1 (24), said later.

He was surely unsettled by the uncertainty, for he was floored briefly in the first round when Klemetsen, 26, delivered a well-timed left hook to the chin. But Johnson, a former WBA middleweight titlist, regained his composure quickly and, with his southpaw jab, belatedly imposed a sense of normalcy to the proceedings.

Former European champ Klemetsen, 33-3 (27), was penalized a point in the third for a flagrant headbutt and was cut over his right eye in the fifth. Johnson got home with some stinging shots over the duration, but Klemetsen belligerently refused to yield and was always game about firing back.

Johnson, 31, was himself disciplined by referee Sam Williams (USA) for a low blow, though the official lapsed badly in round 11 when issuing a count over Klemetsen after he was knocked down by a punch that strayed below the belt. He got up and finished strongly, but it was not enough. Spanish officials Maru Maritxalar and Garcia Reyes scored 114-109 and 114-112, respectively, and American judge William Ralston scored 116-107, all for Johnson. THE RING also saw it for the champion, by a score of 115-110.

(5-29-98)
Brian Doogan ■

David Reid

(Continued from page 37)

pen if Reid drilled Vargas with as a many rights as Stephens did.

"Vargas is one-dimensional," said Reid's trainer/manager Al Mitchell. "He goes for the knockout. He's right in front of you and he's right there to be hit with the right hand."

Nonetheless, having an unbeaten rival tally his 13th straight knockout the same week, in the same city, definitely gave Reid something to measure up to, and hopefully surpass. He was also smart enough not to fall prey to the temptation to take the shopworn Brown for granted.

"I used to watch a whole lot of tapes of Simon Brown when I was younger," revealed Reid. "The reason I watched those tapes was because he's a tough, hard-hitting guy. I'm quite sure Simon Brown is gonna use everything in his power to try and beat me. I'm not taking him lightly at all. But he's an older guy, and young guys like me are supposed to get old guys out of there, especially a guy like me, because I want to be the best in the world."

Mitchell was concerned that all the hoopla and fan frenzy would drain his charge before he even climbed into the ring. So after the weigh-in the day before the fight, they checked into a hotel room to ensure that Reid got at least a trace of tranquility before the fight.

"Really, I don't like training in Philadelphia," said Mitchell. "You think you're getting rest, but you're not. Every time you look, there are distractions. A couple of times when David was signing autographs, I had to tell him, 'Hey, we've got to go to the gym.' I try to let it go as far as I can because I don't want to offend anybody. But like I told David: 'This is only the tip of the iceberg. It's gonna get crazy.'"

As a whirlwind of events swirled around him, Reid remained remarkably calm. An hour or so before the Brown fight, he lay on the floor of his dressing room, head propped on a gym bag, watching the preliminaries on a TV monitor. The room was full of laughter, as Mitchell and the other members of Team Reid bantered away the time. People kept popping in to say hello and wish Reid luck, and when a particularly boisterous group of homeboys invaded the cramped quarters, Mitchell, who wanted Reid to focus on the impending hostilities, began to get a little uneasy. But Reid apparently welcomed the intrusion.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," he protested. "This is my homecoming. I want them here."

"Okay, they're welcome," said Mitchell, wise enough to know when to relinquish enough control to safeguard camp harmony.

"It's when I'm quiet, not saying anything, that you have to worry," assured Reid.

Reid's much ballyhooed homecoming was almost upstaged by IBF lightweight champion Shane Mosley, who defended the title against late sub Wilfrido Ruiz in the co-feature. Mosley had graciously agreed to allow the Reid-Brown fight to be the main event, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to do his best to show Philadelphia fans that there was more than one budding superstar on the card. "Sugar Shane" put on a mesmerizing display against the incredibly brave but badly outclassed Colombian challenger, unleashing five-, six-, and seven-punch combinations with unerring accuracy. By the time Mosley left Ruiz cold on the canvas 2:32 into the fifth round, he had the crowd of 4,832 on its feet cheering wildly. His was not going to be an easy act to follow.

Reid made a modified Naseem Hamed ringwalk, boogieing down a ramp, complete with green smoke and a shower of confetti. Thankfully, the star of the show's entrance was mercifully brief by "The Prince's" standards—and Reid is unquestionably a better dancer. He was given an exuberant welcome worthy of a hometown hero, and after Mike Buffer's introductions and referee Frank Cappuccino's prebell instructions, it was up to Reid to deliver on his promise to "take Simon apart piece by piece."

First-round action was brisk, but uneventful. Reid pawed with his jab, and connected with a flush right late in the round. But Brown, boxing cautiously, was unhurt. But when Reid started to put some steam on his jab in the second, everything changed. A left to the body and a right to the head dropped Brown, and although he quickly scrambled up and fought back, you could tell that it was only a matter of time before the younger, fresher man prevailed.

Brown, whose fighting heart still beats as strongly as when he was in his prime, took the fight to Reid in the third, and managed to connect with his share of punches, including a pretty good left hook to the head. But when he continued his reckless approach in the fourth, Reid clocked him with a nuclear right that was just as pulverizing as the one the Philadelphian had used to kayo Cuban Alfredo Duvergal and capture Olympic gold. Brown, 47-8 (34), was unconscious before his back hit the floor, and when his head ricocheted off the canvas, Cappuccino instantly waved the fight over at the 2:00 mark without the formality of a count. Reid's finishing punch was so overpowering, it was frightening.

"I saw by the way he fell and bumped his head that it was all over," said Reid, 10-0 (7). "I'm glad he didn't get up."

"I was wondering how David was going to match Shane Mosley's performance," said America Presents executive Dan Goossen. "So what does David do? He goes out and hits Simon with a right hand that was so devastating."

"The jabs and left hooks set up the right hand," explained Mitchell. "Everybody knows David's got a good right, but he can also hit with his left hand. That's what he has to use, and he used it tonight. Simon forgot all about the right hand."

As reporters rushed off to file their stories and TV news crews broke down their equipment, the press conference metamorphosed into an impromptu autograph session. Later that night, at the Hard Rock Cafe, where a victory party was being held, Reid reiterated what he had told the media immediately after the fight.

"I didn't know this many people in Philadelphia would show me so much love," he said, smiling broadly as well-wishers clustered around, snapping pictures and offering congratulations.

The clamor surrounding Reid's homecoming could have significance beyond his own skyrocketing career. Since the advent of casino gambling in nearby Atlantic City in the late-1970s, big-venue boxing has died in Philadelphia. Regular cards at the Blue Horizon have kept alive the city's tra-

dition as a fight mecca, but promotional excursions beyond the 1,200-seat hall have been few, and profitable ones even fewer. While the Apollo promotion lost money, Reid's return to his roots was an artistic triumph and a fabulous marketing vehicle. So much so, that America Presents is thinking about bringing him back to Philly in August. And in a hard-boiled city notorious for booing Hall of Famer Mike Schmidt and throwing snowballs at Santa Claus, that says a lot more about how far Reid has progressed toward achieving his American dream than a knockout win over Simon Brown. ■

LeRoy Neiman

(Continued from page 39)

sketching everybody in sight. Among his many subjects were such luminaries as Bob Satterfield and Johnny Bratton, as well as the great Sugar Ray Robinson.

"I was always welcome in those gyms because I was the only human being drawing things like that," Neiman recalled. "I was 25, 26, 27 years old, older than some of the fighters, but about the same age as Robinson. These guys were all main-event fighters, but had never been drawn in their lives. I used to give the drawings away, and they loved them. Drawing these guys had nothing to do with me being a professional artist, which I was by that time. It just came so natural to me. And I loved it."

After living in Paris for several years, Neiman moved to his current residence and studio in New York in 1962. It was only two blocks away from the fabled St. Nicholas Arena, and he became a regular fixture, along with former heavyweight champions Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, at the weekly shows there.

"New York was great for me because I could draw in public all day and night, and people paid no attention to me," he said. "I enjoyed moderate obscurity until [former Madison Square Garden publicist] John Condon nailed me. Then [former MSG boxing president] Harry Markson became a champion of mine. They put me in the press row and everything related to boxing just took off faster than I could have imagined."

Neiman remembers Ali's first fight in New York, at St. Nick's against a Harlem barber named Billy Daniels. He was only 20 years old and still known as Cassius Clay, but he was creating quite a stir with his outlandish ring antics, motor mouth, blinding speed, and slashing fists. Neiman did a drawing of him, then gave Clay a paper and pencil so he could draw his own image.

"He made a drawing of himself with an airplane and limousine that said 'Next Heavyweight Champ, 1964,'" recalled Neiman. "When the guy came to the dressing room to tell him he was fighting, Clay yelled, 'I'm not done with my drawing yet.' It was easy to see right away that he had so much going for him. I realized it the moment I met him."

Neiman recalled that Clay looked less than stellar that night, but was brought to MSG less than a year later to battle the tough Doug Jones. In the weeks preceding the bout, Neiman was part of the Clay circus, traveling to locations throughout the city to hype the fight. For the next 17 years, he found himself traversing the world on the Ali roadshow, as a confidante, artist, and perhaps most importantly, as an unofficial archivist. The drawings from those turbulent and historic times offer an intimate glimpse into boxing at its best and worst not just from a sporting perspective, but from a societal one as well. The Ali era corresponded with so many of the sweeping changes that were taking place upon the American landscape, and Neiman's role has a great deal of historical significance.

"When Ali fought Sonny Liston in Miami Beach, he brought me there with him," he recalled. "Malcolm X and an army of Black Muslims were there, too. It was an incredible scene. As an artist, to be so close to that stuff was amazing. No other artists ever had such access, and everybody wanted to be around this circus. I guess people considered me fun to have around. I never asserted myself, but they wanted me there. Naturally, I was glad to be there."

Neiman developed a friendship with Ali's combustible and long-winded aide-de-camp, Bundini Brown, who became a regular visitor to his home, even when Ali was in his government-enforced exile for draft evasion in the late-'60s.

"Bundini was an interesting guy, but his tales and personality grew tiring after a while," Neiman recalled. "Bundini would hit me for a drawing now, and then say he lost it. He would be asking me for another, then I would find out he sold it. I enjoyed him, but in very small doses."

Much of his love and respect for fighters comes from their predilection, for better or worse, to be their own man. He was extremely drawn to the early arrogance of George Foreman, with whom he still enjoys a solid friendship.

"I liked George for his obstinacy," said Neiman. "I liked the way he stood up for himself, even though he was unpopular. I like anybody that asserts themselves with their personal point of view."

Neiman was not the least bit surprised when he ran into Foreman in Las Vegas more than 10 years ago, and was informed of his impending comeback.

"Here was this great big, overweight guy with over-alls and a shaved head," said Neiman. "I didn't even recognize George, it had been so many years since I saw him, and I always remembered him with that big Afro. But we started talking, and it didn't surprise me at all that he had gotten into all that spiritual stuff. George was always a different individual, very much his own man. You couldn't help but admire that."

The artist also has fond memories of a young and brash Don King, fresh out of an Ohio penitentiary, wiling away hour after hour at MSG trying to get an audience with Markson. King had one fighter in his stable at the time, a heavyweight named Jeff Merritt.

"Say what you want about King, but he is one of the most jovial, optimistic guys I ever met," said Neiman. "And Al Braverman, that man could not be discouraged. The first time I saw them at Markson's office, I knew they were going places." Braverman, who died last year, was the Runyonesque director of boxing for Don King Productions. He had been associated with the promoter since King's foray into the boxing business.

There were some more ominous memories, such as the time Rubin "Hurricane" Carter showed up at an MSG weigh-in with a frightening goon in tow. "The guy just stood off to the side and gave off these classic sneers, as if he were an extra in a B-movie," Neiman said. "It was disgusting. Before this type of attitude became

deeply rooted [in society], this was pretty scary. You could see both him and Carter were very mean guys."

A similar episode occurred with Frankie DePaula, the North Jersey light heavyweight whom Neiman described as "the epitome of a hoodlum that we always see depicted in movies." Calling him a cross between '50s bad-boy movie actor Sal Mineo and Sylvester Stallone's Rocky character, he vividly recalled the cocky, swaggering DePaula wearing alligator shoes and baggy pants as he played the role of a street thug to perfection. Against an inferior opponent one night, DePaula was clowning away rounds, and as he swaggered back to his corner he was met by the bull-like, lantern-jawed, obviously enraged Braverman. Describing a scene out of a classic film-noir movie, Neiman said Braverman waved his iron fist in DePaula's face, and told him he better knock out the opponent in the next round. The seemingly shaken DePaula, who was used to being the one instilling fear in others, did just that.

Much of Neiman's artwork is culled from his immense powers of observation and his unyielding interest in the most minute of details. He was ringside in 1955 when Robinson scored a devastating knockout of Carl "Bobo" Olson in Chicago. From Neiman's perspective, Olson had been paralyzed by the knockout punch, and went down as if he were shot. When he got up and was helped to his corner, his eyes were crossed. His eyes were still crossed in the dressing room a half-hour later, and it took quite some time for them to uncross.

"I witnessed this whole thing, and it was very bizarre," said Neiman. "Nobody ever commented about it or wrote about it, but I saw it. I thought then that Bobo better get out of the game, but, of course, he didn't."

Neiman also bore witness to the rise and fall of the revered Robinson, from an extremely affable, multitalented champion to a sad shadow of his former self. "He was a real showman and a real star," he said. "I remember being at Harry Markson's office on many occasions waiting for him to pull up in his pink Cadillac. He was always late, but everybody waited for him. Eventually, he wound up going to places like Honolulu and Paris to lose fights. At the end, he fought several times in Europe and trained at the Ringside Bar in Paris. He was going downhill fast. He would do a little tap dance for the fans, but was on his way to becoming a real tragedy. The last time I saw him was on the set for the movie *The Detective* with Sinatra in downtown Manhattan around 1967. Ray had a small part in it because Sinatra loved fighters so much. I remember standing with him, but the conversation wasn't too brisk."

Neiman was also on the set of a movie with Sinatra, which was being filmed at the Fountainbleu Hotel in Miami Beach. Former lightweight champion Beau Jack, whom many people consider one the best fighters of any era, was working at the hotel as a shoe-shine man. One day Neiman, Sinatra, and a group of hangers-on were in Sinatra's suite when there was a knock on the door. Jack was there to present Sinatra with the shiniest two pairs of shoes he had ever seen.

"Beau was all excited, saying, 'I shined Sinatra's shoes' over and over," recalled Neiman. "Frank grabbed the shoes and said 'Look at this, Beau Jack, the greatest fighter in history is shining my shoes.'" He then put his arm around him in what was supposed to be a conciliatory gesture.

Refusing to divulge his age, but saying he is "older than just about every former champion, promoter, and boxing writer," Neiman continues to work at a breakneck pace, and insists he would do the work he loves for nothing. On the morning he was interviewed for this article, he was simultaneously working on paintings of the male and female basketball teams at St. Bonaventure University in upstate New York, a circus painting for MSG, and a collage for a restaurant logo. He seems blessed by that fierce Midwestern work ethic, although he insists that "sometimes I feel I haven't worked a day in my life because I've been doing what comes naturally and what I love for so long."

While he is obviously light years away from Frogtown, the easy, relaxed dialect from that region of the country is still easily detectable. Neiman, who was born LeRoy Runquist, but later took the surname of a stepfather after his biological father abandoned the family, is of Swedish descent, and the Scandinavian traits associated with hospitality, graciousness, and the quiet, subtle confidence of somebody at ease with their success are evident in all that he does. Neiman is quite obviously a man very much at peace with himself.

"I am a very lucky man because there is a richness in history in what I do," he said without an iota of aggrandizement. "So much of my basis of comparison throughout my life was based on prize fighting. This is my work, my pleasure, everything. I've been doing it my whole life, and it becomes even more important as the years go by. A lot of people can't say that about their work. That's the most important measure of success I can think of." ■

Robert Mladinich is a freelance writer based in New York City and a regular contributor to this magazine.

Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 42)

boxing's flame makes for an interesting story. He was an amateur fighter who hoped to achieve Basilio-level glory, but harsh reality set in one night 23 years before this year's induction weekend. Appearing on an amateur card in Buffalo, New York, Brophy had gone down from a wicked left hook and, although he had gotten up and finished the three-round bout on his feet, he knew he would have to make his mark in boxing in some other manner. His face had been bloodied, all right, but what good were character etchings if they were not going to be accompanied by triumph?

"That's it," Ed announced to his brother Mike. "I'm done."

Except that he wasn't. Brophy conceived the idea of a Hall of Fame sometime in the early-1980s and, as was the case with the determined Basilio, he would fight for it until the final bell. Brophy had grown up in Canastota, hearing stories about Basilio, its most famous native son, and, to a somewhat lesser extent, Backus, Brophy's neighbor on Main Street. Why not erect a building to house their memorabilia and that of other great fighters from around the world, a place where fight fans could flock to remember what had been?

Brophy's quest led him to quit his job in 1985 and to devote himself full-time to making the dream a reality. It took five

years, but in 1990 the International Boxing Hall of Fame opened with all the appropriate hoopla. Thousands of fight fans gathered in Canastota, as did the legendary likes of Ali, Jake LaMotta, Kid Gavilan, Billy Conn, and Joe Frazier, among others.

Philadelphia promoter J Russell Peltz, who had spearheaded the successful campaign to have former lightweight champion Bob Montgomery inducted in 1995, was the driving force behind the successful effort to have the late, legendary Philly promoter Herman Taylor enshrined this year. As much as anyone this side of Ed Brophy, Peltz understands what the IBHOF means to the preservation of boxing history.

"Everytime I get to the toll booth here, and I've been doing it for nine years, I think, *Welcome to boxing heaven*," Peltz said in his acceptance remarks for Taylor, who died in 1980.

Those sentiments were more or less seconded by Hall of Fame trainer Emanuel Steward, who was inducted in 1996 and was back this year to pay tribute to the newest class of immortals. "Being inducted into a Hall of Fame means that you've been good at your profession, competing at the top level, for a long, long time," Steward said in his remarks from the stage. "The wall over there [in the Hall of Fame building] is going to have a picture of you that will remain forever. You cannot lose that championship. No one can strip you of it."

For someone like Saad Muhammad, a first-ballot inductee who was making his first trip to Canastota, the significance of the moment was greater than anything he might have expected. Oh, sure, the former WBC light heavyweight champion, who had engaged in some of the most entertaining brawls ever, had heard of the IBHOF, but being there was an experience that ranked right up there with anything he had accomplished in the ring.

"I think this is the best thing that ever happened in boxing," Saad Muhammad, 43, said after he finally had extricated himself from a crowd of autograph-seeking fans, most of whom remembered every detail of his classic wars with Marvin Johnson, Yaqui Lopez, John Conteh, and Richie Kates. "It's almost like winning a world light heavyweight championship bout. I'm so happy."

Also overwhelmed by the attention he was receiving, almost to the point of tears, was Miguel Canto, 49, "The Mexican Willie Pep" who made 14 successful defenses of the WBC flyweight title from 1975 to '79. "It's a very emotional occasion for me," the 5'1" Canto, who once aspired to be a jockey, said as he dabbed at his eyes. "I love the sport of boxing. I don't know if I deserve to be here, but it's great to be here."

Cervantes, 52, likely would have thought it was great to be there, too, but Colombia's greatest boxer, a former junior welterweight titlist, had a pressing engagement and was unable to get away. It apparently is difficult to obtain a visa when you've been charged with attempted murder after reportedly stabbing a woman, then assaulting a man who came to her rescue. Cervantes, who is being held in jail in Cartagena, Colombia, also has had serious drug and alcohol problems in recent years.

Cause, perhaps, for his election into the Hall to be revoked? Probably so, if Cervantes had been a shortstop instead of a boxer. But boxing, with so many participants who began life on the proverbial wrong side of the tracks, makes no bones about being pure as driven snow. Everyone lives, metaphorically speaking, in a glass house, so no one can afford to throw stones. Had Pete Rose gotten all those hits with padded gloves on his hands instead of a bat in them, it's a fairly safe bet, so to speak, that he already would have had his Hall of Fame ticket punched.

Several years ago, addressing the issue of Sonny Liston's selection to the Hall, Brophy acknowledged that boxing is a sport where character flaws, like scar tissue around the eyes, do not necessarily preclude entry into the innermost of inner circles. The late former heavyweight champion Liston, inducted in 1991, was arrested 19 times before he won the title on September 25, 1962, and had indirect ties to organized crime's two most notorious boxing manipulators, Frankie Carbo and Frank "Blinky" Palermo. Many insist he took a first-round dive in his second loss to Ali, on May 25, 1965.

"The Pete Rose situation was raised after our first induction ceremony," Brophy said at the time. "Our board of directors and screening committee decided that fighters should be judged primarily on the basis of their accomplishments in the ring, not on their personal lives."

The same sort of questions that were raised about Liston in 1991 were raised again in 1997, when promoter Don King was voted into the Hall. Some members of the media, citing a long list of real or imagined transgressions by King, suggested that any Hall of Fame that would have him could just as well serve as a waste-treatment facility. Rival promoter Bob Arum, who has not yet been inducted, harrumphed that he would not want to be a member of the IBHOF anyway if it meant being enshrined alongside King.

Perhaps that is why Arum scheduled a defense by his marquee fighter, WBC welterweight champion De La Hoya, against France's Patrick Charpentier in El Paso, Texas, the night before the Sunday afternoon Hall of Fame induction ceremony. If you can't join 'em, hey, try to beat 'em.

For whatever reasons, the '98 induction didn't draw as well as the year before, when King and a major marquee name, Sugar Ray Leonard, topped the list of new Hall of Famers. Attendance this year was down from 5,000 to slightly less than 3,000, a decrease that likely owed to a variety of factors: rain and unseasonably cold weather, competition from the De La Hoya bout, which drew more than 45,000 on-site spectators, and the fact that none of the new inductees, as accomplished as they were, had Leonard's all-encompassing appeal. If Hall of Fame induction ceremonies were like trading cards, one Sugar Ray Leonard in the house is always going to be worth two Matthew Saad Muhammads or five Miguel Cantos.

But that is not to say that this induction was any less special than those that preceded it or will follow it. Greatness is a seed that, when planted and nurtured, can only grow. The International Boxing Hall of Fame is here to stay, and it is only going to get bigger and better. The '98 activities schedule included, for the first time, a live fight card (in which Hector "Macho" Camacho scored a sixth-round technical knockout of Tommy

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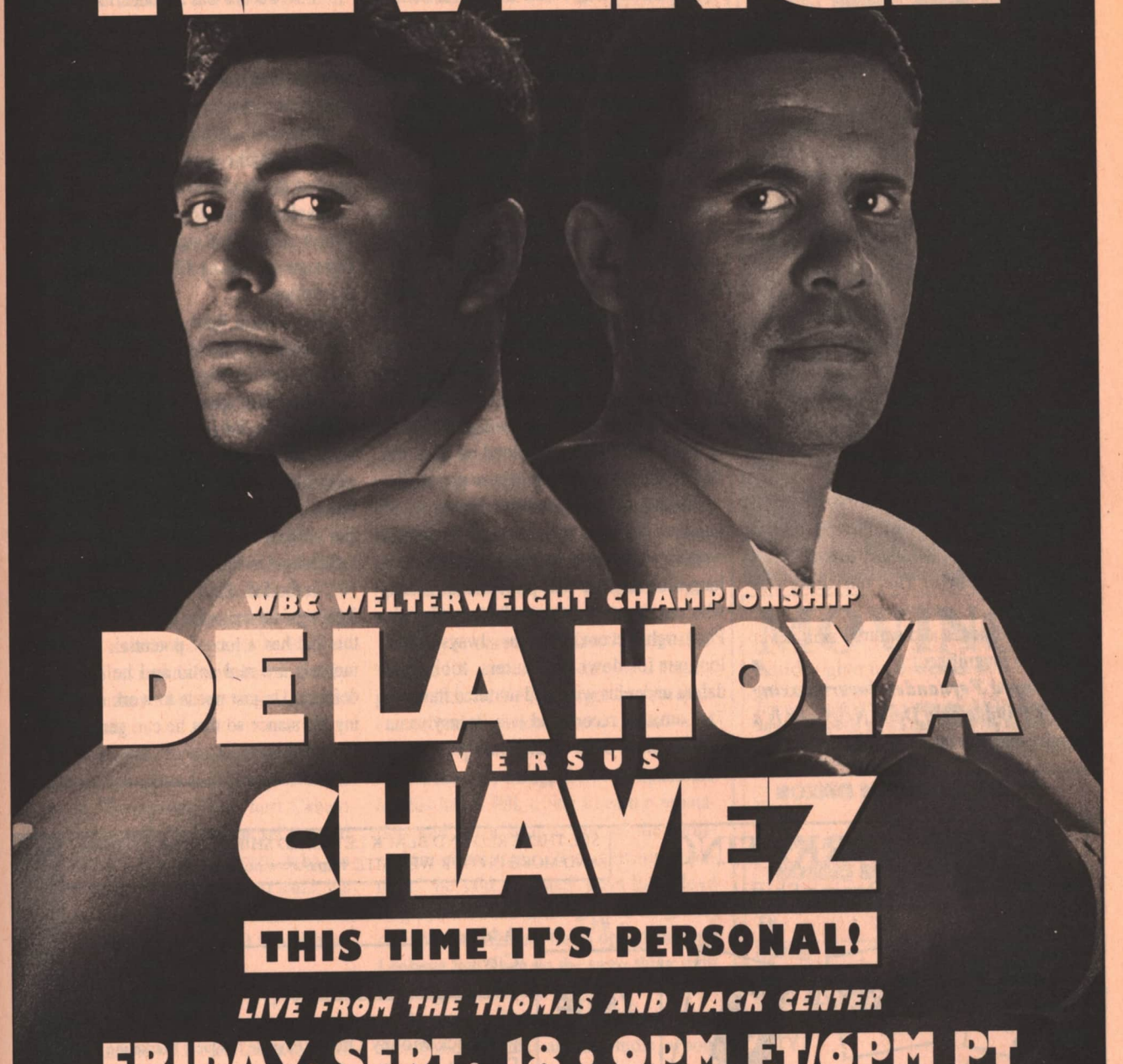

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Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 58)

Small at the Turning Stone Casino Resort in nearby Verona). Brophy also accepted a check for $50,000 from New York State Sen. Nancy Larraine Hoffman as part of the fundraising effort to expand the Hall of Fame building.

"People look forward to the chance to visit with the legends of the sports world, and it's clear they enjoy the feeling of community they experience in Canastota during their special weekend," Hoffman said.

Looking around the stage, which included Hall of Famers Basilio, Fullmer, Steward, Frazier, Marvelous Marvin Hagler, Beau Jack, Jose Torres, Joey Giardello, Eddie Futch, Aaron Pryor, Alexis Arguello, Emile Griffith, Carlos Ortiz, Ken Norton, Bob Foster, Ruben Olivares, and Arthur Mercante Sr., and special guests Felix Trinidad, Pernell Whitaker, Buddy McGirt, Gerry Cooney, Kevin Kelley, Christy Martin, Mark Breland, and David Tua, one thing was certain.

Crooked noses and sutured skin never looked so magnificent. ■

Bernard Fernandez covers boxing for the Philadelphia Daily News and is a regular contributor to this magazine.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

Fortunately, Spadafora was drawn to sports rather than to the street. He settled down long enough to make a name for himself as a basketball player, and there was some talk of a scholarship to Indiana University of Pennsylvania. But the 5'9" Spadafora had already decided on a career in boxing.

Both his father and grandfather had boxed, the latter professionally; his older brother Harry once claimed the number-three spot nationally as an amateur fighter boxing in the junior middleweight class, and had a single pro fight before entering the construction business. Spadafora's grandmother is first cousin to Joey Maxim, the former light heavyweight champion of the world. You could say that boxing runs as deep in Spadafora's blood as does the Italian heritage of which he's so proud.

Spadafora's initiation into the world of pugilism began in earnest when he started working with local legend P.K. Pecora, a long-time amateur and professional coach, who ran the now-defunct Hogan's Gym in Pittsburgh. Pecora, who was always on the lookout for down-and-outers, took Spadafora under his wing and nurtured him to a 75-5 amateur record and two Pennsylvania Golden Glove State Championships.

After turning Spadafora pro at the age of 20, Pecora, who'd become a father figure to his pupil, approached McCauley about taking over the young fighter's career. McCauley agreed, and not long after, in August of '97, Pecora died.

"P.K. Pecora was a wonderful guy, a real boxing guy, and he saved Paul," McCauley said. "He came to me because he felt I could advance Paul's career, and P.K.'s health was already becoming a problem."

McCauley works hand-in-hand with promoter Mike Acri, who has skillfully guided the post-prime careers of Hector Camacho, Razor Ruddock, and Roberto Duran. Like McCauley, Acri knows the fight game and he likes what he sees in Spadafora.

"I envision Paul fighting for a major title within a year to a year-and-a-half," said Acri. "Our biggest problem right now is finding Paul sparring partners in his own weight class. I'd like to put him in against some name competition; he's ready for guys like Jorge Paez and Tracy Patterson, but unless it's a USA or ESPN bout, you can't afford to make that kind of match for a clubshow in Pittsburgh or West Virginia.

"In the fall, Paul should be in line for a fight against someone in the top 20. I think this kid has a ton of potential. His fundamentals are real solid and he's got great defense. He just needs to work on shortening his stance so that he can generate a little more power."

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Spadafora's first big test, against veteran Amado Cabato, took place before a local crowd of around 700 diehard boxing fans at the Palace Inn in Monroeville, Pennsylvania, on May 21. Co-promoted by Mike Acri Productions and Fred Sproull's Three Rivers Boxing, the card was built around Spadafora, who has become a local attraction.

Cabato was a half-step up for Spadafora. The Philippine came into the ring with a record of 44-25 (22). Cabato had gone the 12-round distance with tough Billy Irwin and Lester Ellis, albeit in losing efforts, and had given one-time contender Noree Jockygym a tough fight before succumbing by seventh-round TKO.

In the first minute of the opening frame, it was obvious that the diminutive Cabato simply couldn't cope with Spadafora's speed. Jabbing and moving, Spadafora landed punches at will and bloodied Cabato's mouth. Cabato made a game effort to get inside Spadafora's superior reach, but Spadafora managed to keep him on the end of his punches for most of the round and outfight him in close when Cabato did get inside. With less than 30 seconds to go in the stanza, referee Rick Steigerwald issued what was to be the first of five standing eight-counts before finally halting the contest between the sixth and seventh rounds.

Tom Yankello, Spadafora's trainer, felt that the referee cost his charge a clean knockout. "Everytime Paul hurt Cabato with a barrage of punches, the ref stepped in. All that did was give Cabato, who's a hell of a tough guy, a chance to catch his breath and then take more punishment. If he'd have let them fight, Paul would have ended it earlier."

Yankello was especially proud of Spadafora's body attack. "Paul is a throwback," the trainer said. "He loves to work the body and he loves to slip punches. He's got that same kind of radar that Wilfred Benitez had. We work on his defense and movement all the time, but a lot of it is instinctive. And his body work—he doesn't just slap to the body, he really wings shots down there."

"We have to watch Paul," said Acri. "He works too damn hard sometimes. He works out too much. The kid is determined." An example of that determination was illustrated last August when Spadafora forced himself to spar on the day of Pecora's funeral.

"I did it for him. I did it for P.K.," Spadafora said. "Toward the end I'd always ask him if he was okay. He'd tell me, 'Paul, if I ain't all right, promise me you'll stay strong and you'll go to the gym.' When he died, I did what he told me."

The death of Pecora hit Spadafora hard. "I couldn't sleep at nights," he said. "I always felt exhausted. I fought some guys that I should have stopped, but I just didn't have the energy. But I've worked through it now. The 'P.K.' in my nickname might mean Pittsburgh Kid to some, but it means P.K. Pecora to me."

If you're getting the impression that there's more to Spadafora than his skills in the ring, you're right. "I love boxing," he said. "When I was young, it kept me out of trouble and gave me an excuse not to run wild. But I want to do other things, too. I really enjoy working with little kids. I go down to Western Penitentiary to spar with some of the inmates and I see the wasted lives. There's guys down there who could be champions, but they're locked up. I want to steer kids away from that.

"Maybe someday, after I make it in boxing, I'll open a day-care or a boxing gym and teach. I'd like to get into computers, go back to school. There's a lot I want to do."

For the time being, however, Spadafora has his hands full, trying to earn a reputation and get a shot at one of the lightweight champions. "I'm getting impatient," he said. "I watch guys like Floyd Mayweather, and these guys are fighting on HBO and fighting tough opponents, and I believe that I can do the same thing right now. I got a family to support."

Spadafora is speaking of his three-month-old daughter and her mom, whom he intends to marry soon. "Part of being a man," he said, "is taking care of your responsibilities. My family is my responsibility. Right now, I have to give so much to boxing. But once I make it and can provide my baby and her mother with the type of life they deserve, I'm going to do it."

In his most recent bout, Spadafora took his first giant step up boxing's precipitous ladder when he met IBC Intercontinental

(Continued on page 62)

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New Faces

(Continued from page 61)

champion Jose Aponte on June 23. The 28-year-old Aponte, who holds a decision win over Hector Arroyo and extended Tracy Patterson into the 10th before being stopped, was being counted on to provide a stiff test for the relatively inexperienced Spadafora. It didn't turn out that way.

"Paul was just too fast for Aponte," explained McCauley. "He outpunched the guy 20-to-1, maybe more. If the damn canvas hadn't been so wet from the humidity, Paul would have ended the fight early. Neither fighter could really get their footing. But Paul put on a boxing clinic."

The scoring of the bout was as one-sided as McCauley made the fight sound. One judge had Spadafora pitching a shutout, 120-108. The other judges, perhaps out of the goodness of their hearts, each threw Aponte a round, scoring the bout 119-109 and 119-110.

Even with his first belt wrapped around his waist, Paul Spadafora isn't ready to become complacent. "I'll be back in the gym tomorrow," he said the day after his fight with Aponte. Spadafora is soft-spoken and anything but cocky, but ask him who'd he like to fight and he smiles shyly, "Me and Floyd Mayweather or maybe Gatti. Those would be cool fights, huh?"

The Pittsburgh Kid lives again. ■

Jim Trunzo is a freelance writer based in Leechburg, Pennsylvania.

Fernando Vargas

(Continued from page 25)

managed by a pair of men who, between them, can represent his interests thoroughly. Finkel, a former manager of Holyfield, understands the inner workings of the boxing business; Vargas' other co-manager, Rolando Ariano, is a law student who grew up with the fighter in Oxnard and can serve his client as a friend.

Considering all the pressure that comes with having so many esteemed figures and the entire Main Events company counting on him, as well as the overwhelming expectations of greatness, Vargas is exceptionally well adjusted and down to earth. One of the friendliest young fighters in the game, Vargas only gets riled up when reminded of the reputation for cockiness that he hasn't been able shake since making a few ill-advised comments regarding Oscar De La Hoya four years ago.

"I start reading some articles, and they don't even know me, they start talking like that," Vargas said. "That really bothers me when they feel I'm cocky, like I think I'm the best. I do have a lot of confidence in my skills, as every fighter does. But I'm not the way they portray me. I'm totally different and I want them to know that.

"I saw some magazine, with something like, 'Fernando Vargas is the best and he'll be great ... if arrogance doesn't get to him first.' Little by little, they'll know Fernando Vargas isn't like that. I hate it, especially when they try to say I'm like Floyd [Mayweather Jr.], and I'm not. I'm totally different. I always go in there respecting every fighter for what I don't know about them."

The wins on USA Network over Ellis and Stephens were key building blocks for Vargas, but within moments of dispatching Stephens on June 23, the Olympian was looking down the road to his HBO debut, scheduled for August 22. As the main undercard bout in support of Arturo Gatti's return to the ring, Vargas was set to take on New England's Jose Rivera, 26-1-1 (19), in front of probably the largest viewing audience of his career. And among the millions watching Ferocious Fernando perform, one of the most important is HBO Sports Senior Vice President Lou DiBella, who will have a strong say in whether Vargas gets the HBO contract he craves.

"Vargas is a future HBO fighter for sure," DiBella said, "but we haven't discussed signing him to a contract yet. He and David Reid are both right up there with any titleholders at 154, they're ready for [WBA champion Laurent] Boudouani or [IBF champion Yory Boy] Campas right now. [WBC champion] Keith Mullings may be a little better than the rest of the division right now, but not by much. If there's one problem, it's that Fernando takes a lot of punches. But Vargas and Reid are both progressing very well."

It's only natural to group Vargas and Reid together, especially considering Reid fought only four days after Vargas just a few blocks from the Blue Horizon, and beat up on faded veteran Simon Brown almost as a response to Vargas' statement against Stephens. Also, whenever the talk is of HBO contracts, comparisons have to be made to Reid. In light of Vargas' difficulty avoiding Stephens' right hand, Reid, whose right is among the best in the sport, should surely be considered a dangerous opponent. But Duva warns not to draw too many conclusions based on one fight.

"For Reid, when we fight him, we'll fight him a different style," Duva said. "Styles are what make fights. We'll negate his right hand, don't worry about that. That doesn't bother me. But it'll be down the road if he fights him anyway. By the time he'll fight a guy like David Reid, Fernando's gonna be a finished fighter."

Before Vargas and Reid collide, probably before the end of 1998, Vargas will get a shot at Campas and the IBF title. For the 20-year-old challenger-to-be, a fight with Campas, who common opponent Stephens claims hits a bit harder than Vargas, is "a dream fight" for him.

"I know that Yory Boy Campas is a fighter that wants to go strictly at you to fight," Vargas said, "and I'm not going to do that. I'm gonna fight an intelligent fight and box. I pick my punches and I use my jab, and I'm going to be using that against Yory Boy Campas. I'm not going to stand in front of him at all. I'll use my quick combinations and just step around all the time. I saw the fight with him and Anthony Stephens, and Stephens was winning every round before he didn't want to come out of the corner because of his shoulder. I know that Campas cuts up easy, and that's one of the advantages I feel I have. I'll be ready to go 12 rounds of boxing, nothing but boxing. You won't see me standing there for even four or five seconds. Hopefully, we'll do it here in California, where Yory Boy has a big following, and I do, too. It'll be a great fight for both of us."

After seeing his close friend and fellow Oxnard resident, Roberto Garcia, capture the IBF junior lightweight title in March, Vargas got a glimpse at what winning a world championship is like. To take the belt from Campas, his hair will have to get messed up, he'll probably pick up a few swells and bruises, and his trainers and managers will definitely have their share

of nervous moments. But if Vargas builds on the lessons learned in the Stephens fight, and all the pieces keep falling into place, Oxnard may have their second world champion before the year is out. ■

Cory Spinks

(Continued from page 29)

time when I was trying to get my life together.

"I love my sons, but I'm trying to stay back, just look over them and make sure everything goes right. I don't want to put too much pressure on them. They already have enough pressure on them as it is, but I want to be around if they need me."

Top Rank, the company that promotes Cory and flies in Leon when he's available, has big plans for the 140-pound prospect, who won the 1997 Golden Gloves championship, then captured the Police Athletic League national title, and was rated the number-one amateur junior welterweight in the United States. They're looking to move Cory very fast, and would like to get him around 15-0 by the end of the year. The other plan is to move Cunningham and Cory from St. Louis to Las Vegas, where Top Rank is headquartered.

"The only thing lacking with this kid right now is his punch," said Cameron Dunkin, Cory's agent. "He's huge for a junior welterweight. He still has a lot of amateur style in him. We have to start to get him to sit down on his punches; he's an exceptional talent. We've received unbelievable interest in this kid. He has the hand speed of a Floyd Mayweather Jr. Plus, he has the name, and the name helps."

If Leon did leave his son anything, it's his indomitable will in the ring, and Cory carries that same intensity. The difference is, Cory may actually have more boxing skills than his father. He can slip punches, and he scores frequently to the body and the head with a variety of punches fired from numerous angles.

"Cory always did remind me of the way his uncle fought," Hamm said. "I think Cory has a little more nerve than his uncle, though. Michael always seemed like he was a little afraid when he first got in the ring, then he warmed up. You have to kill Cory, he's not afraid of anything." ■

Oscar De La Hoya

(Continued from page 34)

here is that, unlike Armstrong, Robinson, and others who had the defensive ability to at least make De La Hoya miss occasionally, Basilio wouldn't spend much time ducking. He'd land occasionally and rattle De La Hoya with his aggression, but he'd also run headlong into one hook after another, and he'd bleed. Heavily. DeMarco beat the heck out of Basilio in both their bouts before running out of gas late and succumbing to Basilio's will. That wouldn't happen here. De La Hoya is bigger, stronger, and faster, and his searing blows would slice up Basilio's tender skin and lead to a stoppage inside 12 rounds.

EMILE GRIFFITH
Welterweight Champion, 1961, 1962-'63, 1963-'66
Middleweight Champion, 1966-'67, 1967-'68

Record: 85-24-2 (23)

This bout is largely a matter of logistics and will. On the outside and from a distance, De La Hoya owns this fight. He is taller, faster, and is the sharper hitter. While he has shown the ability to muddle through on the inside when forced to, he is much more comfortable when he has punching room and can open up. Conversely, on the inside is where Griffith is in charge. He is shorter, physically stronger than De La Hoya, and knows how to navigate the trenches as well as any fighter who has ever lived. The questions are these: Can De La Hoya fight with the tenac ity and effort required to keep Griffith on the outside for the entire fight? And can Griffith accept the punishment he must endure in order to get inside and make his fight? The evidence favors Griffith.

In a career that spanned 19 years, 111 fights, and three weight classes, Griffith

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The RING '60s & '70s ISSUES

With Muhammad Ali, Carlos Monzon, Jose Napoles, and Roberto Duran leading the way, the 1960s and 1970s was surely a star-studded era. The Ring, of course, was around to cover all of these superstars and their superbouts. A limited supply of back issues from those decades are still available for $10 each (including postage and handling).

❑**July 1965: Jose Torres, Puerto Rico's New Hero.** Plus: Clay-Liston II prefight, Gene Tunney, Joey Giardello, Bonavena-Folley, George Chuvalo.

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❑**Jan. 1968: Corbett-Dempsey Computer Fight.** Plus: Joe Frazier, Jerry Quarry, Jimmy Ellis, Thad Spencer, Vicente Saldivar retires.

❑**Dec. 1968: Is World Boxing Association Crumbling?** Plus: Ellis-Patterson, George Chuvalo, Kid Gavilan, Bob Foster.

❑**Sept. 1977: Norton-Young: Winner To Fight Ali!** Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard, Michael and Leon Spinks, John Tate, Palomino-Green, Galindez-Kates II, Wilfredo Gomez, Irish-American fighters.

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Oscar De La Hoya

(Continued from page 63)

was stopped just twice, by Rubin "Hurricane" Carter and middleweight champion Carlos Monzon. This suggests that, as good a puncher as he is, De La Hoya would be hard-pressed to hurt Griffith enough to thwart his forward progress. And if he can't keep Griffith on the outside, there is little to suggest that De La Hoya could win. The qualities that made Griffith among the best of his day—his conditioning, his strength, and his skill—would serve him well here, too.

From the start this would feature a lot of holding, wrestling, and mauling inside, with Griffith scoring with short, hard punches and De La Hoya constantly trying to break loose and get outside. He'd succeed on occasion and rake Griffith when he got some room, but those moments would be few and far between. Griffith stays right on De La Hoya's chest throughout and takes a unanimous decision in a yawner.

WILFRED BENITEZ

WBA Junior Welterweight Champion, 1976-'79
WBC Welterweight Champion, 1979
WBC Super Welterweight Champion, 1981-'82

Record: 53-8-1 (31)

To appreciate how spectacular a boxer Benitez was in his prime, one only has to remember that at 17 years old, he beat the legendary Antonio Cervantes to win the junior welterweight title, and three years later dominated Carlos Palomino to take the 147-pound crown. Ethereal in his ability to slip punches and uncannily intuitive, he was a puncher's nightmare. It was said by some, however—and with good reason—that he was blessed with the gift of divine reflexes to make up for what was the chin of an altar boy. If one could get to Benitez' jaw, which was no simple feat, he could be hurt, and fairly easily. Also, though he excelled against those with average speed, fighters who could match his quickness—Bruce Curry, Ray Leonard, Thomas Hearns—troubled him.

These would be the keys in a bout with De La Hoya. Forget that De La Hoya would be the taller, bigger, stronger fighter with the heavier punch, and that he'd be the aggressor. Most fighters came forward against Benitez and hit harder than he did, and that's the way he liked it. The difference here would be De La Hoya's hand speed. Whenever Benitez would get ready to counter off the ropes or from his favorite spot in the middle of the ring, he'd find that De La Hoya's hands were as fast as his, and this would make it very difficult for him to score. He'd be forced to lead as a result, and this would present openings for De La Hoya's power. This bout would look fairly similar to De La Hoya's win over Pernell Whitaker, though Benitez would probably visit the canvas once or twice in the early rounds. After that, he'd box cautiously and content himself with lasting the distance and losing a unanimous decision.

THOMAS HEARNS

WBA Welterweight Champion, 1980-'81
WBC Super Welterweight Champion, 1982-'86
WBC Middleweight Champion, 1987-'88
WBC Light Heavyweight Champion, 1987
WBA Light Heavyweight Champion, 1991-'92

Record: 57-4-1 (45)

What makes this bout interesting is how similar these fighters are to one another. With Hearns standing 6'1" and De La Hoya 5'11", both are tall for welterweights. Both are exceptionally quick-handed—though the edge would probably go to Hearns—and both have electrifying punching power, Hearns primarily with the right cross, De La Hoya with the left hook. Both are technically sound.

As a welterweight, Hearns excelled against considerably shorter fighters against whom he could gain maximum leverage with the right hand. De La Hoya does not fit that mold. Also, although Hearns' frame would eventually allow him to compete at light heavy and beyond, De La Hoya is probably the stronger welterweight. By his own admission, Hearns weakened himself terribly to make the 147-pound limit, while De La Hoya appears to be stronger than ever.

Ultimately, the winner here would be determined by who is better able to withstand the other's punch. We know about Hearns' chin. Ray Leonard, Marvin Hagler, and Iran Barkley knocked him out (though only Leonard did it at welter) and a whole cast of ordinary pugs hurt him. De La Hoya suffered a pair of early-career flash knockdowns, but as the competition has improved, so have his whiskers. Until we see something that tells us differently, we must assume The Golden Boy's chin is high-quality. And when two bombers meet, the better chin wins. De La Hoya by knockout in seven.

SUGAR RAY LEONARD

WBC Welterweight Champion, 1979-'82
WBA Welterweight Champion, 1981-'82
WBA Junior Middleweight Champion, 1981
WBC Middleweight Champion, 1987
WBC Light Heavyweight Champion, 1988
WBC Super Middleweight Champion, 1989

Record: 36-3-1 (25)

With his embarrassing loss to Hector Camacho so fresh in our collective memory, it is easy to forget how masterful Leonard was in the late-'70s and early-

'80s. His combination of speed, power, and grace made him one of the best and most-watched fighters of the era, a welterweight so charismatic that he commanded and received heavyweight money. The fact that his legacy and reputation was tarnished not one iota by the loss to Camacho, nor the earlier one to Terry Norris, speaks volumes about the mark he left on the game.

Still, this would be a very difficult bout for Leonard, for several reasons. First, Leonard was at his best against shorter men who came to him out of a crouch. Those who were as tall or taller—Marcos Geraldo and Thomas Hearns, for example—bothered him. At 5'11", De La Hoya is an inch taller than Leonard. Secondly, De La Hoya would be the harder hitter, and this would make it difficult for Leonard to advance. These factors—superior height and power—are exactly the qualities Leonard found so difficult to overcome in both of his bouts with Hearns.

Styles make fights, and while it is conceivable that Leonard could outbox De La Hoya by using his greater mobility and foot speed, he wouldn't go that route. Instead he'd stand in the middle of the ring and try to outthink and outspeed him, and, in that posture, De La Hoya's physical advantages would be just enough to overcome Leonard's sharper skills and greater experience. In a tension-filled, tactical battle with lots of close rounds, De La Hoya would prevail over the distance by the slimmest of margins. ■

Armand Emanuel

(Continued from page 47)

Hudkins, Emanuel was jabbing rings around Rosy Rosales when Rosy went berserk in the ninth round, smacked Emanuel down with a low blow, and then dove on top of him, kicking and kneeing him. Rosales was disqualified, of course, but when contender Jimmy Maloney downed Emanuel with a suspiciously low shot in their May 12, 1930, bout in Boston (Maloney's hometown), it was called a kayo over Emanuel's genteel protests. For the rematch in L.A., Maloney's manager proposed having a red line drawn around Emanuel's waistline and offered to "pay the Jewish fighter $1,000 for every lick Big Jim delivers below it." The prefight exchanges were more colorful than anything that happened in the Wrigley Field ring. Emanuel won the decision, but now when reporters compared him to the unlamented Tunney, they weren't being complimentary. Erudition was out; people wanted blood and guts again.

Nobody booed in San Francisco when Emanuel seemed to beat veteran light heavyweight contender Leo Lomski, but only got a draw. On August 1, 1930, Emanuel dropped a decision in Hollywood to Al Morro, Jim Jeffries' new protege who'd had only one previous fight. By then Emanuel was practicing law again in Los Angeles. According to press accounts, he'd made over $100,000 in the ring. But he lost it all in the stock market, and ended up between the ropes again on February 16, 1932. The opponent was undefeated Steve Hamas, who'd knocked out Loughran in his last fight. Thirty seconds after the start of round two, the Barrister was counted out in his last fight. At least he had lost to a fellow college graduate. Hamas had matriculated at Penn State.

The man once hailed as a heavyweight Benny Leonard finished his boxing career with 40 wins, 7 losses, 2 draws, and 2 no-decision fights. Then Emanuel happily returned to his true vocation, where the little guy doesn't always win, and fancy footwork counts more than a hard punch in the nose. ■

Pete Ehrmann is a freelance writer based in West Allis, Wisconsin, and a regular contributor to this magazine.

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WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by The Ring are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of May 1998, the WBC as of June 1998, and the IBF as of July 1998.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	C	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	–	C	C
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	1	2	7
Ray Mercer (USA)	2	3	4
John Ruiz (USA)	3	4	–
Oliver McCall (USA)	4	–	–
David Tua (NZ)	5	–	–
Larry Donald (USA)	6	–	10
Wladimir Klitchko (UKR)	7	–	–
Axel Schulz (GER)	8	–	–
Jerry Ballard (USA)	9	–	12
Andrew Golota (POL)	10	–	–
Henry Akinwande (GB)	–	1	5
Jade Scott (USA)	18	5	–
Kirk Johnson (CAN)	–	6	–
Michael Grant (USA)	13	7	8
Michael Moorer (USA)	21	8	6
Orlin Norris (USA)	–	9	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	–	10	1
Francois Botha (SA)	27	–	2
Hasim Rahman (USA)	26	–	3
Chris Byrd (USA)	17	–	9

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Juan Carlos Gomez (CUBA)	C	–	–
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	–	C	–
Imamu Mayfield (USA)	–	–	C
Johnny Nelson (GB)	1	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	2	2	6
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	3	9	3
Alexei Ilin (RUS)	4	–	–
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	5	–	–
Dale Brown (CAN)	6	–	–
Arthur Williams (USA)	7	3	1
Darren Corbett (IRE)	8	4	5
Vassiliy Jirov (KAZ)	9	12	10
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	10	–	–
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	–	1	–
Robert Daniels (USA)	16	5	–
Ken Murphy (USA)	12	6	4
Stefan Anghem (SWI)	13	7	7
Tiwon Taylor (USA)	27	8	8
Valery Vikhor (LAT)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	2
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	9

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Roy Jones (USA)	C	1	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	–	C	–
Reggie Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Richard Frazier (USA)	1	4	6
Ken Bowman (USA)	2	6	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	3	11	9
Michael Nunn (USA)	4	–	–
Muhammad Siluvangi (ZAI)	5	3	7
Jorge Castro (ARG)	6	–	–
Fabian Chancelay (ARG)	7	9	–
Mark Prince (GB)	8	–	–
Henry Wharton (GB)	9	–	–
Hisashi Teraji (JAP)	10	–	–
Dario Matteoni (ARG)	–	2	–
Richard Hall (USA)	21	5	4
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	7	–
Anthony Bigeni (AUS)	–	8	–
Ole Klemetsen (NOR)	–	10	11
Vacant	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Will Taylor (USA)	14	–	3
Mark Prince (GB)	–	–	5
David Telesco (USA)	25	12	8
Yosukezan Nishijima (JAP)	–	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Richie Woodhall (GB)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Charles Brewer (USA)	–	–	C
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	1	–	–
Robin Reid (GB)	2	–	12
Dean Francis (GB)	3	–	11
Thomas Tate (USA)	4	4	4
Eric Lucas (CAN)	5	5	–
Antoine Byrd (USA)	6	10	–
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	7	3	3
Omar Sheika (USA)	8	–	–
Chris Johnson (CAN)	9	–	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	10	9	6
Bruno Girard (FRA)	14	1	–
Dean Francis (GB)	–	2	–
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	–	6	–
Herol Graham (GB)	–	7	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	8	–
Antoine Byrd (USA)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Demetrius Davis (USA)	15	–	5
Reginaldo Andrade (BRA)	13	–	7
Byron Mitchell (USA)	20	11	8
Rick Thornberry (AUST)	–	–	9
Robert Coehlo (BRA)	16	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hassine Cherifi (FRA)	C	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	11	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Stephane Ouelette (CAN)	1	11	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	2	5	3
Keith Holmes (USA)	3	–	7
Julio Cesar Vazquez (ARG)	4	–	–
Kevin Palmer (USA)	5	–	–
Antwun Echols (USA)	6	–	–
Robert Allen (USA)	7	2	1
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	8	12	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	9	–	–
Alex Zaitzev (RUS)	10	–	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	–	1	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	25	3	9
Julio Cesar Green (DR)	–	4	6
Antwun Echols (USA)	–	6	–
Roberto Duran (PAN)	–	7	–
Giovanni Pretorius (SA)	13	8	4
Abdula Ramadan (CAN)	–	9	10
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	22	10	5
Antwun Echols (USA)	–	–	2
Urbano Gurrola (MEX)	–	–	8

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Mullings (USA)	C	–	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	–	C	–
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	–	C
Ahmed Dottuev (BALK)	1	12	12
Tony Marshall (USA)	2	3	–
Davide Ciarlante (ITA)	3	–	–
Terry Norris (USA)	4	–	–
David Reid (USA)	5	8	9
Kookyui Song (KOR)	6	–	–
Robert West (USA)	7	–	–
Said Bennajem (FRA)	8	–	–
Fernando Vargas (USA)	9	–	1
Jose Alfredo Flores (MEX)	10	–	–
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	–	1	–
Kevin Kelly (USA)	11	2	–
Tony Menefee (USA)	–	4	–
Pedro Ortega (MEX)	–	5	–
Jason Papillion (USA)	21	6	3
Mamadou Thiam (FRA)	25	7	–
Fernando Vargas (USA)	–	9	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	–	10	5
Vacant	–	–	2
Earnie Artango (AUSTRL)	23	–	4
Raul Marquez (USA)	–	–	6
Aaron Davis (USA)	–	–	7
Emmett Linton (USA)	20	11	8
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	1	–	–
Derrell Coley (USA)	2	5	5
James Page (USA)	3	6	12
Jose Luis Lopez (MEX)	4	3	–
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	5	11	–
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	6	–	–
Shannan Taylor (AUSTRL)	7	8	11
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	8	–	–
Suk Hyun Yun (KOR)	9	–	–
Sergio Acuna (ARG)	10	–	–
Vacant	–	1	–
Andrei Pestraiev (RUS)	15	2	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	4	–
Jeff Malcolm (AUSTRL)	–	7	–
Juan Negron (PR)	26	9	–
Jose A. Riveras (USA)	–	10	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	1
Hugo Pineda (COL)	–	–	2
Raul Frank (USA)	–	–	3
Vernon Forrest (USA)	11	–	4
Mahenge Zulu (ZAI)	–	–	6
Juan Negron (PR)	–	–	7
Antonio Marqurito (MEX)	–	–	8
Walter Saporiti (ARG)	–	–	9
Adrian Stone (GB)	–	–	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Vacant	**C**	**–**	**–**
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Vince Phillips (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	1	3	–
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	2	4	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	3	2	6
Rafael Ruelas (MEX)	4	–	–
Reggie Green (USA)	5	9	8
Diobelis Hurtado (CUB)	6	–	–
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	7	1	2
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	8	–	–
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	9	–	–
Justin Rowsell (AUSTRL)	10	–	–
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	5	3
Freddy Rojas (CHILE)	20	6	5
Juan Coggi (ARG)	14	7	–
Elio Ortiz (VEN)	–	8	–
Junichi Ono (JAP)	–	10	–
Terron Millett (USA)	–	–	1
Zab Judah (USA)	–	11	4
Jonathan Thaxton (USA)	17	–	7
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	–	–	9
Alex Carillo (COL)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Steve Johnston (USA)	**C**	**–**	**10**
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Shane Mosley (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	1	–	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	2	11	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	3	–	–
Daomai Sithkodam (THAI)	4	–	–
Israel Cardona (USA)	5	5	2
Jong Kwon Baek (KOR)	6	–	–
Billy Schwer (GB)	7	4	9
Eduardo Morales (ARG)	8	2	1
Rick Yoshimura (JAP)	9	7	–
Oscar Garcia Cano (SPA)	10	–	–
Alberto Sicurella (ARG)	–	1	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	3	–
Phillip Holiday (SA)	–	6	4
Ceppy Holman (INDO)	–	8	–
Manuel Fernandez (POR)	–	9	–
Angel Manfredy (USA)	–	10	–
Justin Rowsell (AUSTRL)	–	–	3
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	–	5
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	6
Ivan Robinson (USA)	–	–	7
Dario Esais (COL)	–	–	8

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Robert Garcia (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Jesus Chavez (USA)	1	–	–
Santos Rebolledo (VEN)	2	3	9
Justin Juuko (UGA)	3	4	8
Goyo Vargas (MEX)	4	–	–
Sirimongkol Singmanassuk (THAI)	5	–	–
Tracy Patterson (USA)	6	–	7
Floyd Mayweather (USA)	7	10	–
Yamato Mitani (JAP)	8	–	–
Carlos Hernandez (EL SALV)	9	12	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	10	9	–
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	1	–
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	19	2	–
Gilbert Serrano (VEN)	–	5	–
Edson Xuxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	6	–
Antonio Hernandez (MEX)	–	7	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	11	8	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Ramon Ledon (CUBA)	–	–	3
Joel Casamayor (CUB)	12	–	4
Arnulfo Castillo (USA)	–	–	5
Harold Warren (USA)	–	–	6
Juan Trinidad (PR)	–	–	10

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Fred Norwood (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Manuel Medina (MEX)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Cesar Soto (MEX)	1	2	8
Juan Manuel Marquez (MEX)	2	–	–
Paul Ingle (GB)	3	–	7
Derrick Gainer (USA)	4	–	–
Carlos Rios (ARG)	5	–	–
Pablo Chacon (ARG)	6	11	–
Dramane Nabaloun (BKF)	7	–	–
Takeo Imaoka (JAP)	8	–	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	9	9	–
Injin Chi (KOR)	10	–	–
Genaro Rios (NIC)	–	1	–
Victor Polo (COL)	–	3	1
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	4	–
Frederic Perez (FRA)	–	5	–
Wilfredo Vazquez (PR)	–	6	–
Angel Vasquez (PR)	26	7	2
Chamopekt Chorchamuang (THAI)	–	8	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	10	3
Luis Mendoza (COL)	–	–	4
Jesus Chavez (USA)	–	–	5
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	–	–	6
Tony Wehbee (AUS)	24	–	9
Teofilo Carranza (PER)	–	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Erik Morales (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	1	–	–
Reynante Jamili (PHIL)	2	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	3	6	–
Michael Brodie (GB)	4	12	4
Gerardo Martinez (MEX)	5	–	–
Junior Jones (USA)	6	–	–
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	7	2	–
Yonghoon Lee (KOR)	8	–	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	9	–	–
Sergio Aguila (MEX)	10	–	–
Carlos Barreto (VEN)	–	1	–
John Johnson (USA)	–	3	3
Sergei Devakov (UKR)	19	4	7
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	5	–
Serge Poilblan (FRA)	15	7	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	8	–
Lehlo Ledwaba (SA)	14	9	10
Abraham Torres (VEN)	–	10	–
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	–	–	5
Anell Barotillo (AUSTRL)	16	–	6
Ariston Clayton (USA)	13	–	8
Jose Mendoza (COL)	–	–	9

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Nana Konadu (GHA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Tim Austin (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Paul Ayala (USA)	1	2	12
Adan Vargas (MEX)	2	12	7
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	3	–	–
Danny Romero (USA)	4	–	–
Veerapol Sahaprom (THAI)	5	–	–
Cuauhtemoc Gomez (MEX)	6	9	–
John Michael Johnson (USA)	7	–	–
Oscar Garro (ARG)	8	–	–
Hugo Dianzo (MEX)	9	–	–
Jorge Monsalvo (COL)	10	–	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	1	–
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	12	3	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	4	–
Sahoiu Phaisarn Gym (THA)	–	5	–
Johnny Armour (GB)	24	6	4
Gerardo Martinez (MEX)	–	7	–
Giovanni Andrade (BRA)	–	8	–
Jose Rojas (VEN)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Jesus Perez (COL)	27	–	3
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	–	–	5
Albert Resilay (INDO)	–	–	6
Jorge Otero (COL)	–	–	8
Bernardo Mendoza (CHI)	–	–	9
Cesar Singo (ECU)	–	–	10

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Johnny Tapia (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	1	4	–
Luis Bolanos (COL)	2	12	–
Raffy Montalban (PHIL)	3	–	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	4	9	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	5	–	–
Victor Godoy (ARG)	6	–	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	7	–	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	8	–	–
Genaro Garcia (MEX)	9	–	–
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	10	11	2
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	26	1	3
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	11	2	–
Veeraphol Sahaprom (THAI)	–	3	–
Evangelo Perez (PAN)	–	5	12
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	–	6	–
Takato Toguchi (JAP)	–	7	–
Felix Machado (VEN)	–	8	–
Akihigo Nago (JAP)	14	10	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	1
Ernesto Briceno (VEN)	–	–	4
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	5
Eric Morel (USA)	15	–	6
David Vinger (SA)	25	–	7
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	–	–	8
Sombak Singchawan (THAI)	–	–	9
Pedro Rincon (COL)	30	–	10

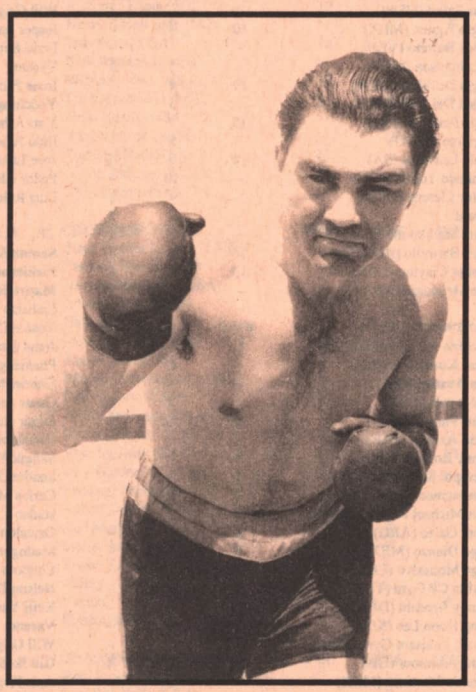
FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Hugo Soto (ARG)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Mark Johnson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	1	–	–
Raul Juarez (MEX)	2	–	–
David Guerault (FRA)	3	7	1
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	4	10	–
Manny Pacquiao (PHIL)	5	4	–
Alex Ali Baba (GHA)	6	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	7	–	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	8	–	–
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	9	–	–
Alfonso Zvenyika (ZIM)	10	–	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	1	–
Jose Bonilla (VEN)	–	2	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	3	–
Denkaosaen Kaowitch (THAI)	–	5	–
Will Grigsby (USA)	11	6	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	–	8	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	9	3
Vacant	–	–	2
Irene Pacheco (COL)	–	–	4
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	5
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	–	–	6
Ilido Julio (COL)	20	–	7
Jose Landin (USA)	–	–	8
Pedro Alcazar (PAN)	–	–	9
Luis Rolon (PR)	–	–	10

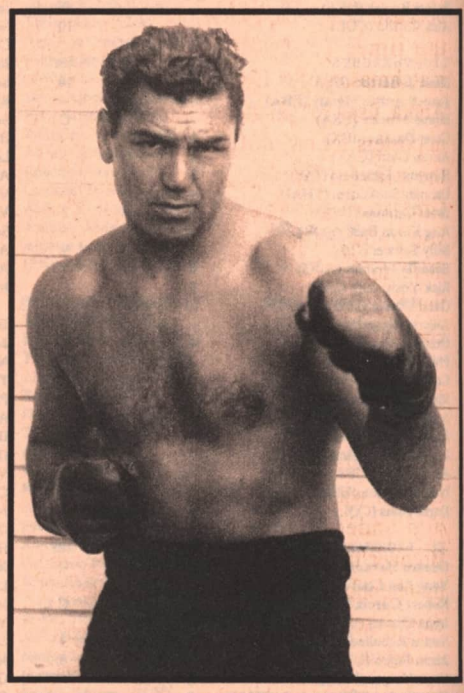
JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Pichitnoi C. Siriwat (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	1	–	–
Yosam Choi (KOR)	2	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	3	1	1
Phanieng Sasiprabha (THAI)	4	–	–
Gabriel Munoz (MEX)	5	–	–
Oscar Andrade (MEX)	6	5	–
Edgar Cardenas (MEX)	7	–	–
Hidenobu Honda (JAP)	8	8	–
Sangik Yang (KOR)	9	–	–
Sandre Oviedo (ARG)	10	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	17	2	5
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Oswaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	4	–
Medngon 3K Battery (THAI)	–	6	–
Linglom Tawatchai (THAI)	–	7	–
Nelson Dieppa (DR)	–	9	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	2
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	3
Gill Ikeda (JAP)	–	–	4
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	6
Jose Sanjuanelo (COL)	–	–	7
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	13	–	8
Hernan Berrio (COL)	–	–	9
Hawk Makepula (SA)	–	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Zolani Petelo (SA)	**26**	**–**	**C**
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	1	–
Wandee Chareon (THAI)	2	–	–
Payak Nakornluang (THAI)	3	8	–
Carmelo Caceres (PHIL)	4	–	8
Lindi Memani (SA)	5	–	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	6	10	2
Myung Sup Park (KOR)	7	9	–
Jose Antonio Aguirre (MEX)	8	12	–
Daniel Reyes (COL)	9	11	4
Yasuo Tokimitsu (JAP)	10	–	–
Jose Garcia (COL)	–	2	–
Ronnie Magramo (PHIL)	–	3	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	–	4	–
Satoru Abe (JAP)	11	5	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	6	–
Randy Mangubat (PHIL)	27	7	–
Luis Lazarte (ARG)	–	–	1
Ratanapol Sow Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	3
Eric Jamili (PHIL)	20	–	5
Jose Laureano (PR)	–	–	6
Faisol Akbar (INDO)	–	–	7
Rocky Palma (JAP)	–	–	9
Denkaosan Kaowichit (THAI)	–	–	10

CLASSIC

LOOK ALIKE, FIGHT ALIKE?





Max Schmeling was the foreign edition of Jack Dempsey. Both men possessed straight, black hair, high cheekbones, and bushy eyebrows. They both stood 6'1", and their fighting weights were both around 193 pounds. They also both held the heavyweight title. In street clothes, the two looked more like brothers.

By Lester Bromberg

(Editor's Note: This is a condensed version)

To the inveterate fight follower, whether watching TV or sitting in on a bout at an arena, a flash of recollection accompanies his first view of many ring performers. He senses somebody else in the newcomer, somebody he has seen in the past.

Often the seeming similarity dissolves itself as the fight progresses. On the other hand, there are times when the illusion perseveres, even grows stronger. It can continue to be a haunting picture, difficult to pin down. Occasionally, the resemblance jells into identification and the fan recites chapter and verse of the old and new.

Now and again this results from pure coincidence. But that isn't the only way it might come about. When all the facts are known, it is sometimes divulged that the latter-day battler consciously copied a predecessor out of hero-worship. The degree of success attained in the long run naturally varies. Being a look-alike to a great name is no assurance that a fellow can fight alike. Boxing's backstreets are crowded with guys who just weren't destined to fulfill their dedication.

Perhaps the most amusing story in this vein is that of Rocky Casillo, a rugged-appearing Chicago welterweight puncher who conjured up comparisons to Rocky Graziano. He had Graziano's devil-may-care attitude and his neglect of gym-taught basics. "Being able to come up with a good belt on th' chin is better'n

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bein' th' smartest fighter in town," was his paraphrase of the Graziano philosophy.

Casillo was brought to New York in 1953 by Jack Begun, a manager fate-chosen for such a fighter. Begun had the personality of a calliope. "Casillo is no second Graziano. He's the first Casillo," he barked. "They'll remember him when Graziano is forgotten."

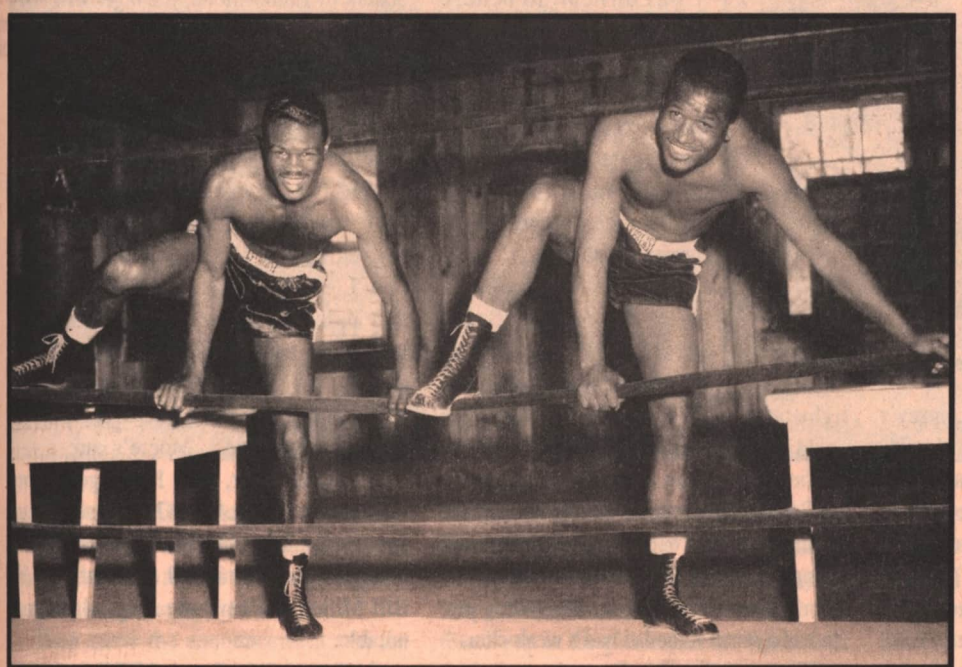
Tolerant of Begun's temerity because Casillo appeared useful at the time, Teddy Brenner, then matchmaking for Eastern Parkway Arena, used him at that club. In fact, in posters for one of Casillo's fights the playful Brenner substituted Graziano's picture. And wouldn't you know it? People came to the matchmaker and said: "You know, that Casillo really is a double of Graziano, isn't he?"

Coley Wallace, a New York heavyweight, resembled Joe Louis so much, he played Louis in the movie "The Joe Louis Story." Wallace played the champ on the big screen, but unfortunately, could not repeat the role in real life, struggling through much of his career.

One night, against Danny Giovanelli, local favorite Casillo clicked in, scoring a 10th-round knockout. Immediately after, Madison Square Garden wanted him, though Brenner had him under contract for another fight. Brenner tried to reach Begun in Chicago by telephone. Begun was unavailable, for days, it seemed.

Again Brenner put in the call, but this time he told the operator to inform the manager that "Harry Markson of Madison Square Garden is on the other end." In barely two minutes, Begun was answering with a warm greeting: "Hello, Harry!"

Brenner did not want to bar Casillo's advancement. A compromise was reached and Casillo was matched with class boxer-puncher Vince Martinez in the Garden. Begun came into the corner, aglow with confidence and wearing lurid orange-colored slacks. Martinez exposed this Rocky's inadequacies early. He knocked him out in the second round. In the dressing room the manager wept copiously. "I failed, I failed," he moaned. In truth, he was being unfair to himself. He'd done well, taking ersatz material as far as he had.



Garnet "Sugar" Hart, shown here on the left with Sugar Ray Robinson, had Robinson's grace and a facsimile of his boxing skills, but lacked defense. Careless protection sent Hart into boxing oblivion.

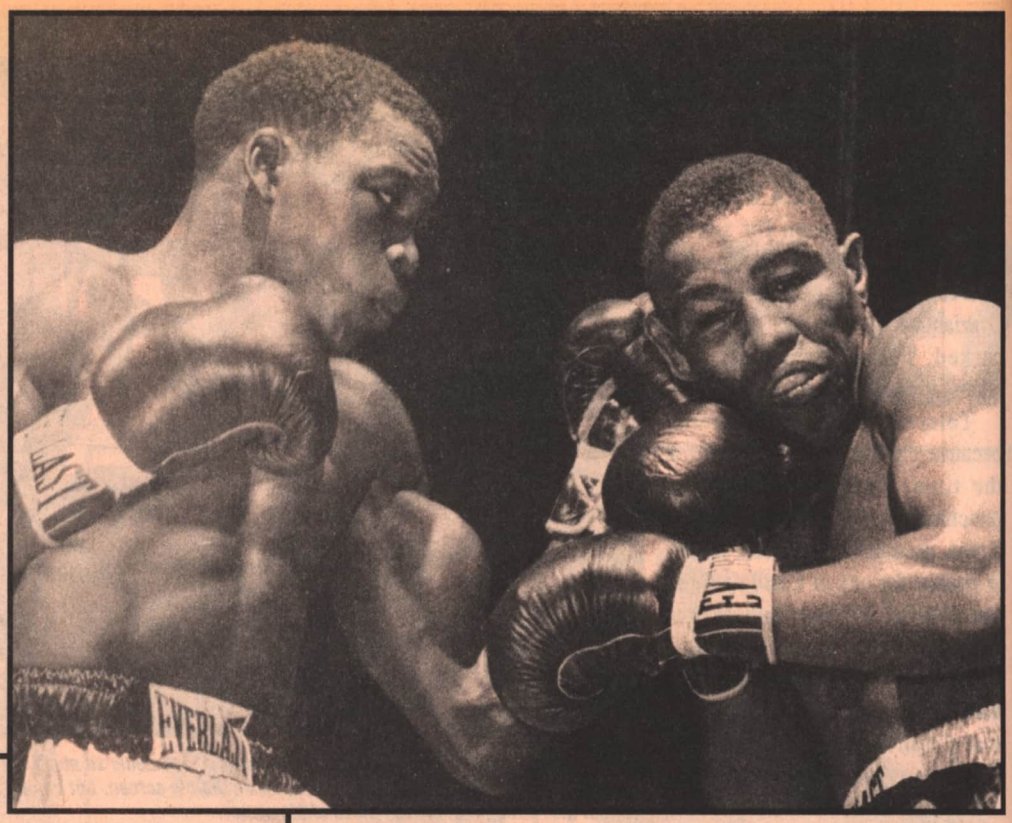
There is no doubt that the most famous look-alike situation of all time was that of Jack Dempsey and Max Schmeling, particularly when Schmeling was a bustling, young heavyweight, and Dempsey had been retired only a few years.

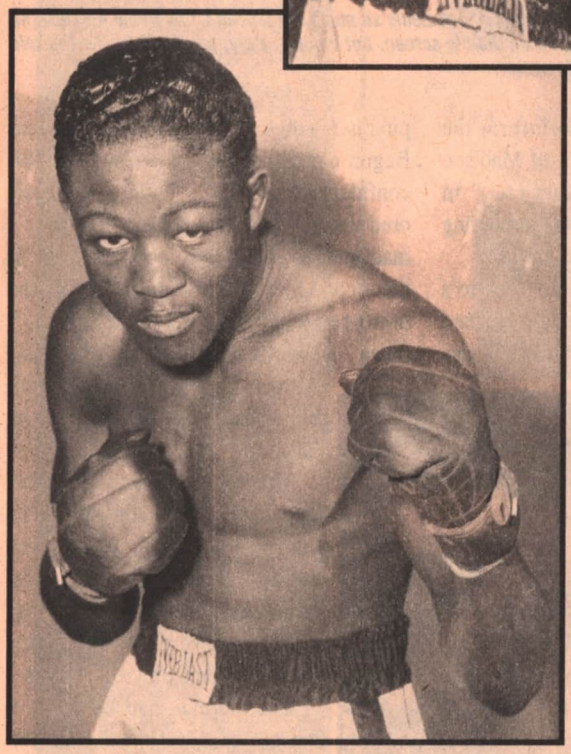
The German had Dempsey's straight-back, jet-black hair, his beetled and bushy eyebrows, his high cheekbones, and his less than prominent chin. They were identical in height at 6'1" and their fighting weights were similar, around 193 pounds.

In ring stance they differed. Schmeling was a stand-up, from-the-waist mover only, while Dempsey had been a crouching, restless bob-and-weave darter. In

punching—which has to count the most—they had much in common. Both could put stunning power into their best shots.

The public image of Schmeling as a Dempsey double was helped along by circumstances. Even as Dempsey went down to defeat against Gene Tunney in 1926 and again in 1927, there were reports from Europe of a new heavyweight who resembled him. The 1927 Battle of the Long Count and its aftermath of popularity for loser Dempsey fed fuel to the hope that a new "Manassa Mauler" was coming from overseas.





Benny "Kid" Paret (above, connecting against Philadelphia's Charley Scott) was another look-alike, resembling Kid Gavilan (left). Paret often used The Kid's two-fisted flurry to the body, and had Gavilan's ability to maintain a fast-paced attack.

Schmeling finally followed Dempsey's road to the championship. Some of the tinsely trappings of the crown became tarnished by the manner in which he won it, sitting on the canvas, winning from Jack Sharkey on a foul. But he was to get back his glamour. Fan sympathy surged to his side, when two years later, in 1932, Sharkey took the title from him on a disputed decision.

Then, in 1933, came an unusual juxtaposition. Schmeling fought Max Baer, with Dempsey as the promoter. In street clothes, it was difficult to believe that the fighter and his employer weren't brothers.

Not long thereafter, Joe Louis emerged as a dynamic new figure destined to lift heavyweight championship prestige to record peaks. Inevitably, there were look-alikes in his mold. First to attract attention was Buddy Moore. He had Louis' impressive muscularity, his light-tan skin, and his sleepy eyes. He could box, he could punch, and he swept the field before him in the Golden Gloves.

George Gainford had handled him in the amateurs along with another promising youngster named Sugar Ray Robinson. But Gainford was in no hurry to turn Buddy pro. He had a secret—the lad had a weak chin.

However, Canada Lee, an ex-fighter and an old friend of Gainford's, was in a hurry. He had taken to training Moore and Robinson as "a hobby." An actor in the WPA theater, Lee spent his afternoons in the gym.

On the sly, Lee brought the two young boxers to Eddie Mead, manager of Henry Armstrong, and urged them to sign with Mead. Robinson refused to leave Gainford, but Moore took the bait, a cash bonus.

Moore got off to a successful start under Mead's choosing of easy opponents, scoring five knockouts in five fights. The year was 1940, and rash admirers were suggesting that Moore would be ready to fight Louis in another couple of years. But they didn't know the secret. When Mead let Moore fight punchers Johnny Shkor and Al Hart, Shkor flattened him in three, and Hart in two. For all intents and purposes, that was the end of Moore's career.

A decade later, with Louis going into retirement, the Golden Gloves signed up another Louis double. His name was Coley Wallace. He was tutored and managed by Bill Miller, the beret-wearing, old-school notable.

In the opinion of many, Wallace lacked Moore's innate ability, but he could take a

THE RING RATINGS, November 1963

Emile Griffith

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Sonny Liston, Chicago, IL
1. **Cassius Clay**, Louisville, KY
2. **Doug Jones**, New York, NY
3. **Ernest Terrell**, Philadelphia, PA
4. **Floyd Patterson**, Scarsdale, NY
5. **Cleveland Williams**, Houston, TX
6. **Zora Folley**, Chandler, AZ
7. **Billy Daniels**, New York, NY
8. **Eddie Machen**, San Francisco, CA
9. **Karl Mildenberger**, Germany
10. **Henry Cooper**, England

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Willie Pastrano, Miami, FL
1. **Harold Johnson**, Philadelphia, PA
2. **Giulio Rinaldi**, Italy
3. **Eddie Cotton**, Seattle, WA
4. **Mauro Mina**, Peru
5. **Henry Hank**, Detroit, MI
6. **Wayne Thornton**, Fresno, CA
7. **Bobo Olson**, Honolulu, HI
8. **Chic Calderwood**, Scotland
9. **Gustav Scholz**, Germany
10. **Allen Thomas**, Chicago, IL

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Dick Tiger, Nigeria
1. **Joey Giardello**, Cherry Hill, NJ
2. **Laszlo Papp**, Hungary
3. **Gene Fullmer**, West Jordan, UT
4. **Joey Archer**, New York, NY
5. **George Benton**, Philadelphia, PA
6. **Luis Folledo**, Spain
7. **Joe Gonzalez**, New York, NY
8. **Rubin Carter**, Paterson, NJ
9. **Terry Downes**, England
10. **Sandro Mazzinghi**, Italy

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Emile Griffith, West New York, NJ
1. **Luis Rodriguez**, Miami, FL
2. **Brian Curvis**, Wales
3. **Joe Stable**, New York, NY
4. **Ralph Dupas**, New Orleans, LA
5. **Rip Randall**, Dallas, TX
6. **Dick Turner**, Philadelphia, PA
7. **Federico Thompson**, Argentina
8. **Curtis Cokes**, Dallas, TX
9. **Stan Harrington**, Honolulu, HI
10. **Gaspar Ortega**, Mexico

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT
World Champ: Eddie Perkins, Gary, IN
1. **Roberto Cruz**, Philippines
2. **Louis Molina**, San Jose, CA
3. **Angel Garcia**, France
4. **Aissa Hashas**, France
5. **Jose Napoles**, Mexico
6. **Abel Laudonio**, Argentina
7. **Battling Torres**, Mexico
8. **Bobby Scanlon**, Sacramento, CA
9. **Manuel Alvarez**, Argentina
10. **Enoch Nhlapo**, South Africa

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Carlos Ortiz, New York, NY
1. **Kenny Lane**, Muskegon, MI
2. **Carlos Hernandez**, Venezuela
3. **Dave Charnley**, England
4. **Alfredo Urbina**, Mexico
5. **Bunny Grant**, Jamaica
6. **Paul Armstead**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Doug Vaillant**, Cuba
8. **Teruo Kosaka**, Japan
9. **Nicolino Loche**, Argentina
10. **Joe Brown**, Houston, TX

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Gabriel Elorde, Philippines
1. **Johnny Bizzarro**, Erie, PA
2. **Love Allotey**, Ghana
3. **Auburn Copeland**, Flint, MI
4. **Yukio Katsumato**, Japan
5. **Vicente Derado**, Argentina
6. **Kazuo Takayama**, Japan
7. **Jose Luis Cruz**, Mexico
8. **Wally Taylor**, Australia
9. **Young Terror**, Philippines
10. **Mel Middleton**, Philadelphia, PA

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Sugar Ramos, Mexico
1. **Mitsunori Seki**, Japan
2. **Howard Winstone**, Wales
3. **Rafiu King**, Nigeria
4. **Ismael Laguna**, Panama
5. **Danny Valdez**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Don Johnson**, Los Angeles, CA
7. **Jet Bally**, Philippines
8. **Antonio Herrera**, Colombia
9. **Billy Calvert**, England
10. **Willi Quartor**, Germany

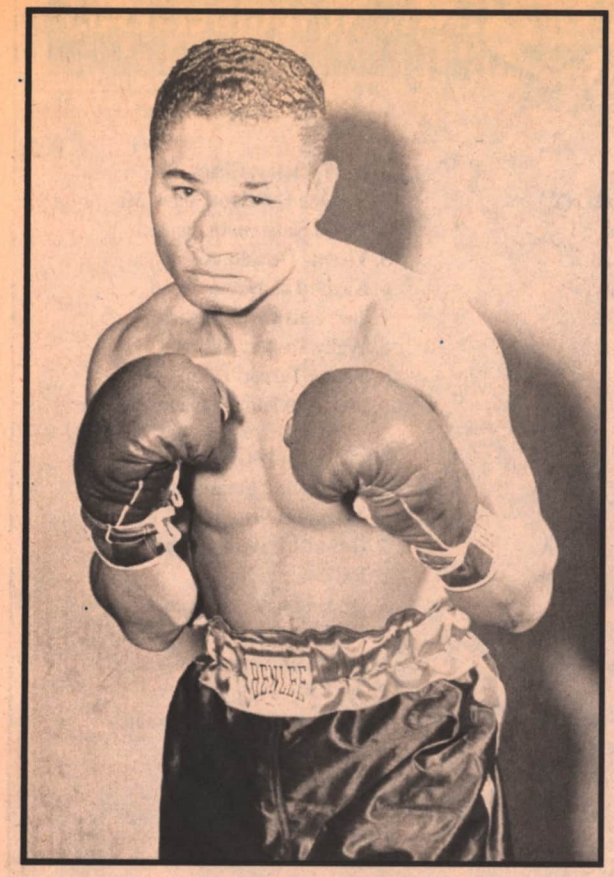
BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Eder Jofre, Brazil
1. **Fighting Harada**, Japan
2. **Alphonse Halimi**, France
3. **Joe Medel**, Mexico
4. **Mimun Ben Ali**, Spain
5. **Piero Rollo**, Italy
6. **Ronnie Jones**, Chicago, IL
7. **Manny Barrios**, Mexico
8. **Ray Asis**, Stockton, CA
9. **Katsutoshi Aoki**, Japan
10. **Curly Aguirre**, Phillipines

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Pone Kingpetch, Thailand
1. **Salvatore Burruni**, Italy
2. **Bernardo Caraballo**, Colombia
3. **Hiroyuki Ebihara**, Japan
4. **Horacio Accavallo**, Argentina
5. **Leo Zulueta**, Philippines
6. **Pascual Perez**, Argentina
7. **Walter McGowan**, Scotland
8. **Natalio Jiminez**, Dominican Republic
9. **Takeshi Nakamura**, Japan
10. **Ramon Arias**, Venezuela

punch better. Miller was not so money-hungry, and brought him along slowly. Wallace's early-record successes implied he might go to the top, or close to it.

Then came the announcement that the life story of Joe Louis would be made into a film. For obvious reasons, look-alike Wallace landed the role of "The Brown Bomber." He had a flair for acting and he loved the attention his picture-playing brought him from the girls. It was easy to be the champ in the picture, all the fights were Joe's, taken from film clips. Wallace merely had to appear in the corner before and after.

When the movie was completed, Wallace returned to the struggling existence of a young fighter who still had to round out his own reputation. By this time, however, Wallace was carrying himself as if he was Louis for keeps. Jimmy Bivins didn't believe it and stiffened him. Neither



Beau Jack (left), the former shoeshine boy from Augusta, Georgia, was supposed to be another Henry Armstrong, the only man to ever hold three titles simultaneously. Jack became a two-time lightweight champion, but the rules no longer permitted a boxer to hold three titles at once.

did Ezzard Charles, who also flattened him. From then on, Wallace became a consistent loser and drifted out of the fight game.

In the quarter-century career of Robinson, there have been numerous youngsters who appropriated his "Sugar" nickname. But, according to Gainford, who has been with him all of the time, there was only one who fit the bill in general outline, Garnet "Sugar" Hart of Philadelphia.

Hart was a willowy, fast kid with Robinson's grace and a reasonable facsimile of his hitting and boxing skills. "If he had listened to his manager, Marty Stein," Gainford said, "he would have made it."

In 1956 and 1957, Hart had advanced so rapidly, a national magazine did a word-portrait, "Sugar Hart, Heir Apparent To Sugar Ray." In the smaller arenas he scored seven successive knockouts, and Madison Square Garden beckoned him for national TV. As insiders like Gainford had been aware, Hart was growing lax on training. When he met clubfighter Walter Byars in the Garden, he didn't have the strength to fight his way out of his corner. He spent most of the night there and lost one-sidedly. Three fights later, against heavy-hitter Virgil Atkins in Chicago, he had a good lead after seven rounds. He dropped his guard in the eighth. The fight was over.

During the next year, 1958, Hart seemed to have straightened out. He finished a defeat-free year with a win over veteran campaigner Ralph Dupas, yet his careless defense was to pop up again. Knockouts by Charley Scott and Benny "Kid" Paret were to nudge him into oblivion.

Curiously, both Scott and Paret had been look-alike candidates, Scott to Johnny Bratton, and Paret to Kid Gavilan.

Bratton, who had borrowed some maneuvers from Robinson, was remarkably clever. But he appeared disinclined to do the work of a ring private. He wouldn't fight hard enough. He would lure an opponent into a miss, then prance away without retaliating.

Originally from Chicago, he later lived in Philadelphia. Scott, then a kid around Philly, studied Bratton's technique. He had his build and good looks, too. Any time you watched Charley, it was difficult not to believe this was Johnny all over again. But Scott picked up the faults as well as the virtues. As a consequence, he flubbed opportunities that would have gotten him close to a title.

On the other hand, Paret had been aping winning ways in following the trail of Gavilan, a fellow Cuban who held the welterweight title a ring generation earlier. Paret had "The Keed's" old knack for two-handed flurries to the body. Like Gavilan, he was able to maintain an attack almost indefinitely once he sensed he had created panic in an opponent.

In appearance, there's a parallel between Paret and Gavilan. Paret got a flattened nose as a youth, ditto Gavvy. Paret's skin color is only slightly darker than Gavvy's. In battle, Paret has the once familiar talisman of Gavvy, an impassive face.

Now let's take a time-machine leap backwards. In the mid-'20s, Jimmy Slattery came out of Buffalo, New York, with an artful, uniquely effective defense. He'd let his hands dangle at his side, seem-

ingly neglectful of what the other fellow might throw at him. But the minute a punch would come, his hands would be up there to pick off or parry. Likewise, he would attack from his posture of indolence with snap and speed.

Those seeing him for the first time were prone to gasp, "Terrific! Who ever did that before?" Older fans would go into a double-take, blurting: "Are you kidding?"

It developed that Slats merely was a throwback to Young Ahearn, a onetime Britisher who had settled in Brooklyn a few years before World War I. Ahearn was skilled in the same routine. More than that, the veterans insisted, Slattery resembled Ahearn in visage and physique, even if the former, at 165 pounds, weighed 10 pounds more than the bloke whose real name was Jacob Woodward.

An approximation of the same belated frame of reference was to turn up after some folks began to rhapsodize over the rugged, never-stop-punching tactics of Jackie "Kid" Berg, when he first came to New York from England in the '20s. "Where does he get all that stamina? Who else could do it?" were the remarks that became current.

Again the sourdoughs re-arranged public focus. Hadn't the Johnny-Come-Latelys seen Harry Greb, just a few years gone? Didn't they know that the Pittsburgher had been an unexcelled one-man gang of violence? Weren't they aware Greb could fight all night without drawing a second breath?

Once more, there was a size difference. Greb had been middleweight champion, then light heavyweight champion, while Berg was a lightweight and a junior welterweight champion. Still, longtime observers were certain of similarities in looks as well as ring presence.

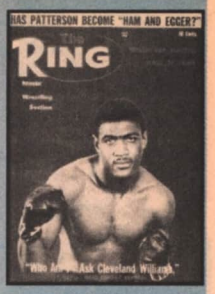
Then, during World War II, when Beau Jack, the shoeshine boy from Augusta, Georgia, pinwheeled his way from obscurity to the lightweight championship with a never-stop, two-handed attack, there was an immediate nostalgic reaction.

"Sure," they said, "this is Henry Armstrong all over again." Armstrong, of endless stamina, had churned out three championships, featherweight, welterweight, and lightweight, a few years before. He'd become the only man to hold three championships at the same time, a performance that never can be equalled. The rules no longer permit it.

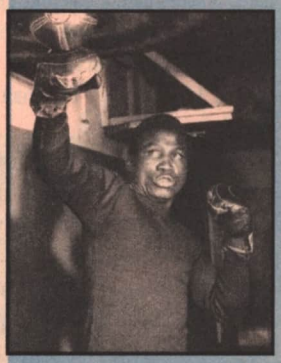
Consider Jake LaMotta, erstwhile "Bronx Bull" and middleweight champion during his span from 1941 through the early-'50s. He had a way of weaving under the jab of a taller, longer-armed foe and crashing in with body bombardment. It didn't take long to spot his prototype in that regard: Dave Shade, the California Irishman whose talent at the bob-and-weave attack was a hallmark of his career, which stretched from 1921 into the mid-'30s and saw him contend with near-success against Jack Britton and Mickey Walker in welterweight title duels.

Today the thinning old guard still makes its comparisons. Farid Salim, new Argentine middleweight, who moves smartly and drives ably with his right, to Fred Apostoli, clean-punching middleweight champion from San Francisco in the late-'30s. Cortez Stewart, New York heavyweight comer who's still short of wide acceptance but who's equipped with slick maneuvers, to Jersey Joe Walcott, once king of deception who won the heavyweight crown at the age of 37. ■

THE RING, November 1963



The Cover: Ernie Terrell makes a plea through THE RING to bring on all comers. His claim to fame was a 10-round decision over Cleveland Williams, and Terrell referred to himself as "a captive, a fighter without work." He concluded by saying he wanted Sonny Liston, Cassius Clay, and Floyd Patterson most.



Let's Give Thanks: As Thanksgiving Day 1963 approached, boxing continued to thrive, and the fans had a great deal to be thankful for. An example of what should be appreciated in boxing was Dick Tiger, the outstanding middleweight champion who was making his mark as an all-time great.

Pep At The Peak: THE RING reviews the Boxing Hall of Fame's Class of 1963, featuring Willie Pep in the "Modern" category. "Willie The Wisp" had a distinguished career that spanned from 1940 to '66 and included 242 fights. Pep, a three-time featherweight champion, was inducted with Tom Gibbons and Jem Ward.

Driving Down Ham-And-Egg Alley: THE RING debates whether or not former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson has passed his prime and fallen to the "Ham-And-Egger" ranks. He was in a position to quit late in 1963, after being stopped twice by Sonny Liston. He also took a brutal beating from Ingemar Johansson in their first title fight in '59 *(pictured)*.

Fighter Of The Month: Junior welterweight king Eddie Perkins *(pictured)* shares the honor this month with light heavyweight champ Willie Pastrano. In a pair of non-title bouts, Perkins outpointed Bobby Scanlon, while Pastrano beat Ollie Wilson. Both men's title reigns would last until 1965, when Carlos Hernandez beat Perkins by decision, and Jose Torres stopped Pastrano in nine rounds.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Eric Raskin

BETTER NEVER THAN LATE

Foreman and Holmes: As young as they feel

After two decades of off-and-on efforts to sign what at one point would have been considered a superfight, a date has finally been set for the heavyweight showdown that makes **Joe Bugner** vs. **Bonecrusher Smith** look like a clash of young prospects. **George Foreman** vs. **Larry Holmes** is scheduled for January 23, 1999, 13 days after Foreman turns 50. Whippersnapper Holmes will be just 49.

"We don't consider this a serious heavyweight bout," British promoter **Roger Levitt** said at the press conference announcing the fight. Neither do any real fight fans, but there is serious money at stake. Foreman is set to make $10-million, with $4-million coming "The Easton Assassin's" way, more than enough to stock the college funds of the competitors' five combined grandchildren. The fight will be offered on TVKO pay-per-view, from a site still to be determined as we went to press.

As a celebration of two Hall of Fame careers, it could be a worthwhile spectacle. Just don't expect an entertaining fight.

LISTEN UP

Romero: A chance at redemption

The welterweight unification fight between WBA champ **Ike Quartey** and IBF counterpart **Felix Trinidad** is tentatively scheduled for November 14 on HBO, pending the outcome of Quartey's mandatory defense against **Andrei Pestriaev**, which had not yet happened at press time. A backup opponent being mentioned for Trinidad, should the Quartey fight fall through, is **Pernell Whitaker** ... After much negotiation and repeated delays, **Lennox Lewis'** mandatory defense of the WBC heavyweight title against **Zeljko Mavrovic** will finally come off September 26 at the Mohegan Sun Casino in Uncasville, Connecticut. Rising heavyweights **David Tua** and **Hasim Rahman** are scheduled to fight in the semifinal on the HBO-televised show ... Cable network TNT's foray into boxing, which will begin as a monthly experiment, kicks off on Tuesday, September 22, at The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. The card, which is being promoted by **Cedric Kushner**, is shaping up to be strong enough to make us forget all about the loss of USA's *Tuesday Night Fights*—as long as TNT eventually switches to something resembling a weekly schedule. As was mentioned in this column a couple issues back, **Angel Manfredy** will be on the card, meeting unbeaten but relatively unknown **Jeff Mason**, who took a four-round decision over "El Diablo" in 1994. Also, in the main event, IBF lightweight champ **"Sugar" Shane Mosley** defends against Argentine **Eduardo Morales** in a battle of undefeated fighters, while heavyweight contenders **Shannon Briggs** and **Ike Ibeabuchi** will compete as well ... Two title bouts have been added to the September 18 **Oscar De La Hoya-Julio Cesar Chavez** show. IBF junior middleweight champion **Yory Boy Campas** will try to fend off the challenge of veteran **Larry Barnes**, as he vies for "The Golden Boy's" open November date. And WBA junior feather champ **Enrique Sanchez**, who looked dreadful in a July non-title bout, will meet Venezuelan top contender **Carlos Barreto** ... Negotiations between **Cedric Kushner** and **Don King** to bring **Johnny Tapia** and **Danny Romero** together for a rematch were being finalized at press time. Romero will return to 115 pounds to challenge for the IBF title Tapia captured from him last July. The fight is expected to come off in November or December.

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Mike Tyson	Lou Savarese	5-1	Better test than McNeeley, but same result
Felix Trinidad	Ike Quartey	2½-1	Sensational fight. I like Trinidad
Naseem Hamed	Fred Norwood	2½-1	Slick southpaw might pose problems, but won't win
David Reid	Fernando Vargas	2-1	Both top quality prospects. Slight edge to Reid
Shane Mosley	Vince Phillips	8-5	Step up in weight could be costly for Mosley

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T-Shirt		Black		
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